

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

JULY, 1832.

From Fraser's Magazine.

JAMES HOGG.

CLEAR ye your pipes, O muses, and sing of the
Shepherd of Ettrick—
Hogg, from the mountain of Bengier, invading
the city of London!
Opposite see he stands, wrapt round in pastoral
mantle,
Covering his shoulders broad. His hand is
graced with the bonnet
Such as the shepherds wear in the lowland
country of Scotland.
Comely curled is his nose; his eye has a plea-
santish twinkle.
Open his honest mouth, whence flowed such
rivers of verses,
(Whither, we need not say, flowed in such gal-
lons of toddy).
So does he look in the morn, ere yet the goblet
or tumbler
Pours forth its copious stores, and puts a cock
in his eyelid.

Hail to thee, honest bard!—the bard of bonny
Kilmenny!

Author of *Hogg on Sheep*, in fifty magazines
writer,
Song-maker *sans* compare, who sang of Ma-
gillivray Donald!

But really, in writing a sketch of the life
of a Scottish shepherd, whose fame is built
on his intense knowledge of his own vernac-
ular, and not in the slightest degree tainted
by any suspicion of his having any "Bits of
Classicality" about him, it is, we must admit,
somewhat out of place to make use of the
ponderous verse of Homer or Virgil, or Dr.
Southey. We should sing him, if it were in
our power, in the manner of a Border ballad,
and celebrate his irruption into the south, as
his predecessors on the banks of Tweed sang
the march of the Douglas

"Into England to take a foray."

We need not trouble ourselves with writing
the life of Hogg. We may say, with the
Grub street author mentioned by Horace Wal-
pole, that not even Plutarch himself, much
less a cat, has had so many lives as Hogg.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

He has written three or four himself; Wilson,
Lockhart, Dr. Morris, Grey, and half a score
others, have biographised the Shepherd. And
at the great dinner given to him last week,
he favoured the company with a sketch of his
personal history, which was so minute as to
supply the details of his birth, the moment at
which that auspicious event occurred, and the
various adventures of the howdie on that
memorable occasion. It would be repeating
a twenty-times-told tale to explain that Hogg
was reared a shepherd—that at twenty years
old he could not read or write—that at forty
he had published those poems which have
been so familiar to all the world ever since—
and that he has since continued to labour
with hand and head, putting a stout heart
against a stiff brace, and year after year accu-
mulating fresh fame. All this is sufficiently
known to the inhabitants of the old world and
the new.

He has been ever and always a true and
consistent Tory, which we mention to his
great honour; although it confers little hon-
our on the Tory party, that his exertions in
their cause should have been so lightly re-
warded.

Had Hogg taken the other side, that to
which it might have been conjectured his
humble origin would have inclined him, and
turned his song-making talents to Whig or
Radical purposes, we hesitate not to say, that
he might have been a dangerous man in the
bias he could have given to the lower ranks
of Scotland, a country in which such songs
as his have always had great influence. In-
stead of that, he, though of the soil, clung to
the Tory cause, and through good report and
evil report has been constant and earnest in
his sincere adhesion to the party. Therefore
we say that he *has* done the state some ser-
vice; that he has done himself any, we should
scruple to assert, but that we know that the
approbation of a man's own mind for honest,
honourable, and disinterested conduct, is
above all praise.

We wish him success in his new specula-
tion, and hope that his series of works will
sell off in tens of thousands. We were grati-

No. 121.—A

fied to see his countrymen rallying round him in such numbers at the dinner which they gave him; but we trust that their admiration of his talents and his honesty will be shown in some more substantial style.

Adieu, kind Shepherd!—sixty years have pass'd
Since through this world you first began to jog;

Five dozen winters more we hope you'll last,
The pastoral patriarch of the tribe of Hogg!

From the Edinburgh Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF LORD BURGHLEY.*

THE work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface. The prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us, better than by saying, that it consists of about two thousand closely printed pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Doctor Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labours,—the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations,—is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus, or a Froissart, when com-

pared with Dr. Nares. It is not merely in bulk, but in specific gravity also, that these memoirs exceed all other human compositions. On every subject which the Professor discusses, he produces three times as many pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to its vast dimensions by endless repetitions, by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action, by quotations from books, which are in every circulating library, and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. He employs more words in expounding and defending a truism, than any other writer would employ in supporting a paradox. Of the rules of historical perspective, he has not the faintest notion. There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation. The wars of Charles the Fifth in Germany, are detailed at almost as much length as in Robertson's Life of that Prince. The troubles of Scotland are related as fully as in M'Crie's Life of John Knox. It would be most unjust to deny that Doctor Nares is a man of great industry and research; but he is so utterly incompetent to arrange the materials which he has collected, that he might as well have left them in their original repositories.

Neither the facts which Dr. Nares has discovered, nor the arguments which he urges, will, we apprehend, materially alter the opinion generally entertained by judicious readers of history concerning his hero. Lord Burghley can hardly be called a great man. He was not one of those whose genius and energy change the fate of empires. He was by nature and habit one of those who follow,—not one of those who lead. Nothing that is recorded, either of his words or of his actions, indicates intellectual or moral elevation. But his talents, though not brilliant, were of an eminently useful kind; and his principles, though not inflexible, were not more relaxed than those of his associates and competitors. He had a cool temper, a sound judgment, great powers of application, and a constant eye to the main chance. In his youth he was, it seems, fond of practical jokes. Yet even out of these he contrived to extract some pecuniary profit. When he was studying the law at Gray's Inn, he lost all his furniture and books to his companion at the gaming table. He accordingly bored a hole in the wall which separated his chambers from those of his associate, and at midnight bellowed through this passage threats of damnation, and calls to repentance in the ears of the victorious gambler, who lay sweating with fear all night, and refunded his winnings on his knees next day. "Many other the like merry jests," says his old biographer, "I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted." To the last, Burghley was somewhat jocose; and some of his sportive sayings have been recorded by Ba-

* *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of King Edward the Sixth, and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Containing an Historical View of the Times in which he lived, and of the many eminent and illustrious persons with whom he was connected; with extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence and other Papers, now first published from the Originals. By the Reverend Edward Nares, D. D. Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 3 vols. 4to. London. 1828. 1832.*

con. They show much more shrewdness than generosity; and are, indeed, neatly expressed reasons for exacting money rigorously, and for keeping it carefully. It must, however, be acknowledged that he was rigorous and careful for the public advantage, as well as for his own. To extol his moral character, as Doctor Nares has extolled it, would be absurd. It would be equally absurd to represent him as a corrupt, rapacious, and bad-hearted man. He paid great attention to the interest of the state, and great attention also to the interest of his own family. He never deserted his friends till it was very inconvenient to stand by them; was an excellent Protestant when it was not very advantageous to be a Papist,—recommended a tolerant policy to his mistress as strongly as he could recommend it without hazarding her favour,—never put to the rack any person from whom it did not seem probable that very useful information might be derived,—and was so moderate in his desires, that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates, though he might, as his honest servant assures us, have left much more, “if he would have taken money out of the Exchequer for his own use, as many treasurers have done.”

Burghley, like the old Marquess of Winchester, who preceded him in the custody of the White Staff, was of the willow, and not of the oak. He first rose into notice by defending the supremacy of Henry the Eighth. He was subsequently favoured and promoted by the Duke of Somerset. He not only contrived to escape unhurt when his patron fell, but became an important member of the administration of Northumberland. Doctor Nares assures us over and over again, that there could be nothing base in Cecil's conduct on this occasion; for, says he, Cecil continued to stand well with Cranmer. This, we confess, hardly satisfies us. We are much of the mind of Falstaff's tailor. We must have better assurance for Sir John than Bardolph's. We like not the security.

Through the whole course of that miserable intrigue which was carried on round the dying bed of Edward the Sixth, Cecil so demeaned himself as to avoid, first, the displeasure of Northumberland, and afterwards, the displeasure of Mary. He was prudently unwilling to put his hand to the instrument which changed the course of the succession. But the furious Dudley was master of the palace. Cecil, therefore, according to his own account, excused himself from signing as a party, but consented to sign as a witness. It is not easy to describe his dexterous conduct at this most perplexing crisis, in language more appropriate than that which is employed by old Fuller:—“His hand wrote it as secretary of state,” says that quaint writer; “but his heart consented not thereto. Yea, he openly opposed it; though at last yielding to the greatness of Northumberland, in an age

when it was present drowning not to swim with the stream. But as the philosopher tells us, that, though the planets be whirled about daily from east to west, by the motion of the *primum mobile*, yet they have also a contrary proper motion of their own from west to east, which they slowly though surely, move at their leisure; so Cecil had secret counter-endavours against the strain of the court herein, and privately advanced his rightful intentions against the foresaid duke's ambition.”

This was undoubtedly the most perilous conjuncture of Cecil's life. Wherever there was a safe course, he was safe. But here every course was full of danger. His situation rendered it impossible for him to be neutral. If he acted on either side—if he refused to act at all—he ran a fearful risk. He saw all the difficulties of his position. He sent his money and plate out of London, made over his estates to his son, and carried arms about his person. His best arms, however, were his sagacity and his self-command. The plot in which he had been an unwilling accomplice ended, as it was natural that so odious and absurd a plot should end, in the ruin of its contrivers. In the meantime, Cecil quietly extricated himself, and having been successively patronised by Henry, Somerset, and Northumberland, continued to flourish under the protection of Mary.

He had no aspirations after the crown of martyrdom. He confessed himself, therefore, with great decorum, heard mass in Wimbledon Church at Easter, and, for the better ordering of his spiritual concerns, took a priest into his house. Doctor Nares, whose simplicity passes that of any casuist with whom we are acquainted, vindicates his hero by assuring us, that this was not superstition, but pure unmixt hypocrisy. “That he did in some manner conform, we shall not be able, in the face of existing documents, to deny; while we feel in our own minds abundantly satisfied, that, during this very trying reign, he never abandoned the prospect of another revolution in favour of Protestantism.” In another place, the Doctor tells us, that Cecil went to mass “with no idolatrous intention.” Nobody, we believe, ever accused him of idolatrous intentions. The very ground of the charge against him is, that he had no idolatrous intentions. Nobody would have blamed him if he had really gone to Wimbledon Church, with the feelings of a good Catholic, to worship the host. Doctor Nares speaks in several places, with just severity, of the sophistry of the Jesuits, and with just admiration of the incomparable letters of Pascal. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that he should adopt, to the full extent, the jesuitical doctrine of the direction of intentions.

We do not blame Cecil for not choosing to be burned. The deep stain upon his memory is, that, for differences of opinion for which he would risk nothing himself, he, in the day of

his power, took away without scruple the lives of others. One of the excuses suggested in these memoirs for his conforming during the reign of Mary, to the Church of Rome, is that he may have been of the same mind with those German Protestants, who were called *Adiaphorists*, and who considered the popish rites as matters indifferent. Melancthon was one of these moderate persons, and "appears," says Doctor Nares, "to have gone greater lengths than any imputed to Lord Burghley." We should have thought this not only an excuse, but a complete vindication, if Burghley had been an *Adiaphorist* for the benefit of others as well as for his own. If the popish rites were matters of so little moment, that a good Protestant might lawfully practise them for his safety, how could it be just or humane that a Papist should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for practising them from a sense of duty. Unhappily these non-essentials soon became matters of life and death. Just at the very time at which Burghley attained the highest point of power and favour, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which the penalties of high treason were denounced against persons who should do in sincerity what he had done from cowardice.

Early in the reign of Mary, Cecil was employed in a mission scarcely consistent with the character of a zealous Protestant. He was sent to escort the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pole, from Brussels to London. That great body of moderate persons, who cared more for the quiet of the realm than for the controverted points which were at issue between the Churches, seem to have placed their chief hope in the wisdom and humanity of the gentle Cardinal. Cecil, it is clear, cultivated the friendship of Pole with great assiduity, and received great advantage from his protection.

But the best protection of Cecil, during the gloomy and disastrous reign of Mary, was that which he derived from his own prudence and from his own temper;—a prudence which could never be lulled into carelessness,—a temper which could never be irritated into rashness. The Papists could find no occasion against him. Yet he did not lose the esteem even of those sterner Protestants who had preferred exile to recantation. He attached himself to the persecuted heiress of the throne, and entitled himself to her gratitude and confidence. Yet he continued to receive marks of favour from the Queen. In the House of Commons, he put himself at the head of the party opposed to the Court. Yet, so guarded was his language, that even when some of those who acted with him were imprisoned by the Privy Council, he escaped with impunity.

At length Mary died. Elizabeth succeeded, and Cecil rose at once to greatness. He was sworn in Privy-counsellor and Secretary of State to the new sovereign before he left her prison of Hatfield; and he continued to serve

her for forty years, without intermission, in the highest employments. His abilities were precisely those which keep men long in power. He belonged to the class of the Walpoles, the Pelhams, and the Liverpools,—not to that of the St. Johns, the Carterets, the Chathams, and the Cannings. If he had been a man of original genius, and of a commanding mind, it would have been scarcely possible for him to keep his power, or even his head. There was not room in one government for an Elizabeth and a Richelieu. What the haughty daughter of Henry needed, was a moderate, cautious, flexible minister, skilled in the details of business,—competent to advise, but not aspiring to command. And such a minister she found in Burghley. No arts could shake the confidence which she reposed in her old and trusty servant. The courtly graces of Leicester, the brilliant talents and accomplishments of Essex, touched the fancy, perhaps the heart, of the woman; but no rival could deprive the Treasurer of the place which he possessed in the favour of the Queen. She sometimes chid him sharply, but he was the man whom she delighted to honour. For Burghley, she forgot her usual parsimony both of wealth and of dignities. For Burghley, she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burghley alone a chair was set in her presence; and there the old minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitzalans and the De Veres humbled themselves to the dust around him. At length, having survived all his early coadjutors and rivals, he died full of years and honours. His royal mistress visited him on his death-bed, and cheered him with assurances of her affection and esteem; and his power passed, with little diminution, to a son who inherited his abilities, and whose mind had been formed by his counsels.

The life of Burghley was commensurate with one of the most important periods in the history of the world. It exactly measures the time during which the House of Austria held unrivalled superiority, and aspired to universal dominion. In the year in which Burghley was born, Charles the Fifth obtained the imperial crown. In the year in which Burghley died, the vast designs which had for nearly a century kept Europe in constant agitation, were buried in the same grave with the proud and sullen Philip.

The life of Burghley was commensurate also with the period during which a great moral revolution was effected,—a revolution, the consequences of which were felt, not only in the cabinets of princes, but at half the firesides in Christendom. He was born when the great religious schism was just commencing. He lived to see that schism complete—

to see a line of demarcation, which, since his death, has been very little altered, strongly drawn between Protestant and Catholic Europe.

The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation, is the French Revolution; or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place in almost every part of the civilized world during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against the privileged orders for political liberty. In both cases, the spirit of innovation was at first encouraged by the class to which it was likely to be most prejudicial. It was under the patronage of Frederic, of Catherine, of Joseph, and of the French nobles, that the philosophy which afterwards threatened all the thrones and aristocracies of Europe with destruction, first became formidable. The ardour with which men betook themselves to liberal studies at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, was zealously encouraged by the heads of that very church to which liberal studies were destined to be fatal. In both cases, when the explosion came, it came with a violence which appalled and disgusted many of those who had previously been distinguished by the freedom of their opinions. The violence of the democratic party in France made Burke a tory, and Alfieri a courtier; the violence of the chiefs of the German schism made Erasmus a defender of abuses, and turned the author of *Utopia* into a persecutor. In both cases, the convulsion which had overthrown deeply-seated errors, shook all the principles on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated. Frightful cruelties were committed. Immense masses of property were confiscated. Every part of Europe swarmed with exiles. In moody and turbulent spirits zeal soured into malignity, or foamed into madness. From the political agitation of the eighteenth century sprang the Jacobins. From the religious agitation of the sixteenth century sprang the Anabaptists. The partizans of Robespierre robbed and murdered in the name of fraternity and equality. The followers of Kniperdoling robbed and murdered in the name of Christian liberty. The feeling of patriotism was, in many parts of Europe, almost wholly extinguished. All the old maxims of foreign policy were changed. Physical boundaries were superseded by moral boundaries. Nations made war on each other with new arms,

—with arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, could resist—with arms before which rivers parted like the Jordan, and ramparts fell down like the walls of Jericho. Those arms were opinions, reasons, prejudices. The great masters of fleets and armies were often reduced to confess, like Milton's warlike angel, how hard they found it

“To exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.”

Europe was divided, as Greece had been divided, during the period concerning which Thucydides wrote. The conflict was not, as it is in ordinary times, between state and state, but between two omnipresent factions, each of which was in some places dominant and in other places oppressed, but which, openly or covertly, carried on their strife in the bosom of every society. No man asked whether another belonged to the same country with himself, but whether he belonged to the same sect. Party spirit seemed to justify and consecrate acts which, in any other times, would have been considered as the foulest of treasons. The French emigrant saw nothing disgraceful in bringing Austrian and Prussian hussars to Paris. The Irish or Italian democrat saw no impropriety in serving the French Directory against his own native government. So, in the sixteenth century, the fury of theological factions often suspended all national animosities and jealousies. The Spaniards were invited into France by the League; the English were invited into France by the Huguenots.

We by no means intend to underrate or to palliate the crimes and excesses which, during the last generation, were produced by the spirit of democracy. But when we find that men zealous for the protestant religion, constantly represent the French revolution as radically and essentially evil on account of those crimes and excesses, we cannot but remember, that the deliverance of our ancestors from the house of their spiritual bondage was effected “by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war.” We cannot but remember, that, as in the case of the French Revolution, so also in the case of the Reformation, those who rose up against tyranny were themselves deeply tainted with the vices which tyranny engenders. We cannot but remember, that libels scarcely less scandalous than those of Hebert, mummeries scarcely less absurd than those of Clootz, and crimes scarcely less atrocious than those of Marat, disgrace the early history of Protestantism. The Reformation is an event long past. That volcano has spent its rage. The wide waste produced by its outbreak is forgotten. The landmarks which were swept away have been replaced. The ruined edifices have been repaired. The laya has covered with a rich incrustation the fields which it once devastated; and, after

having turned a garden into a desert, has again turned the desert into a still more beautiful and fruitful garden. The second great eruption is not yet over. The marks of its ravages are still all around us. The ashes are still hot beneath our feet. In some directions, the deluge of fire still continues to spread. Yet experience surely entitles us to believe that this explosion, like that which preceded it, will fertilize the soil which it has devastated. Already, in those parts which have suffered most severely, rich cultivation and secure dwellings have begun to appear amidst the waste. The more we read of the history of past ages,—the more we observe the signs of these times—the more do we feel our hearts filled and swelled up with a good hope for the future destinies of the human race.

The history of the Reformation in England is full of strange problems. The most prominent and extraordinary phenomenon which it presents to us, is the gigantic strength of the government contrasted with the feebleness of the religious parties. During the twelve or thirteen years which followed the death of Henry the Eighth, the religion of the state was thrice changed. Protestantism was established by Edward; the Catholic Church was restored by Mary; Protestantism was again established by Elizabeth. The faith of the nation seemed to depend on the personal inclinations of the sovereign. Nor was this all. An established church was then, as a matter of course, a persecuting church. Edward persecuted Catholics. Mary persecuted Protestants. Elizabeth persecuted Catholics again. The father of those three sovereigns had enjoyed the pleasure of persecuting both sects at once; and had sent to death, on the same hurdle, the heretic who denied the real presence, and the traitor who denied the royal supremacy. There was nothing in England like that fierce and bloody opposition which, in France, each of the religious factions in its turn offered to the government. We had neither a Coligni nor a Mayenne;—neither a Moncontour nor an Ivry. No English city braved sword and famine for the reformed doctrines with the spirit of Rochelle; nor for the Catholic doctrines with the spirit of Paris. Neither sect in England formed a league. Neither sect extorted a recantation from the sovereign. Neither sect could obtain from an adverse sovereign even a toleration. The English Protestants, after several years of domination, sank down with scarcely a struggle under the tyranny of Mary. The Catholics, after having regained and abused their old ascendancy, submitted patiently to the severe rule of Elizabeth. Neither Protestants nor Catholics engaged in any great and well organized scheme of resistance. A few wild and tumultuous risings,—suppressed as soon as they appeared—a few dark conspiracies, in which only a small number of desperate men

engaged—such were the utmost efforts made by these two parties to assert the most sacred of human rights, attacked by the most odious tyranny.

The explanation of these circumstances which has generally been given is very simple, but by no means satisfactory. The power of the crown, it is said, was then at its height, and was in fact despotic. This solution, we own, seems to us to be no solution at all.

It has long been the fashion—a fashion introduced by Mr. Hume—to describe the English monarchy in the sixteenth century as an absolute monarchy. And such undoubtedly it appears to a superficial observer. Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the Great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons, who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star-Chamber and the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time limited. No man could print without a license; and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate or the Bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Non-conformity was severely punished. The queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed from that rule, either to the right or to the left, was in danger of severe penalties.

Such was this government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it. We know that, during the fierce contests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age. That great Queen has now been lying two hundred and thirty years in Henry the Seventh's chapel. Yet her memory is still dear to the hearts of a free people.

The truth seems to be, that the government of the Tudors was, with a few occasional deviations, a popular government, under the forms of despotism. At first sight, it may seem that the prerogatives of Elizabeth were not less ample than those of Louis the Fourteenth—that her parliaments were as obsequious as his parliaments—that her warrant had as much authority as his *lettre-de-cachet*. The extravagance with which her courtiers eulogized her personal and mental charms, went beyond the adulation of Boileau and Moliere. Louis would have blushed to re-

ceive from those who composed the gorgeous circles of Marli and Versailles, the outward marks of servitude which the haughty Britoness exacted of all who approached her. But the power of Louis rested on the support of his army. The power of Elizabeth rested solely on the support of her people. Those who say that her power was absolute, do not sufficiently consider in what her power consisted. Her power consisted in the willing obedience of her subjects, in their attachment to her person and to her office, in their respect for the old line from which she sprang, in their sense of the general security which they enjoyed under her government. These were the means, and the only means, which she had at her command for carrying her decrees into execution, for resisting foreign enemies, and for crushing domestic treason. There was not a ward in the city—there was not a hundred in any shire in England, which could not have overpowered the handful of armed men who composed her household. If a hostile sovereign threatened invasion—if an ambitious noble raised the standard of revolt, she could have recourse only to the trainbands of her capital, and the array of her counties—to the citizens and yeomen of England, commanded by the merchants and esquires of England.

Thus, when intelligence arrived of the vast preparations which Philip was making for the subjugation of the realm, the first person to whom the government thought of applying for assistance was the Lord Mayor of London. They sent to ask him what force the city would engage to furnish for the defence of the kingdom against the Spaniards. The mayor and common council, in return, desired to know what force the Queen's highness wished them to furnish. The answer was—fifteen ships and five thousand men. The Londoners deliberated on the matter, and two days after "humbly intreated the council, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to accept ten thousand men, and thirty ships amply furnished."

People who could give such signs as these of their loyalty were by no means to be misgoverned with impunity. The English in the sixteenth century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not, indeed, the outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not a good constitution; but they had that without which the best constitution is as useless as the king's proclamation against vice and immorality—that which, without any constitution, keeps rulers in awe,—force, and the spirit to use it. Parliaments, it is true, were rarely held; and were not very respectfully treated. The great charter was often violated. But the people had a security against gross and systematic misgovernment, far stronger than all the parchment that was ever marked with the sign

manual, and than all the wax that was ever pressed by the great seal.

It is a common error in politics to confound means with ends. Constitutions, charters, petitions of right, declarations of right, representative assemblies, electoral colleges, are not good government; nor do they, even when most elaborately constructed, necessarily produce good government. Laws exist in vain for those who have not the courage and the means to defend them. Electors meet in vain where want renders them the slaves of the landlord; or where superstition renders them the slaves of the priest. Representative assemblies sit in vain unless they have at their command, in the last resort, the physical power which is necessary to make their deliberations free, and their votes effectual.

The Irish are better represented in parliament than the Scotch, who indeed are not represented at all. But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. This circumstance has of late been used as an argument against reform. It proves nothing against reform. It proves only this,—that laws have no magical, no supernatural virtue; that laws do not act like Aladdin's lamp or Prince Ahmed's apple; that priestcraft, that ignorance, that the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such, that in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water—a people of such temper and self-government, that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites—a people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb—a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence, during a struggle of centuries, from the encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbours—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. It is indeed most desirable that such a people should exercise a direct influence on the conduct of affairs, and should make their wishes known through constitutional organs. But some influence, direct or indirect, they will assuredly possess. Some organ, constitutional or unconstitutional, they will assuredly find. They will be better governed under a good constitution than under a bad constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of constitutions, the con-

stitution of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps as the worst, in Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill governed. And the reason is simply that they will not bear to be ill governed.

In some of the Oriental monarchies, in Afghanistan, for example, though there exists nothing which an European publicist would call a Constitution, the sovereign generally governs in conformity with certain rules established for the public benefit; and the sanction of those rules is, that every Afghan approves them, and that every Afghan is a soldier.

The monarchy of England in the sixteenth century was a monarchy of this kind. It is called an absolute monarchy, because little respect was paid by the Tudors to those institutions which we have been accustomed to consider as the sole checks on the power of the sovereign. A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the royal authority,—the knowledge that if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be found irresistible. If a large body of Englishmen became thoroughly discontented, instead of presenting requisitions, holding large meetings, passing resolutions, signing petitions, forming associations and unions, they rose up; they took their halberds and their bows; and, if the sovereign was not sufficiently popular to find among his subjects other halberds and other bows to oppose to the rebels, nothing remained for him but a repetition of the horrible scenes of Berkeley and Pomfret. He had no regular army which could, by its superior arms and its superior skill, overawe and vanquish the sturdy Commons of his realm, abounding in the native hardihood of Englishmen, and trained in the simple discipline of the militia.

It has been said that the Tudors were as absolute as the Cæsars. Never was parallel so unfortunate. The government of the Tudors was the direct opposite to the government of Augustus and his successors. The Cæsars ruled despotically, by means of a great standing army, under the decent forms of a republican constitution. They called themselves citizens. They mixed unceremoniously with other citizens. In theory, they were only the elective magistrates of a free commonwealth. Instead of arrogating to themselves despotic power, they acknowledged allegiance to the senate. They were merely the lieutenants of that venerable body. They mixed in debate. They even appeared as advocates before the courts of law. Yet they

could safely indulge in the wildest freaks of cruelty and rapacity, while their legions remained faithful. Our Tudors, on the other hand, under the titles and forms of monarchical supremacy, were essentially popular magistrates. They had no means of protecting themselves against the public hatred; and they were therefore compelled to court the public favour. To enjoy all the state and all the personal indulgences of absolute power,—to be adored with Oriental prostrations,—to dispose at will of the liberty and even of the life of ministers and courtiers,—this the nation granted to the Tudors. But the condition on which they were suffered to be the tyrants of Whitehall was, that they should be the mild and paternal sovereigns of England. They were under the same restraints with regard to their people, under which a military despot is placed with regard to his army. They would have found it as dangerous to grind their subjects with cruel taxation, as Nero would have found it to leave his prætorians unpaid. Those who immediately surrounded the royal person, and engaged in the hazardous game of ambition, were exposed to the most fearful dangers. Buckingham, Cromwell, Surrey, Sudley, Somerset, Suffolk, Norfolk, Percy, Essex, perished on the scaffold. But in general the country gentlemen hunted, and the merchant traded in peace. Even Henry, as cruel as Domitian, but far more politic, contrived, while reeking with the blood of the *Lamie*, to be a favourite with the cobblers.

The Tudors committed very tyrannical acts. But in their ordinary dealings with the people, they were not, and could not safely be, tyrants. Some excesses were easily pardoned. For the nation was proud of the high and fiery blood of its magnificent princes; and saw, in many proceedings which a lawyer would even then have condemned, the outbreak of the same noble spirit which so manfully hurled foul scorn at Parma and at Spain. But to this endurance there was a limit. If the government ventured to adopt measures which the great body of the people really felt to be oppressive, it was soon compelled to change its course. When Henry the Eighth attempted to raise a forced loan of unusual amount, by proceedings of unusual rigour, the opposition which he encountered was such as appalled even his stubborn and imperious spirit. The people, we are told, said, that if they were to be treated thus, "then were it worse than the taxes of France; and England should be bond, and not free." The county of Suffolk rose in arms. The king prudently yielded to an opposition which, if he had persisted, would, in all probability, have taken the form of a general rebellion. Towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people felt themselves aggrieved by the monopolies. The queen, proud and courageous as she was, shrunk from a contest with the nation, and,

with admirable sagacity, conceded all that her subjects had demanded, while it was yet in her power to concede with dignity and grace.

It cannot be supposed that a people who had in their own hands the means of checking their princes, would suffer any prince to impose upon them a religion generally detested. It is absurd to suppose, that if the nation had been decidedly attached to the Protestant faith, Mary could have re-established the Papal supremacy. It is equally absurd to suppose that if the nation had been zealous for the ancient religion, Elizabeth could have restored the Protestant Church. The truth is, that the people were not disposed to engage in a struggle either for the new or for the old doctrines. Abundance of spirit was shown when it seemed likely that Mary would resume her father's grants of church property; or that she would sacrifice the interests of England to the husband whom she regarded with unmerited tenderness. That queen found that it would be madness to attempt the restoration of the abbey lands. She found that her subjects would never suffer her to make her hereditary kingdom a fief of Castile. On these points she encountered a steady resistance, and was compelled to give way. If she was able to establish the Catholic worship, and to persecute those who would not conform to it, it was evidently because the people cared far less for the Protestant religion than for the rights of property, and for the independence of the English crown. In plain words, they did not think the difference between the hostile sects worth a struggle. There was undoubtedly a zealous Protestant party, and a zealous Catholic party. But both these parties were, we believe, very small. We doubt whether both together, made up, at the time of Mary's death, the twentieth part of the nation. The remaining nineteen-twentieths halted between the two opinions; and were not disposed to risk a revolution in the government, for the purpose of giving to either of the extreme factions an advantage over the other.

We possess no data which will enable us to compare with exactness the force of the two sects. Mr. Butler asserts that, even at the accession of James the First, a majority of the population of England were Catholics. This is pure assertion; and is not only unsupported by evidence, but we think, completely disproved by the strongest evidence. Dr. Lingard is of opinion that the Catholics were one-half of the nation in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. Richton says, that when Elizabeth came to the throne, the Catholics were two-thirds of the nation, and the Protestants only one-third. The most judicious and impartial of English historians, Mr. Hallam, is, on the contrary, of opinion that two-thirds were Protestants, and only one-third Catholics. To us, we must confess, it seems altogether inconceivable, that if the Protestants

were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Mary; or that, if the Catholics were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Elizabeth. It is absolutely incredible that a sovereign who has no standing army, and whose power rests solely on the loyalty of his subjects, can continue for years to persecute a religion to which the majority of his subjects are sincerely attached. In fact, the Protestants did rise up against one sister, and the Catholics against the other. Those risings clearly showed how small and feeble both the parties were. Both in the one case and in the other, the nation ranged itself on the side of the government, and the insurgents were speedily put down and punished. The Kentish gentlemen who took up arms for the reformed doctrines against Mary, and the great Northern Earls who displayed the banner of the Five Wounds against Elizabeth, were alike considered by the great body of their countrymen as wicked disturbers of the public peace.

The account which Cardinal Bentivoglio gave of the state of religion in England, well deserves consideration. The zealous Catholics he reckoned at one-thirtieth part of the nation. The people who would without the least scruple become Catholics, if the Catholic religion were established, he estimated at four-fifths of the nation. We believe this account to have been very near the truth. We believe that the people, whose minds were made up on either side, who were inclined to make any sacrifice, or run any risk for either religion, were very few. Each side had a few enterprising champions, and a few stout-hearted martyrs; but the nation, undetermined in its opinions and feelings, resigned itself implicitly to the guidance of the government, and lent to the sovereign for the time being, an equally ready aid against either of the extreme parties.

We are very far from saying that the English of that generation were irreligious. They held firmly those doctrines which are common to the Catholic and to the Protestant theology. But they had no fixed opinion as to the matters in dispute between the churches. They were in a situation resembling that of those Borderers whom Sir Walter Scott has described with so much spirit;

"Who sought the beeves that made their broth,
In England and in Scotland both;"

And who
"Nine times outlawed had been
By England's king, and Scotland's queen."

They were sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholics; sometimes half Protestants half Catholics.

The English had not, for ages, been bigoted Papists. In the fourteenth century, the first, and perhaps the greatest of the reformers, John Wickliffe, had stirred the public mind to its inmost depths. During the same cen-

tury, a scandalous schism in the Catholic Church had diminished, in many parts of Europe, the reverence in which the Roman pontiffs were held. It is clear that a hundred years before the time of Luther, a great party in this kingdom was eager for a change, at least as extensive as that which was subsequently effected by Henry the Eighth. The House of Commons, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, proposed a confiscation of ecclesiastical property, more sweeping and violent even than that which took place under the administration of Thomas Cromwell; and though defeated in this attempt, they succeeded in depriving the clerical order of some of its most oppressive privileges. The splendid conquests of Henry the Fifth turned the attention of the nation from domestic reform. The Council of Constance removed some of the grossest of those scandals which had deprived the Church of the public respect. The authority of that venerable synod propped up the sinking authority of the Popedom. A considerable reaction took place. It cannot, however, be doubted, that there was still much concealed Lollardism in England; or that many who did not absolutely dissent from any doctrine held by the Church of Rome, were jealous of the wealth and power enjoyed by her ministers. At the very beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, a struggle took place between the clergy and the courts of law, in which the courts of law remained victorious. One of the bishops on that occasion declared, that the common people entertained the strongest prejudices against his order, and that a clergyman had no chance of fair play before a lay tribunal. The London juries, he said, entertained such a spite to the Church, that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain. This was said a few months before the time when Martin Luther began to preach at Wittenberg against indulgences.

As the Reformation did not find the English bigoted Papists, so neither was it conducted in such a manner as to make them zealous Protestants. It was not under the direction of men like that fiery Saxon, who swore that he would go to Worms, though he had to face as many devils as there were tiles on the houses, or like that brave Switzer, who was struck down while praying in front of the ranks of Zurich. No preacher of religion had the same power here which Calvin had at Geneva, and Knox in Scotland. The government put itself early at the head of the movement, and thus acquired power to regulate, and occasionally to arrest, the movement.

To many persons it appears extraordinary that Henry the Eighth should have been able to maintain himself so long in an intermediate position between the Catholic and Protestant parties. Most extraordinary, it would indeed be, if we were to suppose that the nation consisted of none but decided Catholics and decided Protestants. The fact is, that the great

mass of the people was neither Catholic nor Protestant; but was, like its sovereign, midway between the two. Henry, in that very part of his conduct which has been represented as most capricious and inconsistent, was probably following a policy far more pleasing to the majority of his subjects, than a policy like that of Edward, or a policy like that of Mary would have been. Down even to the very close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people were in a state somewhat resembling that in which, as Machiavelli says, the inhabitants of the Roman empire were, during the transition from heathenism to Christianity;—"sendo la maggior parte di loro incerti a quale Dio dovessero ricorrere." They were generally, we think, favourable to the royal supremacy. They disliked the policy of the Court of Rome. Their spirit rose against the interference of a foreign priest with their national concerns. The bull which pronounced sentence of deposition against Elizabeth, the plots which were formed against her life, the usurpation of her titles by the Queen of Scotland, the hostility of Philip, excited their strongest indignation. The cruelties of Bonner were remembered with disgust. Some parts of the new system—the use of the English language, for example—in public worship, and the communion in both kinds, were undoubtedly popular. On the other hand, the early lessons of the nurse and the priest were not forgotten. The ancient ceremonies were long remembered with affectionate reverence. A large portion of the ancient theology lingered to the last in the minds which had been imbued with it in childhood.

The best proof that the religion of the people was of this mixed kind, is furnished by the drama of that age. No man would bring unpopular opinions prominently forward in a play intended for representation. And we may safely conclude, that feelings and opinions which pervade the whole dramatic literature of an age, are feelings and opinions of which the men of that age generally partook.

The greatest and most popular dramatists of the Elizabethan age treat religious subjects in a very remarkable manner. They speak respectfully of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they speak neither like Catholics nor like Protestants, but like persons who are wavering between the two systems; or who have made a system for themselves out of parts selected from both. They seem to hold some of the Romish rites and doctrines in high respect. They treat the vow of celibacy, for example—so tempting, and, in after times, so common a subject for ribaldry—with mysterious reverence. The members of religious orders whom they introduce are almost always holy and venerable men. We remember in their plays nothing resembling the coarse ridicule with which the Catholic religion and its ministers were as-

sailed, two generations later, by dramatists who wished to please the multitude. We remember no Friar Dominic—no Father Foigard—among the characters drawn by those great poets. The scene at the close of the Knight of Malta might have been written by a fervent Catholic. Massinger shows a great fondness for ecclesiastics of the Romish Church; and has even gone so far as to bring a virtuous and interesting Jesuit on the stage. Ford, in that fine play, which it is painful to read, and scarcely decent to name, assigns a highly creditable part to the Friar. The partiality of Shakspeare for Friars is well known. In *Hamlet*, the Ghost complains that he died without extreme unction, and, in defiance of the article which condemns the doctrine of purgatory, declares that he is

“Confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.”

These lines, we suspect, would have raised a tremendous storm in the theatre at any time during the reign of Charles the Second. They were clearly not written by a zealous Protestant or for zealous Protestants. Yet the author of *King John* and *Henry the Eighth* was surely no friend to Papal supremacy.

There is, we think, only one solution of the phenomena which we find in the History and in the Drama of that age. The religion of England was a mixed religion, like that of the Samaritan settlers, described in the second book of *Kings*, who “feared the Lord, and served their graven images;”—like that of the Judaizing Christians, who blended the ceremonies and doctrines of the synagogue with those of the church;—like that of the Mexican Indians, who, for many generations after the subjugation of their race, continued to unite with the rites learned from their conquerors the worship of the grotesque idols which had been adored by Montezuma and Guatemozin.

These feelings were not confined to the populace. Elizabeth herself was not exempt from them. A crucifix, with wax-lights burning round it, stood in her private chapel. She always spoke with disgust and anger of the marriage of priests. “I was in horror,” says Archbishop Parker, “to hear such words to come from her mild nature and Christian learned conscience, as she spake concerning God’s holy ordinance and institution of matrimony.” Burghley prevailed on her to connive at the marriages of churchmen. But she would only connive; and the children sprung from such marriages were illegitimate till the accession of James the First.

That which is, as we have said, the great stain on the character of Burghley, is also the great stain on the character of Elizabeth. Being herself an *Adiaphorist*,—having no scruple about conforming to the Romish Church when conformity was necessary to

her own safety,—retaining to the last moment of her life a fondness for much of the doctrine and much of the ceremonial of that church,—she yet subjected that church to a persecution even more odious than the persecution with which her sister had harrassed the Protestants. We say more odious. For Mary had at least the plea of fanaticism. She did nothing for her religion which she was not prepared to suffer for it. She had held it firmly under persecution. She fully believed it to be essential to salvation. If she burned the bodies of her subjects, it was in order to rescue their souls. Elizabeth had no such pretext. In opinion, she was little more than half a Protestant. She had professed, when it suited her, to be wholly a Catholic. There is an excuse,—a wretched excuse,—for the massacres of Piedmont and the *autos-da-fe* of Spain. But what can be said in defence of a ruler who is at once indifferent and intolerant?

If the great Queen, whose memory is still held in just veneration by Englishmen, had possessed sufficient virtue and sufficient enlargement of mind to adopt those principles which More, wiser in speculation than in action, had avowed in the preceding generation, and by which the excellent *L’Hospital* regulated his conduct in her own time, how different would be the colour of the whole history of the last two hundred and fifty years! She had the happiest opportunity ever vouchsafed to any sovereign, of establishing perfect freedom of conscience throughout her dominions, without danger to her government, or scandal to any large party among her subjects. The nation, as it was clearly ready to profess either religion, would, beyond all doubt, have been ready to tolerate both. Unhappily for her own glory and for the public peace, she adopted a policy, from the effects of which the empire is still suffering. The yoke of the Established Church was pressed down on the people till they would bear it no longer. Then a reaction came. Another reaction followed. To the tyranny of the establishment, succeeded the tumultuous conflict of sects, infuriated by manifold wrongs, and drunk with unwonted freedom. To the conflict of sects, succeeded again the cruel domination of one persecuting church. At length oppression put off its most horrible form, and took a milder aspect. The penal laws against dissenters were abolished. But exclusions and disabilities still remained. These exclusions and disabilities, after having generated the most fearful discontents,—after having rendered all government in one part of the kingdom impossible,—after having brought the state to the very brink of ruin, have, in our times, been removed; but, though removed, have left behind them a rankling which may last for many years. It is melancholy to think with what ease Elizabeth might have united all the conflicting sects

under the shelter of the same impartial laws, and the same paternal throne; and thus have placed the nation in the same situation, as far as the rights of conscience are concerned, in which we at length stand, after all the heart-burnings, the persecutions, the conspiracies, the seditions, the revolutions, the judicial murders, the civil wars, of ten generations.

This is the dark side of her character. Yet she surely was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for support on the love and confidence of their subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It has often been alleged as an excuse for the misgovernment of her successors that they only followed her example;—that precedents might be found in the transactions of her reign for persecuting the Puritans, for levying money without the sanction of the House of Commons, for confining men without bringing them to trial, for interfering with the liberty of parliamentary debate. All this may be true. But it is no good plea for her successors, and for this plain reason, that they were her successors. She governed one generation, they governed another; and between the two generations there was almost as little in common as between the people of two different countries. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the great general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing untractable subjects. If, instead of searching the records of her reign for precedents which might seem to vindicate the mutilation of Prynne, and the imprisonment of Eliot, the Stuarts had attempted to discover the fundamental rules which guided her conduct in all her dealings with her people, they would have perceived that their policy was then most unlike to hers, when to a superficial observer it would have seemed most to resemble hers. Firm, haughty,—sometimes unjust and cruel in her proceedings towards individuals or towards small parties,—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, every measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people. She gained more honour and more love by the manner in which she repaired her errors, than she would have gained by never committing errors. If such a man as Charles the First had been in her place when the whole nation was crying out against the monopolies, he would have refused all redress; he would have dissolved the Parliament, and imprisoned the most popular members. He would have called another Parliament. He would have given some vague and delusive promises of relief in return for subsidies. When entreated to fulfil his promises he would have again dissolved the Parliament, and again imprisoned his leading opponents. The country would have become more agitated than be-

fore. The next House of Commons would have been more unmanageable than that which preceded it. The tyrant would have agreed to all that the nation demanded. He would have solemnly ratified an act abolishing monopolies for ever. He would have received a large supply in return for this concession; and within half a year new patents, more oppressive than those which had been cancelled, would have been issued by scores. Such was the policy which brought the heir of a long line of kings, in early youth the darling of his countrymen, to a prison and a scaffold.

Elizabeth, before the House of Commons could address her, took out of their mouths the words which they were about to utter in the name of the nation. Her promises went beyond their desires. Her performance followed close upon her promise. She did not treat the nation as an adverse party;—as a party which had an interest opposed to hers;—as a party to which she was to grant as few advantages as possible, and from which she was to extort as much money as possible. Her benefits were given, not sold; and when once given, they were not withdrawn. She gave them too with a frankness, an effusion of heart, a princely dignity, a motherly tenderness, which enhanced their value. They were received by the sturdy country gentlemen, who had come up to Westminster full of resentment, with tears of joy and shouts of God save the Queen. Charles the First gave up half the prerogatives of his crown to the Commons; and the Commons sent him in return to the Grand Remonstrance.

We had intended to say something concerning that illustrious group of which Elizabeth is the central figure,—that group which the last of the bards saw in vision from the top of Snowdon, encircling the Virgin Queen—

“Many a baron bold,
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty.”

We had intended to say something concerning the dexterous Walsingham, the impetuous Oxford, the elegant Sackville, the accomplished Sydney;—concerning Essex, the ornament of the court and of the camp, the model of chivalry, the munificent patron of genius, whom great virtues, great courage, great talents, the favour of his sovereign, the love of his countrymen,—all that seemed to ensure a happy and glorious life, led to an early and an ignominious death;—concerning Raleigh, the soldier, the sailor, the scholar, the courtier, the orator, the poet, the historian, the philosopher, sometimes reviewing the Queen's guards, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon,—then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Commons,—then again murmuring one of his sweet love-songs, too near the ears of her Highness's maids of honour,—and soon after poring over

the Talmud, or collating Polybius with Livy. We had intended also to say something concerning the literature of that splendid period, and especially concerning those two incomparable men, the Prince of Poets, and the Prince of Philosophers, who have made the Elizabethan age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind, than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo. But subjects so vast require a space far larger than we can at present afford. We therefore stop here, fearing that, if we proceed, our article may swell to a bulk exceeding that of all other reviews, as much as Dr. Nares' book exceeds the bulk of all other histories.

THE EXILE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE exile on a foreign strand
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land
Is still his cherished home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth
His warmest wishes turn;
And elsewhere own, through all the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh! thus should man's immortal soul
Its privilege revere:
And mindful of its heavenly good,
Seem but an exile here.

'Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes, its joys sublime
Should own no home but HEAVEN!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

THE daily increasing familiarity of the beligerent classes with the use of the pen will, if we mistake not, lend one important distinguishing feature to the English literature of the present age. Books such as these on our table cannot be multiplied among us without affecting, to a considerable extent, not only the general tone of contemporary thought and sentiment, but even the materials and mechanism of popular language. New words, new phrases, and a whole host of new images and allusions are, from this source, rapidly finding their way into the common stock; and

the martial triumphs of the era of Trafalgar and Waterloo will probably tinge, a thousand years hence, the vocabulary, both tragic and comic, of yet nameless nations, flourishing thousands of leagues from the scenes of their achievement.

From the mere *style* of any people—from the prevailing character of the figures and illustrations, inwoven into almost any work of literature that ever acquired great popularity among them—one might pronounce, 'with a near aim,' as to the main scope of occupation, and business, and habitual feeling in the nation. Every page of the drama of Athens bespeaks, as plainly as Athenian history, a nation of political partisans and restless mariners; the high estimation of agriculture, and the proud tumults of the camp, are written with equal distinctness in the most urbane and pacific of Roman lucubrations. The languages of this country and France are, *ex facie*, those of the two *active* nations of modern Christendom. That is seen, not merely, nay not so much, in the vocabulary of either, as in the structure and march of its sentences, as compared with any of the neighbouring tongues. The stately indolence of the Spaniard is reflected in the slow sonorousness of even his billet-doux; the Italian, unless when he tortures himself into a perplexed and obscure mimicry of Tacitus, makes scarcely better progress in his liquid paragraphs of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' than a pinnacle floating at height of noon on one of his own beautiful lakes; the German author, no matter what ground he takes, builds up such heavy columns, and carves them with such a dreamy quaintness, that we perceive at once he belongs to a people whose literature is *mainly* a literature of professors—stamped, in every lineament, in spite of gallant individual efforts in the contrary direction, with the mental, and indeed corporeal, habits of a caste of pedantic recluses, who seldom have the mouth-piece of the ponderous Meerschaum pipe out their lips, unless when they mount the desk to overcloud gaping boys with metaphysical vapours, about as consistent and refreshing as those of their tobacco. A good French prose book is easily converted into a good English one—and *vice versa*—(we say nothing of poetry); but no skill in *translation* can make even treatises like Frederick Schlegel's, or tales like Ludowick Tieck's, acceptable to the readers of London or Paris: their materials, however precious in themselves, must be *refondus*, as the French express it, before they can acquire that *lucidus ordo*, that direct steady clearness of arrangement, that succinctness of garb, and life and spring of movement, without which nothing will command general attention in a country whose own literature has taken its predominant bias and colouring from men of the world and of business.

We must not at present, however tempted, be seduced into a lecture on this subject; but
No. 121.—B

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1832.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

it is certain, that the first popular works in our language came from the pens of authors distinguished in active life; and that, in every succeeding age, the originally uncloister-like character of English composition has on the whole been sustained. With few exceptions, even our poets have been men trained and exercised in stirring occupations—certainly all our dramatists and novelists worth notice have been such; and every one of these masters has enriched the national exchequer with coins stamped in the mint of his own calling. It is this that gives to all our literature that air of practical pith, shrewdness, and sagacity, by which it is brought much nearer, in general effect, to the literature of France, than, in spite of far more intimate kinsmanship of blood—and, we may add, as to many of the most important branches, of opinion and sentiment—it is ever likely to approach the German; and it is this same old-established custom of drawing largely on professional dialects (as we may call them) that leads us to anticipate extended and lasting effects from those literary habits which appear of late years to be taking such a deep root among our soldiers and sailors. Who would have fancied, thirty or twenty years ago, that A. D. 1832, one of the most successful periodical publications in the country should be a magazine devoted exclusively to naval and military topics, written entirely by officers of the united service, and edited by a sprightly veteran, *minus* a leg? or who, that knows that such is now the fact, and knows also that many of the most popular histories, novels, tales, and descriptive essays of all sorts, have for some years past been supplied to the London market by Halls, Napiers, Marryatts, &c.*—in short, gentlemen who took their only degrees under such tutors as Nelson and Wellington—can doubt that the habitual feelings and expressions—the *tonus* and *ympos*—the wit, whim, and humour even—of the modern camp and cockpit, are at this moment settling themselves into the great body of our written speech, in the same fashion that the histrionic habits of our early dramatists familiarized the national ear, two hundred years ago, and for ever, to the technical glossary of the green-room?

Continuations are proverbially hazardous; but the second group of Captain Hall's adventures, like that of Don Quixote's, completely sustains the spirit of the first,—nay, we think it will be generally considered as justifying our prediction, that the story would become more and more interesting as it advanced into the maturer experiences of its hero.

He, above all the rest of those 'who lay

* In our *et cetera* we do not wish to include the author of 'Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea'—one of the most impudent bundles of trash and vice that ever issued from any press. We are much at a loss to conjecture for what class of readers such compounds of filth and dulness are manufactured.

down the sword and take up the pen,' as the song has it, deals in the peculiar diction and imagery of his original craft, and it is with especial reference to him that the preceding observations have been made. He is known to be skilful in various departments of physical science, and master of the lore proper to his profession; and he has, we need not say, 'surveyed the globe from China to Peru,' with his own microscopic optics, as well as all the stars in both hemispheres, with one of Dollond's best portable telescopes; but, judging from his writings, we should not suppose his general reading to have been extensive. He makes no pretensions to being a scholar, properly so called, and, therefore, in bringing his views of men and things before the world, has not that copious supply of ready-made figures and expressions which persons of regular literary education and habits can always depend upon; he is thrown continually on his own proper personal resources, and, to the infinite advantage of himself and his readers, turns the log-book at his elbow into a lexicon. The same circumstance, indeed, gives an air of extraordinary freshness to his views and opinions themselves, as well as the language in which he develops them. Whatever he writes about, however hackneyed the topic, we always feel that here is a shrewd clever man thinking for himself, and from himself, and listen to him with a degree of attention and interest which we should find ourselves quite unable to bestow on an exposition of even the very same thoughts, in a more rounded and flowing sequence of what the antiquary of Monkbarrow calls 'pyet words.' We may almost venture to apply to him part of Ben Jonson's famous lines:—

"His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,

Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.

—It is so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength and life with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now."*

Nothing more true than that "le style, c'est l'homme;" in his there is often a sharp turn, a hard corner, an ungraceful twist or projection; but it is all genuine bone and muscle—

* See the 'Poetaster.' Jonson pretends to be describing *Virgil*, but how could even a commentator ever doubt that he was in fact drawing an exquisitely graphic character of a poet as unlike *Virgil* as any one great poet can be to another—*Shakespeare*? Of whom else would 'Envious Ben,' have said

'That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment laboured and distilled
Through all the needful uses of our life,—
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch on any serious point
But he might breathe his spirit out of him!'

no gummy flesh, far less any padding; and we prefer it to the smooth, oily, well-balanced sing-song in which one mere *litterateur* echoes another, as much as we do a real young face, even with irregular features, to the most finished beauty in a barber's window.

There is a critical digression in one of these little volumes which we must quote,—first, because the writer does not often poach on our manor,—and, secondly, because the passage is a capital one, and will fall in very advantageously with what we have been saying about his own style. Nobody is fonder of a paradox than the captain. Who has forgot his bold, blunt assertion, at the opening of a chapter in the former series, that “it is highly for the benefit of humble-born sea-officers that the scions of nobility should be promoted rapidly in the navy?” or his more recent oral announcement of his belief that—

“A party man’s the noblest work of God.”

On the present occasion he sets off thus:—

“When things are possessed of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather help than stand in the way of subsequent accounts, provided these be written with skill worthy of the subject. We may even, I think, go further,—it will be in favour of the writer that his topic should have been not only repeatedly but *well* treated by previous authors. Who can doubt, for instance, that the ‘Diary of an Invalid’ owes its chief interest to the hackneyed nature of the topic? We are enchanted to recognize incidents and scenes the most familiar to our thoughts, trimmed up for fresh inspection by a scholar and a gentleman, who, to much knowledge of his subject, and of the world generally, superadds a rare felicity of expression, and the happy knack of giving new interest to all he touches. If a man of genius, minute and varied local information, and correct taste, were to write a book, and call it ‘London,’ it would assuredly outrun in freshness of interest, in the opinion even of the Londoners themselves, all other books of travels. Whatever talents, in short, an author may possess, their most touching and popular exercise will generally be found to lie in those departments with which his readers are most familiar. When Taglioni descends from her pirouettes, and dances the Minuet de la Cour, or the Gavotte, or Paganini leaves off his miracles of sound, and plays some simple air which is well known to every one, we feel, not indeed the same astonishment as before, but ten times more real pleasure. Thus, too, such a novel as ‘Pride and Prejudice,’ probably derives its greatest charm from the characters and incidents being such as we are already well acquainted with, either from personal observation, or from a thousand previous descriptions.

“Many writers, however, fall into the mistake of imagining that every thing will bear this degree of handling, and forget that, while the ductility of fine gold is almost infinite, every other metal has its limit. This analogy will hold in all the fine arts, and perhaps in

none more than the art of composition, whether in prose or verse. When will the poets exhaust the good old topics of love and beauty? or painters fail to discover, in mountain scenery, and in the sunsets of summer, varieties of tints, and lights, and shades, far beyond all their power of colouring? On the other hand, has not the whole strength of one celebrated school of painting been unequal to impart true interest, and what has been termed graceful pleasure to vulgar images? Has not even the mighty ‘Childe Harold’ compelled us to withdraw much of our respect for his genius by seeking to describe what is essentially vicious and degrading?”

All this is introduced by way of apology to the author’s professional friends for inditing a chapter entitled “A Man Overboard!” and that persons who have, times without number, seen the two-legged, featherless, but no longer laughing animal, so situated, will hold the said attempt to be justified by the method of its execution, we do not doubt. To us, however, and to the great majority of Captain Hall’s readers, no apology of this sort could be necessary on the occasion in question. That the manner of the essay is excellently clear and energetic, we, too, can feel:—but the subject-matter itself, has the charm of almost absolute novelty:—

“After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war’s discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skilful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite aghast on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need. Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save their companions, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, to whose hands the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we had not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

“Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration, they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck; but what I was alluding to just now was the cordiality of the friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social ties have been broken across either by the chances of

war, or by the stern decrees which, I fear, will always render impressment absolutely unavoidable, or by the very nature of their roving and desultory life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not wherefore.

"I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the *Endymion*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the fore-castle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their station, missed one of the fore-top men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hiding himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. 'Hillo!' I said, 'who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?'

" 'I am not skulking, sir,' said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather-beaten cheek were running down with tears. The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day. 'Never mind, sir, never mind,' said the kind-hearted seaman, 'it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty.' So saying, he drew the sleeves of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mustering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

"In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard-arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions, the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence, away also went his power of keeping his head above water. 'So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

"The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well-varnished canvass hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to

time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into a swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sunk so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old berth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift for himself.

"At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gang-way hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labour of undressing and dressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, 'That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gun-room steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff norwester.' The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgment of the attention, instinctively touched his hat when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply, till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, 'Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life?'

This is followed by an account of the life-buoy now generally in use in the royal navy, the invention of Lieutenant Cooke; with some wise and humane suggestions of the author himself as to the propriety of making it a *sine qua non* that every able seaman should be a swimmer, and that the exertions of the various parts of the crew, in case of a man falling overboard, should be regulated beforehand, *secundum artem*, and the scene from time to time rehearsed:—

"The life-buoy at present in use on board his Majesty's ships, and, I suppose, in all Indian, as well as, I trust, in most merchant ships, consists of two hollow copper vessels connected together, each about as large as an ordinary-sized pillow, and of buoyancy and capacity sufficient to support one man standing upon them. Should there be more than one person requiring support, they can lay hold of rope becketts fitted to the buoy, and so sustain themselves. Between the two copper vessels there stands up a hollow pole, or mast, into which is inserted, from below, an iron rod, whose lower extremity is loaded with lead, in such a manner, that when the buoy is let go,

the iron rod slips down, to a certain extent, lengthens the lever, and enables the lead at the end to act as ballast. By this means the mast is kept upright, and the buoy prevented from upsetting. The weight at the end of the rod is arranged so as to afford secure footing for two persons, should that number reach it; and there are also, as I said before, large rope buckets, through which others can thrust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered.

"On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes, or half-an-hour; this is ignited most ingeniously, by the same process which lets the buoy fall into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him, also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches.

"The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is, perhaps, not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicular iron rods fixed to the taffrail, and inserted in holes piercing the framework of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt, which can be unlocked at pleasure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper, the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship's wake. The trigger, which unlocks the slip-stopper, is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked 'Life-Buoy'; this alone is used in the daytime. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked 'Lock,' fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock, primed with powder; and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the daytime would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night. The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half-hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out 'Life-buoy!' to show that he is awake, and at his post."

The chapter thus ends:—

"I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than that of eighty or a hundred per-

sons, stationed aloft, straining their eyes to keep sight of a poor fellow who is struggling for his life, and all eagerly extending their hands towards him, as if they could clutch him from the waves. To see these hands drop again is inexpressibly painful, from its indicating that the unfortunate man is no longer distinguishable. One by one the arms fall down, reluctantly, as if it were a signal that all hope was over. Presently the boat is observed to range about at random—the look-out men aloft when repeatedly hailed and asked 'if they see any thing like him?' are all silent. Finally, the boat's recall flag is hoisted—sail is again made on the ship—the people are piped down—and this tragical little episode in the voyage being concluded, every thing goes on as before."

The first volume of this second series contains among other things a voyage to India, in the course of which the author contrives to put together a very complete picture of sea life in tropical latitudes. We have no wish to follow strictly the course of the captain's narrative,—that possesses all the charm of a romance,—and we should be sorry to disturb it; and shall, therefore, merely string together a few of the episodic passages.

Among the "enjoyments ahead," fishing, after his own fashion, fills no inconsiderable space in the imagination of the mariner. The captain describes scenes of this sort with hardly less *gusto* than the chase, which no reader can have forgotten, of his little French privateer in the Irish Channel:—

"Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions,—one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly,—than the company of those picturesque little animals, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water; and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection. No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny, or, rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull, or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or it may well be called, a covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head is sufficiently ex-

cusable. 'You may hae seen rivers o' milk, and mountains o' sugar,' said she to her son, returned from a voyage; 'but you'll ne'er gar me believe you hae seen a fish that could flee!'

"The pleasant trade which had wafted us, with different degrees of velocity, over a distance of more than a thousand miles, at last gradually failed. The first symptoms of the approaching calm, was the sails beginning to flap gently against the masts,—so gently, indeed, that we half hoped it was caused, not so much by the diminished force of the breeze, with which we were very unwilling to part, as by that long and peculiar swell which,

'In the torrid clime
Dark heaving,'

has found the hand of a master-artist to embody it in a description more technically correct, and certainly far more graphic in all its parts, than if the picture had been filled up from the log-books of ten thousand voyagers. The same noble writer, by merely letting his imagination run wild a little, has also given a sketch of what might take place were one of these calms to be perpetual; and so true to nature is all his pencilling, that many a time, when day after day has passed without a breath of wind, and there came no prospect of any breeze, I have recollected the following strange lines, and almost fancied that such might be our own dismal fate:

'The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
dropped,

They slept on the abyss without a surge.

The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished.'—

"In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark-heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the fierce heat. A listless feeling stole over us all, and we lay about the decks gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink! drink! drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made the matter worse."

A heavy squall succeeded this calm, then a dead calm again, in which the difficulty of keeping company at sea, when the helm is useless, without sad accidents from the collision of ships, was strikingly exemplified. At length a light air sprung up in the desirable quarter, and the story thus proceeds:—

"While we were stealing along under the genial influence of this newly-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed to the

eastward to catch a gulp of cool air, about a dozen flying-fish rose out of the water, just under the fore-chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface.

"A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway, at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying-fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles was sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it,—at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things! and whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that their strength and confidence were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little crea-

tures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws, as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards. It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritsail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the flying-fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

"It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the Encyclopedia, is the *Coryphæna hippurus* of naturalists, is totally different from their *Delphinus phocæna*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which Dan Arion took a passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise. For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and when properly dressed, is really not bad eating."

This leads the captain to treat at some length of the classical dolphin.

"When the shoal of porpoises is numerous, half the ship's company are generally clustered about the bowsprit, the head, and any other spot commanding a good view of the sport. When a mid, I have often perched myself like a sea-bird on the fore-yard-arm, or nestled into the fore-topmast staysail netting, till I saw the harpoon cast with effect by some older and stronger arm. A piece of small but stout line, called, I think, the foreganger, is spliced securely to the shank of the harpoon. To the end of this line is attached any small rope that lies handiest on the forecable, probably the top-gallant clew-line, or the jib down-haul. The rope, before being made fast to the foreganger, is rove through a block attached to some part of the bowsprit, or to the foremast swifter of the fore-rigging; and a gang of hands are always ready to take hold of the end, and run the fish right out of the water when pierced by the iron.

"The strength of the porpoise must be very great, for I have seen him twist a whale harpoon several times round, and eventually tear himself off by main force. On this account, it is of consequence to get the floundering gentleman on board with the least possible delay after the fish is struck. Accordingly, the harpooner, the instant, he has made a good hit, bawls out, 'Haul away! haul away!' upon which the men stationed at the line run away with it, and the struggling wretch is raised high into the air, as if still in the act of performing one of his own gambols. Two or three of the smartest hands have in the meantime prepared what is called a running bowline knot or noose, which is placed by hand round the body of the porpoise, or it may be cast, like the South American lasso, over its tail, and then, but not till then, can the capture be considered

quite secure. I have seen many a gallant prize of this kind fairly transfixed with the harpoon, and rattled like a shot up to the block, where it was hailed by the shouts of the victors as the source of a certain feast, and yet lost after all, either by the line breaking, or the dart coming out during the vehement struggles of the fish. I remember once seeing a porpoise accidentally struck by a minor description of fish-spear called a grains, a weapon quite inadequate for such a service. The cord by which it was held being much too weak, soon broke, and off dashed the wounded fish, right in the wind's eye, at a prodigious rate, with the staff erected on its back, like a signal post. The poor wretch was instantly accompanied or pursued by myriads of its own species, whose instinct, it is said, teaches them to follow any track of blood, and even to devour their unfortunate fellow fish. I rather doubt the fact of their cannibalism, but am certain that, whenever a porpoise is struck and escapes, he is followed by all the others, and the ship is deserted by the shoal in a few seconds. In the instance just mentioned, the grains with which the porpoise was struck had been got ready for spearing a dolphin; but the man in whose hands it happened to be, not being an experienced harpooner, could not resist the opportunity of darting his weapon into the first fish that offered a fair mark."

"It happened in a ship I commanded, that a porpoise was struck about half an hour before the cabin dinner, and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to my steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced, that none of the crew had ever before seen a fish of this kind taken, and in consequence there arose doubts among them whether or not it was good or even safe eating. The word, however, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation from forward was appointed to proceed as near to the cabin door as the etiquettes of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. 'I say, Capewell,' cried one of the hungry delegates, 'did the captain really eat any of the porpoise?' 'Eat it!' exclaimed the steward, 'look at that!' at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish as well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with veal cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipman's berth. 'Oh! ho!' sung out Jack, running back to the forecable; 'if the skipper eats porpoise, I don't see why we should be so nice, so here goes!' Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunged it into the sides of the fish, and, after separating the outside rind of blubber, detached half-a-dozen pounds of the red meat, which, in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship's company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor, to take the *post mortem* view of the porpoise more critically than be-

fore, we found the whole had been broiled and eaten within half-an-hour after I had unconsciously given, by my example, an official sanction to the feast."

But the fox-chase of the sea—the sport of sports—is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the shark.

"The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once seeing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. 'What's the matter with you, Master Mona?' said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. 'Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork,' cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. 'Where's your hook, quarter-master?' 'Here, sir, here;' cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce-looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut goût*, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or

can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which, the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

"When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

"Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again, as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when

the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method of measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth could pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale for the force exerted.

"I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the afterguard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the

kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career, by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

"The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another wao leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration, was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark, stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, 'There, my lad, d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!'"—p. 266-272.

Our closing quotation shall be from Captain Hall's account of the blockade of New York in 1804.

"We were rather short-handed in those days, and being in the presence of a blockaded enemy, and liable, at half an hour's warning, to be in action, we could not afford to be very scrupulous as to the ways and means by which our numbers were completed, so that able-bodied men were secured to handle the gun-tackle falls. It chanced one day that we fell in with a ship filled with emigrants, a description of vessel called, in the classical dictionary of the cockpit, an 'Irish guineaman.' Out of her we pressed twenty Irishmen, besides two strapping fellows from Yorkshire, and one canny Scot.

"Each of this score of Pats was rigged merely in a great-coat, and a pair of something which might be called an apology for inexpressibles; while the rest of their united wardrobe might have been stowed away in the crown of any one of their hats. Their motives for emigrating to a country where mere health and strength of body are sure to gain an independent provision, were obvious enough; and I must say, that to this hour, I have not been able to forget the melancholy cry or howl with

which the separation of these hardy settlers from their families was effected by the strong arm of power. It was a case of necessity, it is true, but still it was a cruel case, and one for the exercise of which the officer who put it in force deserves almost as much pity as the poor wretches whose feelings and interests it became his bounden duty to disregard.

"In most admired contrast to this bewildered drove of half-starved Paddies stood the two immense, broad-shouldered, high-fed Yorkshiremen, dressed in long-tailed coats, corduroy breeches, and yellow-topped boots, each accompanied by a chest of clothes not much less than a pianoforte, and a huge pile of spades, pick-axes, and other implements of husbandry. They possessed money also, and letters of credit, and described themselves as being persons of some substance at home. Why they emigrated they would not tell; but such were their prospects, that it was difficult to say whether they or the wild Irishers were the most to be commiserated for so untoward an interruption. Be this as it may, it cost the clerk half an hour to write down a list of their multifarious goods and chattels, while a single scratch of the pen sufficed for that of all the Irishmen.

"At last honest Saunders came under review. He was a tall, raw-boned, grave-looking personage, much pitted with the small-pox, and wearing a good deal of that harassed and melancholy air, which, sooner or later, settles on the brow of an assistant to a village pedagogue. He was startled, but not abashed, when drawn to the middle of the deck, and asked, in the presence of fifty persons, what clothes and other things he possessed? Not choosing at first to betray his poverty, he made no answer, but looked round, as if to discover where his chest had been placed. He then glanced at his thread-bare sleeve and tattered shoon with a slight touch of dry and bitter humour playing about the corners of his mouth, and a faint sparkle lighting up his grey and sunken eye, as he returned the impatient official stare of the clerk, who stood, pen in hand, ready to note down the items. 'Don't be frightened, man,' said the captain; 'no one is going to hurt you, your things are quite safe. What does your property consist of?' 'A trifle, sir, a trifle,' quoth poor Sawney, '—Fourpence ha'penny, and an auld knife!'—Vol. ii. pp. 103—106.

It is so difficult to choose passages for extracting in a book thus 'rammed' with amusement, that we shall pause here—having left two volumes out of three almost untouched. In the lighter department of materials we admire particularly the chapters on "A Pic-nic Party at Elephanta;"—the Hindoo ceremony of "Throwing the Cocoa-Nut;"—"The Admiralty List;"—and "Bombay."—But the graver pages are in their way quite as good. In each volume, we observe, the author introduces, on the principle of ballast we suppose, one or two sections of strictly professional didactics. That on "a Method of diminishing Naval Punishments," in Volume Second, is perhaps the most valuable of all these; but the one in which the utility of the Marines

is discussed, is exceedingly interesting; and that on the subject of the trade-winds abounds, not only in philosophical reasoning, but in curious, and, as far as we know, novel observations, that must fix the attention of every student of geographical and nautical science. The essay on "Taking a Line in the Service," is another masterly serious piece, full of knowledge, sagacity, and, what distinguishes indeed all the author's professional disquisitions, a generous humanity of thought and sentiment; nor can we say less of that devoted to his favourite text, "Cheerfulness considered as a duty;" though we doubt the taste of one or two passages, particularly that in which St. Paul is complimented for his "very officer-like conduct" during the storm near Melita. "The Ship-Church" leads us from a singularly happy specimen of mere description into a pithy little sermon on the importance of religious observances at sea, and the national disgrace of not having a chaplain on board every ship, which we sincerely hope will be studied at the admiralty as carefully as Capt. Hall's anecdotes of pet monkeys and pigs and parrots are likely to be in the cockpit; and all through the book are scattered hints touching the peculiar duties of officers of every order, especially lieutenants and captains, which, from the natural modest style of the expression, and the pregnant wisdom, the fruit of long experience and reflection, of their import, deserve the most serious consideration of the classes for whose benefit they are designed.

The same harmless eccentricities, of which we said something formerly, are quite as copiously visible in these pages as in those that went before them:—at such things many will smile, and some may occasionally laugh; but take the work as a whole, it is one of the few of these days for which we would venture to prophecy permanent acceptance. It is, in fact, a performance altogether unique in literature; opening at once an accomplished officer's personal history, rich in most varied abundance of anecdote and adventure "on flood and field," and a panorama of nautical existence, habits, and manners, from the skipper's region down to the cabin-boy's, so full and picturesque, that it cannot fail to be in request while any part of the old English character and taste shall remain. Subjects which, in any coarser hand, would have been revolting, become not only inoffensive but delightful in Captain Hall's; and he has contrived to equal the graphic effect, and in many places even the humour, of Smollett's marine pencil, without introducing a single touch that can wound the delicacy of the most refined woman. The style is at once lively and mellow. The author of such a work has merited more of his country than he could have done by almost any service in the active course of his profession; and we are sure the public will be disappointed if he does not give them,

by Easter 1833, a third series, devoted entirely to a magnificent subject, which he has on this occasion barely touched—that of India.

From the Athenæum.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE WRITINGS OF GOETHE.

BRIEF biographical notices of Goethe having appeared in all the daily papers, we must presume that our readers know already, that he was born in 1749, at Francfort on the Main, of respectable parents; that he studied jurisprudence at Leipzig and Strasburg; became early in life distinguished as an author, and was in consequence, when only twenty-six years of age, appointed Counsellor of Legation by the Duke of Weimar, with a seat in the cabinet; and that he subsequently became a Privy Counsellor, a Baron, and a Minister of State. It is not, therefore, our intention, on this occasion, to touch on these matters, or even to enter into any critical review of the relative merit of his different works: but rather to take an enlarged view of the general character of the writings of this extraordinary man, and the influence they had on his age and country.

A shrewd German critic (Wolfgang Menzel,) has described the mass of modern poetry, in contradistinction to that of the ancients, and of the middle ages, as a *theatrical poetry*. Formerly, he observes, men wrote from an irresistible impulse; their hearts were full, and the melody of verse seemed but to express these involuntary feelings: but now, with few exceptions, it is a matter of calculation—men sit down and ask themselves, What shall I write to amuse the public? what character shall I assume? what feelings shall I awaken? They are never in earnest—and hence the varying *fashion* in the world of letters, and the Proteus-like character which many literary men have assumed.—In all this we fully agree, as well as in the critic's opinion, that Goethe's literary productions are essentially of this theatrical character. Goethe was unquestionably a man of vast talent; his intuitive perception is perhaps unequalled by any modern writer; whatever he saw, made an indelible impression on his mind, and he possessed a power of reproducing such impressions, or, if it be considered the same thing, of poetic creation perhaps unequalled. All his forms, too, to use the language of the sister art, are as perfect as if they had been shaped by the chisel of a Zeuxis, and are at the same time eminently endowed with organic life. But when we compare them to those of the great Greek sculptor, we only refer to their completeness, to their plastic finish,—not to the grandeur of the conception; for Goethe's finest poetical creations hardly assume that high character. His habit of viewing nature with the eye of an artist, made a flowery mea-

dow as interesting to him as the starry heavens or the boundless ocean; a hovel as attractive as the palaces of "Babylon and Great Alcairo and all their glories;" a group of children eating bread and butter,* as armies ranged in battle to decide the fate of empires—provided they offered scope for picturesque or poetical representation, which his magic power seems always to have rendered possible, and the consciousness of this, perhaps mainly influenced him in selecting his subjects. We do not blame him for this, any more than we object to a lilac tree, because it has not expanded itself into a cedar: although we prefer Raphael to Jan Steen, we do not reject the "pictures in little" of the honest Fleming, because they do not inspire us with the same sublime emotions which we feel in the contemplation of the creations of the immortal Italian. But we cannot persuade ourselves, that Goethe's partiality for low life, and, we may add, low vice, was in accordance with true taste; or that the constant recurrence of such scenes in some of his most celebrated works, can be conducive to the true ends of poetry—which are, to reveal man to himself, to strengthen his moral faculties, and to teach him that nature must bow before the divine power which is in him, and may be moulded by his virtuous will, which alone entitles him to the distinctive and high character of lord and master of creation. We admit that the faults we allude to, do not exist in his Herman and Dorothea, his Tasso, his Iphigenia, and several of his minor productions: we grant that in all his writings, the mighty hand of the master is evident; and that even the most objectionable scenes are treated with a delicacy that removes much of the disgust which they would otherwise excite. Nor can it be denied, that, for the consummate skill with which he has traced human frailty through all its tortuous ramifications, much wisdom may be learned. In this and many other respects, he has, no doubt, operated beneficially on German literature; for through his influence and example, literary men were induced to study nature more attentively, their views become more acute and universal, and their style acquired an elegance and polish, which before his time were almost unknown.

But the moral effects produced by Goethe's works, must, in the main, have been pernicious. Readers do not examine writings as works of art, or, to use the language of German critics, in an æsthetical point of view. They judge from feeling—that which powerfully affects, powerfully influences them—else why was it that Schiller's "Robbers" brought highwaymen into vogue, and from the "Sorrows of Werther" was reaped a rich harvest of suicides? Even the reprobation pronounced by authors against the vicious persons and actions embodied forth in their

* Vide Werther.

works, will scarcely prevent this perverse misapplication of fiction. What then must have been the effects of Goethe's writings, when, with the epic indifference, he narrates the most revolting scenes of debauchery, when he covers with an irresistible charm of his magic diction, characters full of selfishness, weakness, sloth, and servility? What virtuous resolution was strengthened in the young heart, seeing that all this wretchedness was represented as an indispensable ingredient,—nay, the essence of human nature? What power was given to rouse them from the degradation of sensuality, when, under its baneful sway, in some of the works of this all-admired master, the hero perishes ingloriously and without a struggle; when in others, no solution whatever is offered to the difficulties which beset life; and in others again, a sort of universal dilettantism is called in as the mediating divinity which in its influence is to modify this world of temptation and strife.

Let us not be misunderstood: we do not of course desire that a poet should become a preacher, and sermonize everlastingly upon the moralities—but that he should indirectly by character as example, or by sentiment, by the tone of feeling awakened in the heart of the young enthusiast, encourage and strengthen the moral faculties. We do not object even, when his hero appears under the dominion of great vices, provided the power be made manifest, by which, if turned into a different channel, equally great virtues would have characterized him;—but the bane of literature, in our opinion, is the display of weak egotism, without object, but the gratification of its grovelling impulses, and without a god but its own miserable self.

We do not, of course, charge Goethe with having wilfully laboured at the corruption of the age: still less do we join in the insane cry of some of his countrymen, that he sold himself for this purpose to the great of the earth, whose wish, they say, it is, to degrade the people, by lulling them with poetical opiates into apathy and selfish enjoyment. We believe Goethe, with all his genius and learning, was "of the earth earthy"—that he took a tone *from*, rather than give it to his age. His countrymen desired worldly wisdom, and he taught it better than any other man—they wanted to be amused, and he amused them with more exquisite and graceful trifling, than either his predecessors or contemporaries.

But the name of Goethe will not perish—it has not been written on water. His works will always be resorted to as a mine of psychological knowledge; they will always be admired for their plastic beauty, their elegance, and the mastery of skill displayed throughout. But their influence is rapidly passing away with the circumstances which called them into being. The mighty events of the last forty years have conjured up, in

Germany, a spirit which demands other nourishment than elegant sentimentality, other lessons than those of epicurean wisdom. That this present generation, young Germany, is not the Germany of Goethe, is evident from the reception of all his later works. These great and eventful times were prepared by the genius of a Herder, a Schiller, a Fichte; Goethe neither foresaw their coming, nor desired to produce or hasten them. When, from the years 1813 to 1815, Germany roused its giant strength, and with a mighty effort, shattered the bonds which foreign violence had succeeded in riveting, while it good-naturedly slumbered and dreamt, Goethe made a late attempt to speed the wheel of time, and add to the general enthusiasm, by the publication of his "*Epimenides' Awakening*." But it was a cold and feeble work; and, as it came when it was no longer wanted, it passed unheeded. Latterly, he partially succeeded in regaining some little influence by his scientific works, and the more questionable expedient of standing sponsor to the indifferent productions of obscure writers: but he had long outlived the idolatry of which he was once the object; the reign of sentimentality is over; and patriotism, virtue, and religion, are once more the themes by which alone the German nation can be influenced.

From the Edinburgh Review.

HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.*

WITHIN the Dwina and the Dneiper on the east; the Oder and the Carpathians on the west; with the Baltic for her northern, and the Black Sea for her southern boundary, lies what once was—Poland; a flat, fertile region, irrigated by numberless rivers, and sustaining more than 20,000,000 of souls. This territory was under the dominion of a race of generous princes and nobles; it was the seat of learning; was the earliest modern free state of any magnitude; and for centuries was the honoured bulwark of Christendom against the Tartars from the east, and their fiercer brethren, the Turks, from the south. Such was Poland—it is now no more! Its disjointed members form discontented portions of the three states of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, while its brave and patriotic sons yet retain the superstition, if not the belief, of an ultimate national reunion.

The pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article, gives, in as far as its

* 1. *Thoughts on the Present State of Foreign Affairs.* By an Englishman. London: 1831.

2. *History of Poland.* (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.) London: 1831.

3. *Mémoires sur la Pologne, et les Polonais, depuis 1788 jusqu'à la fin de 1815.* Par Michel Oginski. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1826.

4. *Constitutional Charter of the Kingdom of Poland.* London: 1831.

scope allows, an admirable and liberal view of Poland; but not so the "History;" which, though very well arranged, and interspersed with many useful remarks, yet is written with so very strong a leaning towards Russia, and so remarkable an hostility to the ancient government of Poland, that we shall make no further apology for introducing some few sketches of our own.*

The remaining chivalry of Poland now made its way to France. The well-known Polish legion of Dombrowski, amounting to some 15,000 men, rejoiced to meet the destroyers of their nation on the plains of Lombardy. Napoleon, than whom a better judge of a soldier's merits never existed, appreciated the Poles; and at Jena and at Friedland they nobly earned the restoration of their diminished country, under the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Much virtuous indignation has been vented upon Napoleon for not giving more to the Poles; and yet he gave them a Constitution which the other powers had refused; he abolished serfage, and that *et cetera* which they had supported; and he gave them a country which they had stolen. True, he might have given more; and had he with a bold hand flung away the scabbard—had he called for the entire restoration of all Poland, when he committed himself to the mighty struggle with Russia—he might have anticipated the defection of Austria and of Prussia; and would probably have re-seated Poland, and not have been overthrown himself. But had he done thus, how would those who reproach his niggard policy to the Poles, have exclaimed against his treaty-breaking propensities! With some persons, France can never do right, nor her opponents wrong. At all events, Napoleon gave to the Poles that which he had conquered with a bold hand from those crowned conspirators, who had filched it with sanctimonious professions of honesty; and who, to say the most, could produce no better title to their usurpations than that by which Napoleon restored them—conquest. But the only restorer of Poland fell, and deservedly. Restoration, and national independence, and civil liberty, were the spells by which he was struck down. By no one were those magic words more profitably employed than by the late emperor Alexander. So soon as his last great contest with Napoleon became probable, he adroitly played with the hopes of the Poles. In 1811, he encouraged Oginski to read a memoir to him on the subject of the erection of his Polish provinces into a grand Duchy of Lithuania, under their peculiar

laws and officers; and on the nobles of Wilna expressing their gratitude to him for this flattering intention, he graciously replied to them in an autograph letter written in Polish. As the contest approached, he became more explicit; and in a public letter to Oginski, he distinctly said, "*je vous autorise à faire connaître que ma volonté est de rétablir la Pologne.*" The Poles were thus artfully kept back, or won over from the standards of Napoleon; and their enthusiasm for their country's restoration excited, when their aid was required. The crusade, in favour of restoration and civil liberty, rolled onward to Paris. Napoleon, the spoiler, was banished to Elba; and a congress of the deliverers of Europe, and of their ministers, assembled at Vienna.

It is not our purpose to follow the dark labours of this celebrated Congress. It met in the name of restoration, and separated with the imputation, if not confession, of having made partition the basis of its arrangements. It parcelled out nations, and fractions of nations, with the same indifference that drovers in a fair, or West Indians in a market, separate and select cattle or slaves. The king of Saxony was its selected victim. Lord Castlereagh, in an official note, declared that it was necessary to make an example of him, "*a cause de ses tergiversations, et parce qu'il à été le plus dévoué des vassaux de Buonaparte*;"—two reasons, not easily reconcilable with one another; and neither of them particularly well adapted to the consciences of those whom he addressed. A more acute observer said, that this king was to be punished because his watch had gone a quarter of an hour slower than the more fortunate time-keepers of the allied sovereigns. But Lord Castlereagh required that he should be deposed;—that his hereditary dominions of Saxony should be erased from the map of Europe, and ceded to Prussia;—his Polish Grand Duchy erected into a free and distinct kingdom, under a separate dynasty; and the ex-king kept in reserve to rule over some embryo subjects, who might be collected for him on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle. This was a singular proposal to make to a restoring Congress; but there was much that was bold and practical in the plan. The Congress effaced all that was good in it, while they retained and heightened all that was evil.

The emperor Alexander had long stimulated the hopes of the Poles. We have seen his written pledge for the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. He and his allies had also vehemently exclaimed against the plundering propensities of the victorious French; but affairs were now changed; the French were defeated, and the allies victorious. Accordingly, Savoy, Holland, and the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and the Tyrol, and Belgium, and Genoa, and Venice, and Parga, were, in the phraseology of the Congress, to be liberated; but with Poland it

No. 121.—C

* We have omitted a long dissertation on the history of Poland down to the period of the third partition in 1795, several articles on the subject having already appeared in the Museum. See vols. XVIII. and XIX., pp. 182 and 241. [Ed. Museum.]

† *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 73.
Museum.—Vol. XXI.

was far different. It certainly had been annihilated under the auspices of Russia, and subsequently even to many of those French spoliation which were now to be restored: a portion of it also had re-achieved its independence; and the allies, who, in 1795, had destroyed Poland, found, in 1814, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw in recognised political existence, and in possession of a free Constitution. Still the erection of an independent kingdom of Poland was not to be endured by Russian and Prussian ambition. No: the courts of these two countries were resolved to retain, not only their former and their late acquisitions, but to exact rewards for their disinterested exertions in the deliverance of Europe. And the minister of England now learnt that deliverance meant the aggrandizement of these two northern powers at the expense of their neighbours. He was alarmed and indignant; and attempted a secret league with Austria and France, against these late magnanimous allies, who had just been so welcomed and bepraised in England; but who were now ready to go to war with her, for presuming to require them to restore their spoliations, in the same spirit in which they were resuming the spoliations of Napoleon.

Alexander beckoned to his endless battalions; Prussia stood firmly by his side; while the Grand Duke Constantine, with an admirable effrontery, called upon the Poles to arm in the defence of their *national rights*. Thus, those glorious triumphs over the French Revolution, for the attainment of which millions had been spent, and myriads had bled, were about to end in fresh wars and fresh loans. But the meteor light of Bonaparte, which once more flashed upon the shores of France, saved the policy of England from the exhibition of such a result. Alexander, with a quickness more politic than generous, signified, that the force of his services against the common enemy would depend upon the settlement of the Polish question being made more in accordance with his views. Thus Russia prevailed; and Saxony was not saved, though Poland was added to the list of victims. The one was slit in two; the other subjected to a quintuple partition; by which the allegiance, the interests, and the connexions of the unfortunate Poles were endlessly subdivided. This was the answer of Russia to the demand of Lord Castlereagh, for the erection of an independent kingdom; and this the fulfilment of the emperor's written pledge, in the hour of danger, for the restoration of Poland. But Russia thus rounded her frontier, and planted the advanced post of her dependent kingdom upon the flanks of her two neighbours—Austria and Prussia; who, seeing her so well provided, sought with a greedy scrambling for territories and population in every corner of Europe.

But though Alexander seized upon the lion's share of the spoils of Poland, he could not do so unconditionally. The other powers, though they failed to erect a separate, yet succeeded in interposing a free, though subject kingdom between Russia and themselves; and, accordingly, the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which was signed by the ministers of all the powers there present, defines the terms on which Russia was to hold Poland. It declares, "that the Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of those provinces which are otherwise disposed of, shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian empire by its Constitution." It allows the emperor internally to extend this new kingdom; that is, to annex to it the whole, or such parts of his Polish provinces as he might deem fit. It also provides, "that the Polish subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall enjoy a representation, and national institutions, modified into such form of government as the powers upon whom they depend may judge it expedient to grant." These valuable privileges were further secured and specified by divers acts, declarations, and treaties between the several powers; which were all recognised by the General Congress, and formally incorporated as integral parts of its arrangements; and in December of the same year, the terms of this treaty were perfected by a Constitutional Charter, which was solemnly bestowed on the kingdom of Poland by Alexander.

For a time, the emperor was pleased with this kingdom of his own construction. So long as its diet gave him small trouble, and Europe remained tranquil, the absolute Czar of fifty millions was pleased to play with his little kingdom as with a toy; and to listen to the constitutional rebukes of its opposition with the same deference that monarchs of old paid to the sallies of their privileged jesters. He also continued to encourage the long deferred hopes of his Polish provinces; and even went so far, in giving an audience to a deputation from them, as to reply to M. Oginski in the following strong terms:—"Vous êtes mécontents en Lithuanie, et vous devez l'être aussi long temps que vous ne serez pas amalgamés avec les vôtres, et que vous ne jouirez pas des bienfaits d'une Constitution."* Thus smoothly began the constitutional career of the king; but even in those auspicious days there were many infractions of the treaty. Russian troops occupied the soil of Poland; and the Grand Duke Constantine, whose name is a sufficient antithesis to all good government, was commander-in-chief, and daily arrogated to himself exclusive authority. But these evils were comparatively slight, and Poland began to enjoy peace and tranquillity.

This was too soon disturbed: for when the breaking of royal pledges throughout the

* Memoires d'Oginski, vol. iv. page 235.

continent produced the revolts of the south, and the secret associations of Germany;—when there was a suspicion, too, that the passive obedience of Russia was tainted by that glorious Calmuc army of occupation, which had imbibed notions of free agency in France, perfectly incompatible with imperial discipline—then Alexander changed; and the constitutional restrictions of the kingdom of Poland became as bands of flax to this northern Sampson. Constantine, too, taunted his liberal brother with what he called the folly of dallying with freedom. Well might Dombrowski exclaim, "What have we to hope? what have we not to fear?" The publication of the debates of the diet was prohibited; and a rigorous censorship of the press was established. The Palatinate of Kalisz was deprived of its representatives; the election of popular nuncios forcibly obstructed; and the patriotic nuncio, Vincent Miemoiewski, was seized and carried off to a prison, where he lingered till the late revolution released him. Then the Diet was dissolved; a reinforcement of Russian troops called in; personal liberty violated; and five whole years allowed to elapse without the re-assembling of a Diet. There was also a daily increasing severity exercised by Constantine. But even yet, certain forms of constitutional government were maintained; and when the revolutions in the south were put down by foreign arms, the rigour of Alexander relaxed; and the pupil of La Harpe once more returned to liberal forms. A diet was assembled, redress was promised, and the hope of amalgamation again held forth to the long disappointed Polish Russians. But a dark mysterious plot pervaded Russia. Alexander was thought too liberal and too European. The old Muscovite faction, which for the last century has divided Russia, again reared its head. Rumours of dissatisfaction were afloat. The distant army of the Caucasus and its general were thought to be disaffected. Foreigners were regarded with an evil eye. The last hour of the victorious Alexander approached; and, at an obscure town in Bessarabia, he fell a victim either to treachery or disease.

Of the coronation of his successor, it has been said, that he went to the altar, preceded by the assassins of his father, followed by those of his brother, and accompanied probably by his own. The proclamation of Nicholas to the Poles, on his accession, contained these words—"Je jure devant Dieu que j'observerai l'acte Constitutionnel, et que je mettrai tous mes soins à en maintenir l'observation." This oath was made but to be broken; the Russian government strained every nerve to implicate those Poles who had shown themselves zealous for the liberties of their country in the dark Russian plot which had accompanied Alexander's death, and Constantine's younger brother's blood-stained accession. The most arbitrary and illegal arrests

took place—torture was employed—a standing military commission, of which half the members were Russians, was appointed. For two long years, the accused were harassed with imprisonment; and when at length they were pronounced innocent by the highest court of law, the Grand Duke Constantine not the less despatched many of them to dungeons in Russia, where some even now remain.

Such was the commencement of Nicholas's reign, and such his sense of the obligations of an oath, and of the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna. With the same contempt for this treaty, he broke through all its provisions in favour of the Polish subjects of Russia. He most iniquitously abrogated all their Polish laws and institutions; and discountenanced the use of the Polish language, and even of the Polish dress. Their religion also—the United Greek Church—was persecuted; and those wretched subjects who sought to escape from this persecution of their very name and nation in Russia, by exchanging it for a tyranny of their persons at Warsaw, were dragged back—not to be replaced in their deserted homes of Lithuania or Podolia—but to be exiled to the wastes of Siberia. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Constantine was let loose upon Poland; arbitrary arrests and arbitrary punishments were his constitutional ministers. The police under his immediate direction exercised an inquisitorial power; hired spies and informers were to be found in every station of life and every society. No one was safe. The prisons were filled; more were built—he filled them also. The universities were remodelled; their studies restricted or perverted; and many of the students seized, banished, or drafted into the army. But above all, the ferocious martinet tyranny of Constantine over the military, and the military schools, shone forth with a fanaticism of discipline bordering on insanity. The sons of the nobility were separated from their parents to be mewed up in these military schools, where many were detained and treated at the same time both as common soldiers and as children till the ages of twenty, thirty, forty—in short, till the Grand Duke thought fit to release them. The encouragement of profligacy and debauchery formed a part of this system. Constantine appears to have had a diabolical pleasure in outraging all the decencies of female delicacy; while, with the true instinct of despotism, he allowed for no distinction of classes or education. All, from the highest to the lowest, were equally, in his sight, slaves. The blow and the degrading punishment were inflicted with tyrannic impartiality. A citizen and a common vagabond, might be found upon the parade, rolling the same wheelbarrow; the merchant and the Jew pedlar harnessed to the same cart—followed by a medley gang of degraded officers, common thieves, and obnoxious gen-

tlemen. In short, terror, distrust, and tyranny, reigned paramount at Warsaw; the days of Drewitz and Suwarrow were revived—perhaps modified in expression—but the same in spirit. That Muscovite faction under which Nicholas rules, and which is so well known for its Asiatic love of despotism and sanguinary rigour, was resolved to break the neck of Polish independence, and assimilate the loyalty of the Poles to the stolid obedience of the Russians. The European institutions of Poland had thus to bear the brunt of this hostility, backed by the dead weight of a mighty empire. The only person who might effectually have opposed, and whose interest it was to oppose this attack, had he been truly ambitious,—the Grand Duke Constantine,—led away by his own instinctive love of tyranny, lent it all the aid in his power.

But it was natural that the Russians should enforce despotism on the Poles, it was at least as natural that the Poles should resist it. Hence arose an increase of spies, denunciations, conspiracies, imprisonments, executions—all the full flood of tears that spring from the exercise of and resistance to oppression, modified by the disposition and character of the agents and nations where they occur. The disposition of Constantine, and the character of the Russian government, afford a sure and melancholy guarantee for the general truth of the severities said to have been inflicted on the Poles. Few or none doubt them; but many have questioned the wisdom of the late revolt; and, living peaceably under the security of our own admirable institutions, have exclaimed, "Why were the Poles so mad as to rise against the overwhelming power of Russia?" The worm will turn; and we were little surprised, though we heard it with a foreboding sorrow, that one of the most high spirited and most injured of the nations of Europe had turned upon its oppressor. But let us do the more considerate part of the nation the justice to say, that however deeply they resented their country's wrongs, the hasty insurrection did not originate with them. It sprang up amidst those fiery youths of the military schools, and of the universities, whom Constantine kept mewed up for the brightest years of their lives within barrack prisons. The news of the second French revolution burst upon their indignant minds. It was the index of the state of Europe. Belgium, Hesse, Switzerland, fast followed in the same track; and the patchwork of the Congress, and the shackles of the Holy Alliance were rent in twain. The successive news of these events, in spite of all precautions, penetrated the charged atmosphere of Warsaw. Associations were rapidly formed and extended;—plans were proposed, and speedily betrayed by the four thousand spies of Warsaw, whose names were afterwards found enrolled in the office of Rosniecki. Numberless arrests took place; and on a dark

evening in November, 1830, it was reported that the principal military school was to be surrounded in the morning by Russian troops, and a military commission installed for the trial of offenders. On that very evening, the 29th of November, the cry of "to arms, to arms, and God bless Poland," was raised within the walls of this devoted school, and before the morning dawned, Constantine was a fugitive. Many of the schools and of the youth of Warsaw had prepared for this revolt, and one or two regiments were gained over; but on the rest of the inhabitants it burst as unexpectedly as upon the Russians themselves. The oppression of Constantine, however, had been so intense, that the reaction was universal, and he was expelled, if we may use the term, by acclamation.

On the following morning, an Administrative Council was formed; and now it was that the more sober part of the Poles acted a part which has not yet met with its due meed of praise. They had groaned under the tyranny of Russia, in common with their countrymen; but with a patriotic and enduring spirit, they bore with the oppressor, because they saw no present hope for their country in resistance. The brilliant success of the revolt did not blind them to the fearful struggle it would provoke—to the interests it would compromise. They saw their country's danger, and they saw their own. They knew that the punishment of an unsuccessful revolt ever falls on the chiefs and on the persons of property; they also knew full well with how large a hand Russia metes out such punishment. Hitherto they were innocent; they might save themselves, their properties, and their families, by disavowing the rash glory which the intemperate youth of Warsaw had won; they might act as moderators between the Emperor and their countrymen, and, under the mask of that office, save appearances with the world; and thus, with some show of honour, shelter themselves from the coming storm. But they knew Russia, they knew their own hearts, and they knew Poland. They saw all their danger, they deplored the past, they had small hope for the future;—but they saw that the strife was begun;—they knew that from the present rulers of Russia, though there might security for themselves, there would be no forgiveness for their country; and they therefore with calm, but devoted patriotism, flung their sabres into the scale, and gave the weight of their talents, their characters, and their fortunes, to a desperate cause. That cause was their country's. There might be a chance of salvation—thousands of chances were against them; but to the Lord of Hosts they committed the struggle; and they took the direction of affairs amidst the shouts of "God bless Poland!"

This act of calm and devoted patriotism is the best refutation of those interested aspersions which have been too frequently cast on

the higher Polish nobles. They have been held up to Europe as a band of overbearing selfish chiefs; jealous only of their own unbridled license and privileges; careless of the real independence of their country, and oppressive to their unfortunate serfs and dependants. The aspersion is most calumnious, Sweet are the uses of adversity. The descendants of those military oligarchs, whose seigniorial, civil, and religious persecutions and oppressions rent Poland during the ruinous dynasty of the Vassas, became—in one generation, by their exile in France, in another, by the lessons learned in their desperate struggles against the partitioning powers, in the third and present, by the collision of opinions resulting from the French Revolution—an amended, an enlightened, a patriotic, and a temperate aristocracy. The humane and self-divesting reforms of the Czartoryskis, in 1765—the wise institutions of Zamoyksi and others, which led to the admirable Constitution of 1791,—and the conduct, during the late struggle, of the present descendants of the Czartoryskis, the Zamoyksi, the Potoski, the Radzivils, and others too numerous to particularize, are the glorious evidences of this assertion. There was no flinching—there was no violence. They held out, indeed, a deprecatory hand to Russia,—but without dishonour; and they maintained an arduous contest, without violence,—without one single disorganizing appeal to the oppressed peasants and subjects of their oppressor. This last generosity deprived them of much early assistance from Lithuania; and in requital they are now exiles in foreign lands, or travelling on foot, with their heads shaved, as slaves, to the prisons of Siberia.

On the morning of the 30th November, within a few short but important hours after the breaking out of the revolt, Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Michael Radzivil, and other distinguished Poles, attended the grand council of the kingdom to which they of right belonged, but to which they had not lately been summoned. Niemcewicz, the fellow-prisoner and worthy companion of Kosciusko, addressed the anxious multitude from the balcony of the Council Chamber. He urged them to order, and to the preservation of tranquillity; and a thousand students of the University instantly enrolled themselves as a city guard.

As the intelligence of these occurrences at Warsaw spread through the kingdom, all with one accord joined in throwing off the yoke of Constantine. Some of the Polish guards, who, with a high sense of military honour, had remained with the Grand Duke for his personal defence, now that the revolt had become a revolution, signified the impossibility of their continuing any longer arrayed against their countrymen; and on the 3d of December, within four short days after the breaking out of the insurrection, this Imperial com-

mander in chief, whose frown had hitherto been the signal for disgrace and imprisonment, was compelled to address the following letter to the grand council of Warsaw: "Je permets aux troupes Polonoises qui me sont restées fidèles jusqu'à ce dernier moment de rejoindre le leurs. Je me mets en route avec les troupes impériales pour m'éloigner de la capitale, et j'espère de la loyauté Polonoise qu'elles ne seront pas inquiétées dans leurs mouvemens pour rejoindre l'empire. Je recommande de même tous les établissemens, propriétés, et les individus à la protection de la nation Polonoise, et les mets sous la sauvegarde de la foi la plus sacrée." (*Varsavie, ce 3^{ème} Decbre 1830.*) The Poles, thus appealed to, magnanimously permitted their oppressor to retreat unmolested; although the Russian troops under his command, as usual, committed excesses on their route, and destroyed among others a new and beautiful villa of the Countess Wonsowicz. The Polish army now rallied round Warsaw; many of those Poles who had deserted the interests of their country for the guilty honours of Constantine's Court, were generously retained in their commands; and it is to the praise of the Polish character, that none of them betrayed their trust. General Chlopicki was placed at the head of affairs, both civil and military. But one of those many evils which are inseparable from all moments of excitement, now appeared in the form of a most mischievous Club, calling itself patriotic, and which, indeed, had sprung up with the first days of the revolution; but the early adherence of the greater nobles to the cause of their country had checked its budding ambition; and a Provisional Government, under Czartoryski, Niemcewicz, and others, had been appointed, by whose prudence it was hoped that external warfare and internal strife might be avoided. Unfortunately, some secret members of this club gained admission into the provisional government, and by their influence and communications encouraged its proceedings. A national diet was convoked; the resources of the country were called forth; and the government, without relaxing from warlike preparations, awaited the result of a deputation which had been despatched to St. Petersburg; for as yet there was no intention of throwing off allegiance to Nicholas. All acts were still carried on in his name; and the Poles sought only for a deliverance from oppression, and for the preservation of their rights. In this spirit the deputation waited on Nicholas, and having explained the causes and nature of the revolt, required a recognition and fulfilment of those constitutional stipulations which had been entered into by Alexander; which Nicholas himself had accepted by a solemn oath; and which were declared by a treaty to which all the great powers of Europe were parties, to be the bond by which Poland was bound to Rus-

sia. Thus far they were within the strictest letter of the law. But affection for their fellow-countrymen, faith in the repeated promises and pledges of the Emperor Alexander, and a just interpretation of part of the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which provided, in 1815, for that incorporation of the Russian Polish provinces which had not taken place in 1831, led them to add to the above strictly legal demands, that of fulfilling the moral obligation which the treaty imposed with respect to the Polish subjects of Russia. It is needless to add that the Emperor Nicholas rejected all these requisitions; and haughtily demanded absolute submission and implicit confidence in his paternal intentions. The Poles laid their case before the courts of Europe; but those powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna appear to have declined all active interference.

All negotiations having failed, the Poles prepared for resistance. Their means were insignificant in comparison to those of their gigantic opponent. Four millions against fifty millions! Such odds were terrific; but right feeling was strong on the side of the Poles; and they looked, and with reason, for the assistance of their eight millions of brethren beyond the Bug and the Niemen. Poland, too, possessed an admirable army of 40,000 men, furnished with every necessary equipment for the field; and the magazines were supplied with arms, &c. sufficient for as many more. Chlopicki was declared dictator, as well as generalissimo, and a *levée en masse* was decreed. The zeal of the Polish patriots was unbounded. Meanwhile the veteran army that had planted the eagles of Russia on the walls of Adrianople, approached under the command of its victorious chief. But the renowned passer of the Balkan, was doomed to bite the dust on the plains of Poland. Chlopicki, after three days' hard fighting, drove his innumerable battalions back from the walls of Praga. The moral influence of this repulse was immense. The Russians retreated; and Chlopicki, suffering severely from a wound, resigned the command to Skrzynecki, who, from the rank of colonel, was thus suddenly, as worthily, raised, by the testimony of his comrades, and by the order of the diet, to the command of the Poles.

Our confined limits forbid our following in detail the brilliant operations of the war. For many doubtful, and to them glorious months, the Poles kept at bay the whole power of Russia, led on by her chosen commander, and animated by the presence of two of her grand dukes. The indomitable Skrzynecki added victory to victory, and Europe began to hope that the miraculous campaign of John Sobieski was about to be renewed. And truly, had the Poles remained constant to their chief, and had Prussia faithfully maintained her neutrality, the Russians would have been in front of Warsaw still. For so long as they could at-

tack it only in front, the military genius of Skrzynecki, supported by the valour of his troops, made a Lisbon of Warsaw, and a Torres Vedras of Praga and the Vistula. When the Russians kept together, they were too strong to justify Skrzynecki in making a direct attack; but he remembered Portugal; and the same well-concerted plan of partisan operations on the flanks and rear of the Russians in Volhynia and Lithuania, produced the same well-foreseen want of provisions and consequent retreat of the army of Diebitch, as those of Trant and Wilson did in that of Massena. If Lord Wellington's lines of Torres Vedras was less dependent, and his place of arms more secure, the insurgents of Lithuania and Volhynia, on the other hand, were infinitely more warlike, and afforded far better than the Spaniards or Portuguese, materials for efficient co-operation. Both retreating generals were pursued by kindred spirits; and even greater success rewarded the Polish hero than attended his great British prototype; for Diebitch, with less discretion than Massena, divided his corps and was cut up in detail; leaving no less than twenty pieces of cannon and 20,000 prisoners in the hands of the Poles. The defeated Russians were speedily recruited, and advancing from the Bug and the Narew, failed again from the same causes; and this second attempt closed with the dangerous but important victory of Ostrolenka, by which the Russian communications were intercepted, and an opportunity afforded for the more general organization of the insurrections of the Russian Polish provinces. But now, when all was hope in Europe, and when Polish valour and Polish genius were likely to meet their reward, the seemingly inimitable destiny of this unhappy land prevailed.

Jacobinism and envy caused the superseding of Skrzynecki, who, with an unchangeable patriotism, obtained permission to serve in a subordinate rank; and, more fatally still, Prussia lent a perfidious succour to the Russians, by affording supplies from her fertile provinces of East Prussia, which henceforth became the unattackable basis for those future Russian operations under Paskewitch, by which the otherwise impregnable position of Warsaw was turned. This perfidy of Prussia, and the lukewarmness of the rest of Europe in the cause of Poland, added to the vehemence and the ascendancy of the Jacobins. Violences occurred within Warsaw; and General Krukowieski ventured to assume the station which had been occupied by Prince Czartoryski and Skrzynecki. The moral feeling of the revolution was tainted. The army was indeed strong; the defences of Warsaw might have been well manned; the streets were barricaded, and the citizens were in arms; but faults, disasters, and defeats followed thickly; and the evil day dawned when Warsaw, trusting to Nicholas's vehement ap-

peals to heaven, and to his and to Paskevitch's solemn protestations, opened her gates. Her valiant army retired; the Russians took possession of the city upon the faith of an amnesty, which, as usual, was granted but to be broken; and the work of confiscation, so acceptable to Russian profusion and cupidity, once more recommenced, and has not yet ceased.

Many Polish generals—Radzivil, Turno,* Zielunka, Prondzynski, and others—have, in violation of that amnesty, been dragged into Russia or Siberia. Some have been forced into the Russian ranks. Prince Romain Sangusko, a descendant of the Jagellons has been degraded from his high rank to the condition of a serf; and is now, while we write these mournful pages, proceeding on foot, with his head shaved, to the shores of the Polar Sea, to suffer forced labour as a galley slave. The Prince Sapieha, lately in possession of a revenue of half a million of francs, and intimately connected with this country, has been saved from a similar fate by escaping to America at the price of utter ruin. Prince Adam Czartoryski, another Jagellon, the worthy descendant of Poland's earliest and best reformers, and himself the chief of her late administration, is now an honoured exile in England; where, as well as in the rest of Europe, he has been long known and highly esteemed. Such has been the fate of the leaders. The subordinate officers and soldiers have been forcibly drafted into regiments serving in the Caucasus, in Finland, and on the shores of the Black and of the White Sea. Others have been carried off to repeople, or restock, dilapidated estates.

The religion also of those provinces, for which the Congress of Vienna required the preservation of their national institutions and privileges, is now persecuted to that degree, that, by an imperial ukase of 5th November, 1831, the erection of Catholic churches in Podolia is forbidden; and one priest only allowed to the whole district, who, it is observed, with a most tolerant consideration, may be useful, particularly about Easter. The even course of justice, too, may be judged of from the following imperial letter to the Governor of Wilna, officially published on the 3d December, 1831; which, after praising the Governor, *"pour les mesures énergiques que vous avez prises exterminer ces brigands"*—the remains of the Lithuanian army—proceeds thus: *"si vous trouvez que leur execution a été arrêtée par les formes des tribunaux, et si dans votre opinion vous les trouvez coupables, vous les ferez aussitôt subir la peine de mort."* Such are the clement methods of Russian conciliation, and such the Russian manner of fulfilling an amnesty!

* This General attended the Grand Duke Constantine to the frontiers in order to protect him from the insurgents, and now meets with exile for his reward.

Prussia too, not content with having afforded a basis for the Russian forces, by which means Warsaw fell, has added perfidy to her breach of neutrality. The corps of General Rybinski, amounting to 15,000 men, being pressed by overpoweringly superior forces, sought refuge within the Prussian territories, upon the faith of a government which pledged itself to afford protection and subsistence to them, on condition of their surrendering their arms and *materiel*. The Poles complied with these conditions; but after having been subsisted for two months at a rate just above starvation, and infinitely below the value of the *materiel* surrendered, the Prussian government, upon the pretence of a general amnesty having been granted by Russia, ordered those officers who would not return to Poland, forthwith to quit Prussia; and, under the direction of General Rummel and his aid-de-camp, Major Brandt, endeavoured to force the under-officers and soldiers to re-enter Poland. Thousands refused; when General Rummel actually ordered his troops to load and fire on them. The Poles stood firm; and, for this time, the Prussian was content with a threat. The half-starved men were marched back to their wretched cantonment; every menace and privation was employed to drive them into Poland; but they would not stir. At length, under pretence of a change of quarters, they were marched, in separate detachments, through by-paths to the Polish frontiers, and blows and main force were employed to urge them across. Still they refused. The Prussian patience was exhausted; and a Captain Richter, and others, fired on and charged these miserable men; nineteen of whom were left dead on the ground. But yet would not the Poles submit themselves to a Russian amnesty: they were therefore huddled into open barns and sheds, (it was the middle of December,) and left to be starved or frozen into compliance. The neighbouring peasants afforded them some little succour. Many endeavoured to escape, of whom the greater part were seized by the Prussian authorities as deserters, and on that plea, delivered up to Russia. But the Prussian government, at length roused to a sense of shame, recalled General Rummel and his aid-de-camp; and placed the surviving Poles once more in cantonments in the neighbourhood of Marienbourg. This desperate resistance of these Polish peasants and soldiers, offers a melancholy comment on the Russian amnesty. Those who did return to Poland were, as they well foresaw, and as Prussia well foreknew, seized on by the Russian authorities, and, in contempt of all faith, drafted by sections into different Russian regiments, and marched off to the four quarters of its dreary empire, under the atrocious pretence of giving them subsistence and the privileges—the privileges of Russians! That is, Russia first robs the Poles of their country, their rights, and their property, and

then graciously makes them soldiers, lest they should starve, whilst she adds the merciful immunities of the knout. So much for the great military monarchies.

We have detained our readers a long time, and hurried, in a somewhat desultory manner, over a wide space; but incomplete and imperfect as must necessarily be any short abstract of Polish history, we have not therefore allowed ourselves to be deterred from giving it in such form as our space would permit. For we consider it essential to the justice of her cause, to bring Poland under one general view, and not to leave it to the subtlety of the self-interested to select some partial aspect, by which her wrongs may appear less glaring, and a useful veil of forgetfulness be thrown over the early atrocities of the Russian spoliations. There are persons who would willingly forget, and persuade the rest of the world to forget, that such a kingdom as Poland ever existed, and that 20,000,000 Poles, animated by strong national feelings, and proud national recollections, still exist. They would fain regard Poland like Belgium,—as a mere conventional state, that has sprung up from the conflicting interests and jealousies of the great powers of Europe.

But let us not be misunderstood. Indignantly as we recall, and deeply as we deplore, the injuries of Poland, we are not disposed to advocate any wild schemes of restoration. The Congress of Vienna may, or may not, have deserted its duty; but whether we regret its decisions or not, we must abide by them.* This congress ceded that portion of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw which now forms the kingdom of Poland, to the empire of Russia, upon certain conditions. It was declared to be bound to that power by its *Constitution*; a Constitution was in consequence given to it; and if words have any meaning, Russia holds it by virtue of that Constitution. She had no prior right to it whatever. It formed a portion of that ancient Poland, which, by the constitution of 1791, called the royal house of Saxony to its throne; and which, in 1795, was forcibly seized and allotted to Prussia; from whom, in 1807, it was recovered by the Poles and Saxons, aided by the French; and by them replaced as the independent Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under the crown hereditary of Saxony. In 1813 it was overrun by the armies of the alliance formed against Napoleon; and in 1815, the Congress of Vienna, by virtue of the law of the strongest, transferred this country, upon the above stated conditions, to Russia.

The conditions were fulfilled by the publication of the Constitutional Charter, but they were not maintained. No one, we presume, will be so hardy as to assert that the obliga-

tions of the treaty of Vienna respected only the bestowal of a Constitution, and not its maintenance. With such persons we have no desire to reason. The Charter or Constitution was not maintained or respected. The transgressions of it by Alexander and by Nicholas have been so glaring, so various, and so undenied, that we will not waste our time by enumerating them. They in fact put an end to all constitutional government in Poland, and established in its place the arbitrary rule of a commander-in-chief, the late Grand Duke Constantine. The Poles appealed in vain to their king for redress: his answer was, "What would you have? he is my senior by eighteen years, and I owe my crown to him." But because Nicholas usurped the throne of his elder brother Constantine, was the Polish Constitution therefore to be abrogated? The Poles thought not; and, writhing under the tyranny of Constantine, galled by the memory of their spurned rights, called on by their oppressed brethren in the betrayed Polish provinces of Russia, and excited by the successful revolutions in the south, they took up arms in the defence of their honour, their persons, and their rights. They succeeded. Very little violence or disorder accompanied this movement; there was then no attempt at throwing off their allegiance to Nicholas; they continued faithful subjects; and we trust there are few who will call them less faithful, because, while they did not swerve from their true loyalty to their king, they were equally loyal to the constitution. Thus far there was nothing to annul the rights vested in them by the Congress of Vienna; but they did not stop here; for most certainly they went so far as to require that incorporation of the Polish provinces, which both the treaty and their king, had *morally*, though not formally promised. This demand, while it placed them, during the time it was maintained, without the limits of European assistance, cannot surely, now that it is withdrawn, preclude them from the benefits of that treaty, out of respect for which they lost this aid. Are the endless infractions of the treaty by the governing party to count for nothing, and one instance of a too liberal interpretation of it by the governed to preclude them from all its benefits? Surely not. And if there was a question of forfeiture, which there is not, that forfeiture, in all legal and moral justice, would fall upon the original transgressor, and not on those who resisted the transgression. But we may be told that as the contest continued, the Poles went so far as to depose their king, and thereby threw off their allegiance and forfeited their rights. They did throw off their allegiance; but as their revolt followed repeated infractions of the treaty, so did their deposition of Nicholas follow his reiterated refusals of redress, his military invasion of their country, and his haughty demands for unconditional submission. The penalty, the

* Americans will find it difficult to conceive any reason for this acquiescence in the arrangements of that much misalled alliance, other than that of dire necessity.—Ed. Mus.

forfeiture then, if there be any, still lies at the door of Russia, and by no fair reasoning can it be attached to the Poles.

But it is farther to be considered, that the Poles and the Russians were not the sole parties to the treaty. It was concluded not only for their benefit but that of Europe at large; and no reason can be adduced why Europe is to be deprived of her share of the benefits of that treaty, because the Poles or Russians may have chosen to transgress its obligations. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Poles, and not the Russians, or that both Poles and Russians broke the treaty, still, so long as Europe, the third and unoffending party, wills it, the treaty must continue binding. The empire of Russia *received, and holds the kingdom of Poland by virtue of the treaty of Vienna, and by it alone.* So long as she observes that treaty, she has an undoubted right to the constitutional dominion of Poland, and no longer. If she tramples on it, or denies its obligation, then the sovereignty lapses to the representatives of the Congress of Vienna, or to Prussia, or to its original sovereign, the King of Saxony. The parties to the treaty of Vienna have a clear right to require from Russia either the fulfilment of her contract, or the forfeiture of her benefice. If not, they must confess that they have been outwitted and bullied by an all-powerful ally.

If the law of the question be thus clearly in favour of the Poles, so also is the policy. We are not of the school that has a nightmare dread of Russian domination. Were we Austrians or Prussians, we might not, as long as Poland lay in the dust, consider Russia the safest of neighbours. But we in our impregnable isle may laugh her to scorn; our fleets in one campaign would seal up her ports; while nothing short of another coalition, such as that which overthrew Napoleon, can seriously endanger France. Still, though a fifth monarchy be a dream, the undeviating tendency of the policy of Russia in that direction is undeniable; her progress has been gradual, constant, and great. A mighty empire, when formed in one life, has ever suddenly and quickly fallen to pieces. Gradual aggrandizement, bit by bit ambition, is the most sure and the most dangerous. This has been the course of Russia. To these considerations we may add, that a well appointed army, nearly a million strong, stern military institutions, half or unequally spread civilization, an irresponsible government, the acknowledged headship of a devoted church, a scarcely accessible territory, having its rear and flanks hermetically sealed, and peopled by a nomadic race, ever imbued with a vague desire for southern climes, offer elements of conquest which are not to be despised.

Four routes lie open to the development of these mighty and accumulating means;—the Caspian, the Euxine, central Europe, and the Baltic. That of the Caspian is beyond the

reach of European opposition; though when the route there traced, and now rapidly filling up, shall have been accomplished, two dangerous lines will diverge,—one leading to the Mediterranean, the other eastwards through Persia to India; the only direction in which that country has ever been successfully invaded. The Euxine route is nearly as bare of defence as the other; and the progress of Russia in that direction, is checked only by that wise restraining policy, which seeks, in a military point of view, to consolidate its conquests as it goes; and for this reason, and to avoid too forcibly awakening the jealousy of Europe, never takes too much at a time, particularly from Turkey, whose rude government, by ever affording an excuse for a rupture, enables Russia to make war upon her at her own convenience and leisure. The Baltic line, though far from complete, has been extended as far as it is necessary for present purposes; that is, for so long as Prussia shall remain a firm and obedient ally. The only remaining route, that of Central Europe, lies through Poland; it flanks Austria and Prussia and threatens Germany. It also affords the only practicable approach to Russia: its settlement, therefore, is of the last importance. The gate is now wide open, it remains to be seen who shall hold the key.

That key was, by the compromising policy of the Congress of Vienna, placed in what may be termed neutral hands. The Congress endeavoured, but failed, to place it in the hands of an independent king of Poland, it also refused to surrender it at discretion to the arms of Russia. A middle course was therefore pursued, and Poland was yielded to Russia upon such conditions as the Congress imagined would render that possession by Russia least dangerous to Europe. There was nothing transient in these conditions. The words are, "bound for ever by its constitution." Russia may complain that she finds such conditions embarrassing. It is very probable she does; for they were not meant to be otherwise than embarrassing, whenever Russia might pursue antisocial designs. The very complaint, therefore, argues the wisdom of their imposition, and the necessity for their continuance. They were imposed, as a corrective, forever, of that unquiet ambition which the powers of Europe feared in Russia; whom they, therefore, by binding her to the observance of the constitution of Poland, sought usefully to employ and to keep at home.

But, if such precautions were necessary in 1815, when Russia was under the sway of Alexander, they most assuredly are more requisite now, when the old Anti-European Muscovite faction has gained the lead. Indeed, ever since the death of Alexander, Russia has clearly manifested her domineering policy and ambitious designs. Her ministers have been found active in every court of Europe, aiding and abetting the cause of despo-

tism. She has assumed a control in the affairs of Germany repugnant to the feelings and independence of that intellectual and powerful but divided nation; she has pushed on her conquests in the direction of Persia and Turkey, as far as suited her purposes; she has kept up an unnecessarily large army, and her intrigues in Greece have never ceased. At the breaking out of the late French Revolution, and before the change of ministry in this country, and the revolt of Poland, checked her course, there was much cause to suspect that she meditated an anti-liberal crusade. But if such be the designs of Russia, it is the duty of the other powers to prevent them, by those means which the Congress of Vienna provided. We believe that nothing short of the most urgent remonstrances will compel her to abide by those articles of the treaty, by which alone she holds Poland. The essence and intent of those articles was the interposition of a constitutional kingdom between Russia and the rest of Europe; and none, we imagine, will deny the security, which the interposition of such a kingdom would afford.

But the question arises—Will Russia listen to the remonstrances of the other powers? We fear we must say, that she will not, if she can possibly evade or avoid them: she will not willingly resign the Polish prey she already in imagination possesses as her own; and much less will she readily consent to the establishment of freedom, not only in her neighbourhood, but even under her own protection. But yet, unwilling as Russia may be to submit, she is, we believe, in no state to resist, if firmly urged. She is exhausted by her Persian, her Turkish, and her Polish wars; from all which, though she has come forth successfully, yet not without severe reverses and exhausting exertions. She has now need of repose, to trim her wings for future flights, and to consolidate her present conquests. Nor must it be forgotten, that passive and devoted as is Russian obedience, the same spirit which animated the far-spread conspiracy of Tagerog, yet works through the veins and arteries of that incoherent mass, which forms her empire. War might divert this danger; and it is probable that the Persian and Turkish wars were as much undertaken for the sake of giving a vent or turn to an inquiet spirit, as from any immediate desire of conquest. Indeed, military glory being the sole heritage and seal of nationality by which the subjects of despotic states are kept together, it is natural that Russia should occasionally enliven the allegiance of her own subjects at the expense of her neighbours. But a war upon the Polish question would be of a far different nature; and Russia knows full well, that at the present moment, she is weak in the direction of Poland, and greatly dependent on the support of both Austria and Prussia. Upon the latter, she may count with safety. Prussia has no wish to lose her

Polish provinces; and she imagines that they can be best retained by a fast alliance with Russia, whom she is prepared to support in any oppressive measures against the Poles. We have seen her cruel treatment of the Polish army, which sought a refuge within her territories; and we have reason to believe that she is now recommending the utter destruction of the very name and language of Poland, and the entire absorption of the kingdom by Russia. This is a policy such as the rest of Europe will not, surely, permit. Great and powerful as are these two military states, they are not invincible; and should the other European powers call upon them to fulfil the treaty of Vienna, they would, by obstinately refusing, place themselves in an awkward predicament. Russia would risk Poland; and Prussia, who having sprung from a petty electorate into an aggregate of states, rather than a kingdom—and who finds it more easy to command her highly disciplined battalions, than to rule over her divided nations—would, when she should stand forth as the contravenor of the treaty of Vienna, find the discipline of those battalions fully exercised at home, in watching over the self-attainted allegiance of those subjects who belong to her crown only by virtue of that treaty. In short, these two powers would, by refusing to comply with the treaty, expose themselves to dangers, so much greater than any even of the imaginary evils which might accrue to them from compliance, that we entertain small doubt of their yielding, if pressed.

This brings us to the question of, who are to be the pressers? The first answer would be—all those who are by treaty bound so to act; but the enforcing the treaty involves the maintenance of liberal institutions; and unfortunately, such institutions have not yet found favour with the majority of the courts of Europe. Therefore France and England, the only two powers of any importance who profess liberal principles, will probably be also the only two powers inclined honestly to interfere between Russia and Poland. Most sincerely do we trust that they will do so temperately, conjointly, and firmly. Their ministers cannot be blind to the peculiar advantages of such a line of conduct, at the present critical juncture of affairs.

It is vain to deny that two great antagonist principles now divide Europe—freedom and despotism. They are to be seen contending from Lisbon to St. Petersburg; and we meet them in every political question. England and France are on the one side, Prussia and Russia on the other. Two objects present themselves to the liberal party; the one, to avoid a violent collision—the other, not to be defeated. Now we contend that the Polish question offers considerable advantages under both points of view. Russia is the head and front of the absolutes; the other powers neither can effect, nor will they undertake

any thing without her consent and co-operation: if she be checked, they are checked; if she gains ground, they gain courage: and the chances of collision increase. The absolutes can carry their ends only by war; from which they are now restrained by a sense, if not of weakness, certainly of that which is akin to it, insecurity. The best security of the liberals is in tranquillity; and in their strength, therefore, lies peace. If this view be correct, then the establishment of a check upon Russia at the present crisis is most desirable; and it would be no small additional advantage that this check should be interposed by the recognition of a right. Happily both the check and the advantage are to be found in the claims of Poland, supported, as we have shown them to be, by the laws of justice, policy, and humanity. We do not think we exaggerate the importance of those claims, when we say, that from the hour the *bona fide* establishment of a constitutional government should be secured to Poland, all just fears for the general tranquillity of Europe would cease. The domineering influence of Russia would be abated on the one hand; while on the other, success would attend the cause of liberality, without the too dangerous excitement of a triumph.

Poland, thus considered, becomes the hinge on which much of the present diplomacy of Europe must turn; for its revolt has placed Russia in a dilemma. It has brought the treaty of Vienna, and her infractions of it, under the cognizance and reproof of Europe; and laid bare the roots of her authority over Poland at a most unpropitious moment. She perceives that she is exposed to the hazard of being compelled to choose between enduring the checks of a constitutional government there, or of inconveniently assuming a more haughty tone in Europe than she is at present either prepared or able to support. She hopes to escape from this difficulty by adroitly pursuing a middle course. Accordingly, we find that she threatens France, and withholds her ratification of the Dutch treaty. And why? Is it that she wishes to go to war with England and France? Far from it. She knows her own precarious state too well, and it is precisely because she does know it, that she assumes her present menacing attitude. For she is well aware of the praiseworthy repugnance to a war felt by the governments of these countries; and therefore, in conjunction with Prussia, she seeks to play upon their fears, and to bully them into a renunciation of their advocacy of the rights of the Poles, as the price of her ratification of the Dutch treaty, and of her temporary acquiescence in the present order of affairs in the south of Europe. She will even persuade herself to meet their remonstrances in favour of the Poles with patience. And, since promises cost her nothing, she will no doubt profess much liberality and benevolence to-

wards Poland. But surely the ministers of England and of France will not be thus easily cajoled. They know the value of Russian promises, and the extent of Russian liberality. They see Russia with mighty resources at command: they know that hitherto she has been animated by a constant and unprincipled ambition: they foresee that she may acquire, by the absolute possession of Poland, a dominant influence over Austria and Prussia—by the long arms of whose dominions she may encompass Germany, and reach France both on the north and on the south; they foresee her power of threatening Persia, Turkey and India; and now that a just and honourable opportunity is before them, by which they are enabled to say to her, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," we trust we are not deceived in believing, that they will temperately and firmly take advantage of it; and that, not satisfied with promises, they will exact guarantees.

We would be the last to provoke war: we have small pride in its glories, we abhor its cruelties. But, on the other hand, we have an unfeigned regard for public faith and honour, which we consider, by the treaty of Vienna, to be pledged to exact the payment from Russia of freedom to Poland; and we believe that war was never yet ultimately averted by timid concessions. For this reason, we think that England and France will best consult the peace of Europe, and the civilization of the world, by binding Russia to the continued observance of her obligations towards Poland, as well as to her own Polish subjects. She will not dare refuse—nor must we suffer her to evade. We repeat, we have no expectation of a war. Russia knows too well that such a war—a war of opinion, would endanger the stability of her empire, and separate every one of her Polish provinces from her forever. But while war is rendered thus improbable, a strong collision of opinions and of diplomatic intrigues is daily taking place, and may be expected to continue till the stormy waves of the French Revolution have subsided into the calm of an assured freedom.

That consummation, so devoutly to be desired, might be much accelerated by Austria; who as yet has taken no decided part in the great moral conflict now going on. Russia and Prussia, and France and England, have taken their stations; but Austria as yet stands aloof, uncertain to which party she ought to belong. Her old associations incline her to the cause of Russia; her present fears for her territories tempt her to France. She frowns upon the Lombards; but she joins with the French in requiring liberal institutions for the subjects of the pope: she does not discourage the Poles; but she withholds her ratification of the Belgian treaty. Such temporizing policy has long been in high favour with Austria, for it has successfully carried her through many difficulties; but they were

only difficulties. She well knows how it failed her when the first French revolution burst through all her temporizing expedients; and we trust she will, by a manly policy, now save herself and Europe from the possibility of running through another such cycle of miseries as followed the anti-liberal leagues of those days. She dreads Russia, and with reason; she trembles at the encroachments by which that power is gradually surrounding her old hereditary dominions of Hungary; and is seeking by intrigues in Walachia, and by the links of a common religion, to extend her influence amongst the warlike tribes that line the Danube, and stretch even to the Monte Negrius on the Adriatic.

It is by the absolute possession of Poland that Russia can most easily command Austria; and, therefore, to avoid that evil, and to create an efficient barrier, Austria would willingly, at the Congress of Vienna, have resigned Galicia in favour of a powerful independent kingdom of Poland. The ambition of Alexander perverted that wise desire; and Austria remains, in as far as Galicia is concerned, in thralldom to Russia. But, unlike Prussia, she loves a prospective retention of Galicia less than she hates the ascendancy and control of Russia; and were it not for another cause, she would willingly and strongly join with France and England in demanding the fulfilment of the treaty of Vienna. That other cause of fear is the establishment of a constitutional government so near her own hearth, and so contrary to her long-cherished policy.

This, however, is the time for Austria to review the past, to reconsider her station, and to look to the present state of Europe. She forms a great empire, hereditarily, and morally, and naturally. She is in a state of maturity. It is the very reverse with her upstart and warlike confederates of the north; for the one is yet in a state of transition, and the other—Russia, in an ill-considered course of territorial ambition. Prussia cannot, Russia will not, remain as she is. At whose expense will they thrive? Certainly they will not, as they did not, spare Austria. Indeed, the advantages of a northern alliance lie all on the side of Russia, who is comparatively secure from attack; while her two allies may expose, for her sake, their distant dominions of Lombardy, and the Rhenish provinces, to internal insurrection and foreign invasion. Austria knows and feels this. She sees that she is in a false position. There is a daily decreasing hope of ruling Italy and Hungary by the bayonet. She perceives at length that the upward tendency of nations is daily becoming too strong for the downward pressure of single-handed authority. She sees that the old system of rule is wearing out. Austria believes, and with reason, that the personal character of her emperor, and the authority of a vigilant administration, will pro-

bably maintain affairs in their present state till the close of this reign. But there are few Austrians who contemplate the future without anxiety; who do not fear the encircling arms of Russia on the one side, and the progress of liberality on the other. They entertain a lessening desire of crushing the last by the force of the first; for they little court the absolutely necessary assistance, in such a cause, of so over-powerful an auxiliary as Russia—backed, as it would be, by the actual presence and co-operation of her armies in the heart of the empire, or on the plains of Lombardy. Unpleasant as are these anticipations, yet the hatred of French doctrines, as they are called, are, with the old school, still stronger. They hope that affairs in Austria will last as they now are for their time. They are too proud, or too indolent, to unthread the tangled web of a whole political life; and they, therefore, with an indolent and selfish fatalism, allow the mighty empire that once was Cæsar's, to float upon the current, without an active hand to trim her sails, or an anchor to arrest her course. But there are many who scan the times with a bolder eye; and, seeing the dangers, are prepared to meet them. They do not wish to run into a wild course of liberalism; but they perceive that, by continuing to advocate absolutism, they can follow only in the wake of Russia; while, by steering in an opposite direction, they anticipate a safer and a prouder course. Reason, experience, and observation, all tell them that the first great northern power that honestly and practically allies itself with the liberal spirit of the age, will acquire a decided ascendancy in Germany, and in the north. Russia knows this full well; and she knows also that she herself is as yet unfit for such a part. Besides which, she has the command now by one system; why therefore should she change it for another? for she knows, that in a policy founded on battalions, let diplomacy be as astute as it may, the strongest must ever command.

Italy hangs by a thread. Austria must now resolve to pour in more troops to sustain her absolute authority in those unquiet plains, or to pour in the balm of liberal concession. She is already on the threshold; she is pleading, or affecting to plead, with the pope, for political privileges for his subjects of the Legations; and if she succeed at Rome, it will not be easy for her to refuse at Milan. We have no wish to thrust the political jargon of the constitution-mongers upon Austria; but we have every desire, as we value the progressive improvement of Europe, to see her relax from that absolute sway which she has hitherto exercised over her subjects; and to which, we repeat, it is highly improbable they will submit beyond the present reign. Let her then join with France and England in firmly requiring the fulfilment of that important article of the Treaty of Vienna, which

"bound Poland to Russia by its Constitution," and which guaranteed the *privileges and nationality* of the Poles generally. She may thus shake off those Russian shackles she never willingly wore; she may conciliate the enthusiastic and excited spirit of Germany; she may win to herself the good-will and the brave hearts of the Poles; and in strict obedience to the clearly understood arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, interpose a constitutionally governed kingdom between herself and Russia, and so strengthen her own frontiers, and confine her dangerous neighbour.

This breaking up of the old tripartite partitioning league, would be of signal benefit to Europe at large; and the planting and maintaining a good government and liberal constitutions in Poland, would be the precursor of the civilization and prosperity of the North. For those blessings would flow from Poland to the surrounding nations. Good example is contagious; and Prussia would ere long discover that it was both cheaper and more safe to preserve the allegiance of her Polish subjects by the ties of affection and justice, than by the iron bonds of martial law. Russia, too, might learn the same, and more.

We may have been considered harsh in our exposition of the views and conduct of this empire, but we beg most clearly to disavow any national antipathy. There is much to please—there are the seeds of much good in the Russian character. Many Russians are highly civilized and liberal; but the government is false, ambitious, and unmerciful. It is against such government, and against the forcing its despotism upon Poland, that we enter our protest; and that we use our best endeavours, by pointing out the justice and policy of maintaining a constitutional government in the one country, to provide for the spread of its blessings over the other. Thus might the leading powers of Europe, while they enforced justice, and protected themselves, confer even on reluctant Russia inestimable benefits. For, under a wise government, gradually improving its institutions, laws, and administration, that empire might nobly emerge from that half barbarous state, which is proud only of military glory and territorial conquests. Her emperor, though less unbounded in authority, might be more secure in person;—the sanguinary intrigues and revolutions that haunt his family and his state might have an end;—the vast territories over which he reigns, though they might receive no more additions, would be less exposed to revolt, separation, or disruption;—without winning one inch of land, or causing a tear to flow, he might redouble his strength by the inestimable reinforcements of increasing industry, wealth, and happiness.

These are perhaps Utopian dreams; but there is a plain matter-of-fact task, which, it

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

appears to us, is within the duty, the policy, the honour, and the power of Europe to perform—and that is, to require from Russia the fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna.

At the moment of closing the foregoing observations, a proclamation has appeared by the Russian Emperor, of the 26th of February, by which the guaranteed liberties and constitution of Poland are peremptorily abrogated. We entreat a most earnest attention to it, as fully corroborating all we have stated in regard to the ambitious views of Russia.

In the preamble to this imperial decree, the Emperor Nicholas asserts, that in 1815, Poland was restored to its national existence by Russia, while, without deigning to take the slightest notice of the allies, or of the Congress of Vienna, he presumes to claim Poland as having been conquered by the victorious arms of Russia; and in the same arrogant and contemptuous spirit, declares Poland to be an integral part of the Russian Empire, and commands its inhabitants to consider themselves henceforth as Russians:—"les habitants de ce pays fassent désormais avec les Russes une seule nation." And then, "par un statut organique donné par notre clemence," this unblushing autocrat proceeds to dissolve the sole bond by which he lawfully holds Poland—its Constitution. The facts speak for themselves, and loudly ask the question, Whether Russia is already above all European law?

From the Asiatic Journal.

SITTI MAANI.

The history of the beautiful Assyrian girl, Sitti Maani, forms the most touching episode in the narrative of Pietro della Valle. The traveller has left a picture of her in his letters to his friend Schipano, which possesses all the rich colours of poetry and romance. She died, it will be remembered, in her twenty-third year, of the prelatinal fever then raging along the shores of the Persian Gulf.

I SEE, I see thee gliding by,
With drooping lash, and raven curl,
And mien of gentle dignity,
Thou sweet Assyrian girl!

So vividly thy lover's hand
Hath painted thy pure hope and glee,
I never dream of eastern land,
Without a thought of thee.

Oh, sweeter than the fountain crown'd
With palm-trees in the desert place,
The weary pilgrim must have found
The beauty of thy face.

For often, in the burning day,
Beneath the blue Arabian sky,
Thy phantom, on the lonely way,
Uprose unto his aching eye.*

* In the caravan with which Pietro departed from Aleppo, was a young merchant of Bagdad, with whom he formed an intimacy, and who entertained him "as they rode side by side through the moonlight," with praises of the beauty and excellence of a young lady of Bagdad. The end.
No. 121.—D

And while his young companion vaunted

The Bagdad maiden in his ear,
No thought his lulled bosom haunted
Of Bedouin sword or spear.

How his heart gladdened at the swell
Of mighty Tigris, river old,
While the first rays of sunrise fell
On Bagdad's towers of gold!

Many a gorgeous song hast thou,
City of the caliph's glory,
Which memory loveth well; but now
She weepeth o'er Maani's story.

I may not follow in her track,
Among the orient bowers to roam;
Alas! her feet no more came back
Unto her childhood's home.

A cloud upon her joy was sent—
(That tale so sad should ne'er be spoken!)
And like a rose by tempest rent,
The stem of life was broken.

She faded—but her beauty's bloom
About the traveller's heart did glide;
In all his wanderings, her tomb
Was ever by his side.*

From the Monthly Review.

NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA.†

Of the many works that have been lately published, for the purpose of extending our acquaintance with the domestic habits and manners of the natives of British India, these volumes of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, are decidedly the most estimable. They introduce us at once into those sanctuaries of private intercourse, to which strangers seldom find access, and with which few even of the British residents become intimately acquainted. The kind of knowledge which peculiar facilities enabled our fair author to collect, for the information of her friends, in this country, and which she has been fortunately induced to exhibit to a wider circle, is perhaps of all others the most pleasing. We feel an interest in knowing every thing that concerns our fellow-beings, especially in distant parts of the world; we are gratified in hearing descriptions of their style of dress, and of the occupations which fill up the measure of their daily life; we follow them cheerfully through the details of their house-keeping, listen to

thusiasm of the merchant was communicated at length to Pietro, and before he entered Bagdad he was in love with the unknown maiden—who was Sitti Maani.

* The affectionate enthusiasm with which Pietro della Valle carried with him the coffined remains of his beloved wife is in the remembrance of the reader.

† Observations on the Mussulmans of India: descriptive of their Manners, Customs, Habits, and Religious Opinions, made during a Twelve Years' Residence in their Immediate Society. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Parbury, Allen & Co. 1832.

their conversation, and national stories, participate in their amusements, and wonder at the differences which exist between them and ourselves, upon innumerable points of economy and conduct. No description that is characteristic of their private life can be considered too minute; our curiosity on this subject is insatiable, for let the contrast of its general complexion be ever so great with that of our own, there is still running through the whole of the distance between, that inviolable, but not imperceptible, electric chain, which binds the whole race of man in the ties of sympathy.

We wish that the author had been somewhat less reserved, as to her own personal history. With reference to this topic, she merely tells us, that she passed twelve years of her life in Mussulman society: her husband would appear also to be of that nation, whereas she is herself an Englishwoman, who, we presume, originally went out to India, in connexion with some missionaries, but in what capacity, whether as a domestic, or a translator, or a preacher, or a tract distributor, the deponent saith not. She does not give us the slightest idea of the course which Mr. Meer Hassan Ali adopted, in order to persuade her to share in his fortunes, though many of her readers would doubtless be very happy to know, whether a Mussulman's mode of making love resembles that established among the men of England. We very soon learn, nevertheless, that, however limited her communications may be, upon subjects personal to herself, she is really a sensible and very amiable woman, well acquainted with the practical duties of life, and accustomed to fulfil them. She thought nothing of the climate, which, she contends, affects those only who are constitutionally idle. Her simple and effective expedient against the annoyances of that raging heat, of which so many complain, was the constant useful employment of her time, which preserved equally the health of her body and her mind. Even when the thermometer was at its height, and the hot winds prevailed, or when that still more oppressive influence filled the atmosphere, which exists during the periodical rains, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali found or made employment for her hours, and hence, they glided rapidly along, she assures us, without a murmur or a sigh.

The manners of the Mussulman people are quite patriarchal. The master and mistress of a family receive the utmost veneration from their domestic slaves; and yet, the latter are allowed to converse with their superiors, and to give their opinions with the utmost frankness. Aged servants are treated with the most amiable kindness, and their comforts, as well as those of poor relatives of the family, even to the remotest degree of consanguinity, are attended to with the most pious care. The spirit of kindliness presides over all their intercourse with each other; the hearts of

parents are ever warm with tenderness, while nothing can be more spontaneous than the obedience and affection of their children. Their reverence for age, and especially for an aged father or mother, knows scarcely any limits. Their charity to the poor flows from its proper source, their conviction that it propitiates the favour of heaven. It may be that this is not always the case, and that with some ostentation is the object. But when the needy benefit by the rich, as our author benevolently remarks, "it is unjust to scrutinize the heart's motive, where the act itself alleviates the present sufferings of a fallen creature." She adds,—and the sentiment and language are worthy of the proverbial wisdom of the east,—"imposition is doubtless often practised with success by the indolent, who excite the good feelings of the wealthy, by a tale of woe; the sin rests with him who begs unworthily, not with him who relieves the supposed distresses of his poorer neighbour. The very best of human beings will acknowledge, that they derive benefits from the bounty of their Maker, not because they are deserving, but that 'He is merciful.'"

The race of the Syads, or Meers, descended from Mahomet, are greatly respected, and form the principal class of Mussulman nobility. The female Syads are all Begums, or ladies; and their honours being all derived from their genealogy, every degree of their descent is registered in their memory with the most scrupulous exactness. As long as the children of both sexes remain under the care of their mother, in her own apartment, popularly called the *zenana*, it is an indispensable part of their daily education to recount their pedigree up to either Hasan or Hosein, the two sons of Ali, by his cousin Fatima. Hence, without referring to the manuscript genealogy, which is kept with sacred care in every family, they can generally trace the whole line of their ancestors, without the least difficulty. They are, of course, exceedingly jealous of the purity of their race, so much so, that, in the formation of connexions, birth is generally preferred to wealth. The consequence is, that the class of the Syads abounds in old maids. The author mentions an interesting instance, in which this pride of birth predominated over every advantage of a pecuniary description.

"There are three unmarried daughters, remarkable for their industrious habits, morality, and strict observance of their religious duties; they are handsome, well-formed women, polite and sensible, and to all this they add an accomplishment which is not by any means general amongst the females of Hindostan, they have been taught by their excellent father to read the Koran in Arabic,—it is not allowed to be translated,—and the commentary in Persian. The fame of their superiority has brought many applications from the heads of families possessing wealth, and desirous to secure for their

sons wives so eminently endowed, who would waive all considerations of the marriage dowry, for the sake of the Begum who might thus adorn their untitled house. All these offers, however, have been promptly rejected, and the young ladies themselves are satisfied in procuring a scanty subsistence by the labour of their hands. I have known them to be employed in working the *jaullie* (netting for a part of the female dress), which, after six days' close application, at the utmost could not realize three shillings each; yet I never saw them other than contented, happy, and cheerful,—a family of love, and patterns of sincere piety."—Vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

Among the Mussulmans, the day and night are each divided into four equal parts, or watches, which are again subdivided into hours. The latter are marked by means of a brass ball floating in a tank of water. At the bottom of the ball there is a very small aperture, which admits a drop of the water every second; the hours are numbered on the external surface, and, as the ball sinks, the progress of time is perceived by a watchman, who attends for the purpose, and proclaims it by striking with a hammer, on a broad plate of bell-metal. These watchmen are regularly relieved, at stated periods, as punctuality is a serious consideration amongst a people whose services of prayer must be performed at the appointed hours, with the most religious exactness. When a death occurs in a family, the principal survivor of the house mourns for forty days, during which period he allows his beard to grow;* and at certain intervals, he provides splendid dinners, which he sends out on trays, to his immediate relatives and friends, by way of return, we suppose, for their attentions during the period the dead body remains in the house. No cooking is carried on there as long as that is the case; and hence, they deem it a duty to supply the family with ready-dressed dinners.

The married ladies have a habit, which appears to us very strange, of applying to their lips and gums, and occasionally to their teeth, a preparation of antimony, which dyes them as black as ebony. They pencil the eye-lid with lamp-black; and they particularly pride themselves on the delicacy of the line and symmetry of the arch of the eye-brow. Their hands and feet are cleansed until they exhibit a bright red hue, which they justly deem becoming and healthy. They wear a large ring of gold wire, set with rubies and pearls, suspended from the nose, and, however inconvenient they may find it, they cannot remove it, except on a particular festival, from the day of their marriage, until that of their death, or widowhood, unless they venture to despise

* The Prophet commanded the beard to be worn; but in modern times mustachios only are reserved on the upper lip, which are trained with the utmost care; The religious Mussulmans, however, strictly follow the precept.

one of their most ancient customs. Gold or silver rings are also suspended from the ears, which are pierced in nine or ten places, so that when all the rings are worn, they look like a fringe of the precious metal on each side of the head. On state occasions, the rings give place to strings of emeralds, and pearls, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear, in a graceful and elegant style. They are remarkably attentive to the hair, which, generally luxuriant, and a jet black, after being well washed and dried, is anointed with sweet jessamine oil; it is then drawn, with nice precision, from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue, which usually reaches below the waist; the ends are ornamented with strips of red silk, and silver ribands, entwined with the hair, and terminating in a large rosette. While the married women rejoice in the ebony colour of their teeth, the men, on the contrary, are remarkable for the white enamel of theirs, although their only tooth-brush is a broken twig of the pomegranate tree, from which the rind is stripped off, bruised and made pliant at the extremity. As we cannot venture to touch the higher mysteries of the toilette, we must refer them to Mrs.—we wish her name was not so long,—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, a name, by the way, that bespeaks high rank among the Mussulman people of India.

“As I have rather prematurely introduced the native ladies’ style of dress into this letter, I may as well include the whole business of their toilet under the present head, instead of reserving the detail of the subject for a future letter, when the *zeenah* is to be described, and accordingly proceed to tell you that the ladies’ *pyjama*hs are formed of rich satin, or gold cloth, *goolbudden*, or *musheroo*, (striped washing silks manufactured at Benares), fine chintz,—English manufacture having the preference, silk or cotton ginghams; in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm texture, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of the wearer. By the most fashionable females they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness, the extremity finished, and the seams are bound with silver riband; a very broad silver riband binds the top of the *pyjama*h; this being double, has a *zarbund* (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the *zarbund* are finished with rich tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels.

“One universal shape is adopted in the form of the *ungeeah*, (*bodice*), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of gauze or net, muslin, &c., the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the

sleeves are very short and tight, and finished with some fanciful embroidery or silver riband. Even the women servants pride themselves on pretty *ungeeah*s, and all will strive to have a little finery about them, however coarse the material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but continue to be worn a week together, unless its beauty fades earlier, or the ornamental parts tarnish through extreme heat.

“With the *ungeeah* is worn a transparent *courtie*, (literally translated, shirt,) of thread net; this covers the waistband of the *pyjama*h, but does not screen it; the seams and hems are trimmed with silver or gold ribands.

“The *deputtah* is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female costume. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the *deputtah*’s dimensions; the quality depends on choice or circumstances; the preference is given to our light English manufacture of leno or muslin for every day wear, by gentlewomen; but on gala days, gold and silver gauze tissues are in great request, as is also fine India muslin, manufactured at Decca; transparent and soft as the web of the gossamer spider; this is called *shubunn*, (night dew,) from its delicate texture, and is procured at a great expense, even in India; some *deputtah*s are formed of gold-worked muslin, English crape, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions, ladies wear them simply bound with silver riband, but for dress, they are richly trimmed with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene, when two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The *deputtah* is worn with much original taste on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in front, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder.

“I should say, they rarely stand; but when distinguished guests, or their elders, amongst relatives, are announced, this mark of respect is never omitted. It is an interesting sight, as they have much ease and grace in their manner, which no tutoring could impart; they rise and arrange their drapery, advance a few steps from their place in the hall, and embrace their visitor thrice in due form, ending by salaaming, with the head bowed very low towards the ground, and the open hand raised to the forehead, three times in succession, with solemnity and dignity.

“I have told you, in a former letter, how many precious ornaments were laid aside on the eve of *Maburram*, and need hardly describe them again. Their fondness for good jewellery, perhaps, exceeds the same propensity in any other females on the globe; the rude workmanship of native jewellers is never an object of weighty consideration, provided the precious metals are unalloyed in quality. The same may be remarked in their selection of jewels; pearls of the largest size, even when discoloured or misshapen, are selected in preference to the most regular in form and colour, of a smaller size; large diamonds, having flaws, are often preferred to smaller ones most perfect. The gentlemen are good judges of precious stones, and evince some

taste in their style of ornaments: they are worn on their turbans, and in necklaces or harrhs, rings, armlets, &c. but these are all laid aside at seasons of devotion, when they are restricted wearing, not only ornaments, but mixed articles of silk and wool in their apparel. The most religious men and women invariably abstain from ornamental dress in every way, deeming it frivolous vanity, and inconsistent with that they profess—'to be seeking God, and forsaking worldly things.'

"The ladies never wear stockings, and only cover the feet with shoes, when pacing across their court-yard, which bounds their view and their walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion and taste about the ladies' shoes, which is productive of much emulation in *zeenahnah* life; they are splendidly worked in many patterns, with gold and silver spangles, variously-coloured small seed beads, and embroidery—the whole one mass of glittering metal; they are made with sharp points, curling upwards, some reaching half-way to the knees, and always worn down at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least costly for their every day wear, are of gold embroidery on velvet; the less opulent condescend to wear tinsel work; and the meanest servants yellow or red cloth, with silver binding. The same style of shoes are worn by the males as by the females; I have seen some young men with green shagreen slippers for the rainy season; these are made with a high heel, and look unseemly. The fashion of shoes varies with the times in this country, as well as in others—sometimes it is genteel to have small points to the shoes; at another, the points are long, and much curled; but they still retain the preference for pointed shoes, whatever be the fashion adopted.

"The greatest novelty in the way of shoes, which came under my observation in India, was a pair of silver embroidery, small pointed, and very neatly made; on the points, and round the instep, small silver bells were fastened, which produced harmony with every step, carried by the quick or more gentle paces of the wearer; these were a present to me from a lady of distinction in Oude. Upon visiting this lady, on one occasion, my black silk slippers which I had left at the entrance, (as is the custom here,) had most likely attracted the curiosity of the Begum's slaves, for when that lady attended me to the threshold, they could nowhere be found; and I was in danger of being obliged to soil my stockings by walking shoeless to my *palkie* across the court-yard. In this dilemma, the lady proffered me the pair here described; I was much amused with the novelty of the exchange, upon stepping into the musical shoes, which, however they may be prized by native ladies, did not exactly suit my style of dress, nor convenience in walking, although I must always remember the Begum's attention with gratitude.

"The ladies' society is by no means insipid or without interest; they are naturally gifted with good sense and politeness, fond of conversation, shrewd in their remarks, and their language is both correct and refined. This, at first, was an enigma to me, considering that their lives are spent in seclusion, and that their education was not conducted on European

principles; the mystery, however, has passed away upon an intimate acquaintance with the domestic habits of the people. The men with whom genteel women converse are generally well educated, and from the naturally inquisitive disposition of the females, not a word escapes the lips of a father, husband, or brother, without an inquiry as to its meaning, which having once ascertained, is never forgotten, because their attention is not diverted by a variety of pursuits or vain amusements. The women look up to the opinions of their male relatives with the same respect as children of other climes are accustomed to regard their tutor or governess, considering every word pronounced as worthy by imitation, and every sentiment expressed as a guide to their own. Thus the habit of speaking correctly is so familiar to the females of Mussulmaun society, that even women servants, long accustomed to serve in *zeenahnahs*, may be readily distinguished by their language from the same class of people in attendance on European ladies."—Vol. i. pp. 106—114.

The Mussulman religion is not without its sects; their differences, however, are merely nominal, they being equally guided by the laws of the Khoran, which they believe not to have been the work of any particular period of Mahomet's life; each chapter, they say, was conveyed to him by the angel Gabriel, and his inspired memory enabled him to repeat the words of the holy messenger verbatim to his disciples, who assembled to hear him every day, and compiled the precious volume after his death. They pray for the dead, and those who can afford it, hire persons to read the Khoran over the grave of the departed, for several years, during which they are relieved at intervals, both day and night. They believe that a great spirit, to whom they give the name *Mhidhie*, will visit the earth in company with Christ, as soon as the four quarters of the globe shall contain Christian inhabitants. Reverence for God seems the leading trait in their character and faith; they believe in the existence and promises of the prophets, of whom they say that Mahomet was the last. Him they believe to have been sent, in order to regenerate mankind, at a period, when the people of the earth were vicious and profane, and worshipped idols, instead of the Creator. On the subject of the resurrection, the Mussulman belief is, that after the destruction of the world, which is to be effected by fire, there shall be a general resurrection of the dead. Their daily prayer is divided in the following manner.

"The Mussulmaun lawgiver commanded Namaaz (daily prayer) five times a day:—

- "1st. 'The *Soobhoo Namaaz*,' to commence at the dawn of day.
- "2d. 'The *Zohur*,' at the second watch of the day, or mid-day.
- "3d. 'The *Ausur*,' at the third-day watch.
- "4th. 'The *Muggrib*,' at sunset; and
- "5th. 'The *Eshaa*,' at the fourth ghourie of the night.

"These are the commanded hours for prayer. Mahumud himself observed an additional service very strictly at the third watch of the night, which was called by him, 'Tahujoot,' and the most devout men, in all ages of their faith, have imitated this example scrupulously.

"The 'Soobhoo Namaaz,' is deemed a necessary duty, and commences with the earliest dawn of day. The several prayers and prostrations occupy the greatest part of an hour, with those who are devout in their religious exercises; many extend the service by readings from an excellent collection, very similar to our Psalms, called 'The Vazefah.'

"The 'Zohur Namaaz,' an equally essential duty, commences at mid-day, and occupies about the same time as 'The Soobhoo.'

"The 'Asur Namaaz' commences at the third-day watch. The religious men are not tempted to excuse themselves from the due observance of this hour; but the mere people of their world, or those whose business requires their time, attach this service to the next, and satisfy their conscience with thinking that the prayer hours combined, answers the same purpose as when separately performed.

"The 'Muggrib Namaaz.' This is rigidly observed at sunset; even those who cannot make it convenient at other hours, will leave their most urgent employment to perform this duty at sunset. Who that has lived any time in India cannot call to mind the interesting sight of the labouring classes, returning to their home after the business of the day is over? The sun sinking below the western horizon, the poor man unbinds his waist, and spreads his cumbersome on the side of the road; he performs his ablutions, from his brass lota of water, and facing Mecca, bows himself down under the canopy of heaven, to fulfil what he believes to be his duty, at that hour, to his merciful God.

"The 'Eshaa Namaaz,' commences at the fourth ghourie of the night. The form of prayer for this Namaaz, is much longer than the rest. The devout men extend their prayers at this still hour of the night; they tell me that they feel more disposed at this time to pour out their hearts to God in praise and thanksgiving, than at any other period of the day and night; and I have known many of them to be at silent prayer for hours together.

"Many persons, in their early life may have neglected that due obedience expected in the commanded daily prayers; in after life, they endeavour to make up the deficiency, by imposing on themselves extra services, to fulfil the number omitted. By the same rule, when a member of a family dies, and it is suspected the due performance of the Namaaz had been neglected by him, the survivor, who loved him or her in life, is anxious for the soul's rest, and thus proves it by performing additional prayers for the benefit of the soul of that beloved individual."—Vol. i. pp. 147—150.

The Mussulman Sabbath is kept on the Friday, and commences on the previous evening, after the manner of the Jews. It is not very strictly kept, though they have several extra observances, in order to distinguish the day from the other divisions of the week.

"These observances serve to convince us

that they believe in the constituted Sabbath; still there is not that strict respect for the holy day which could satisfy the scrupulous feelings of a Christian; the servants are quite as much employed on Friday as on any other day; the dhurzie, (tailor,) dhobie, (washerwoman,) and indeed the whole establishment of servants and slaves, male and female, find their work undiminished on the Sabbath. The ladies amuse themselves with cards or dice, the singing women even are quite as much in request as on other days; and all the amusements of life are indulged in without once seeming to suspect that they are disobeying the law of God, or infringing on their actual duties. Indeed, I believe they would keep the day strictly, if they thought doing so was a necessary duty; but I have often observed, that as Friday is one of their "fortunate days," works of any importance are commenced on this day; whether it be building a house, planting a garden or field, writing a book, negotiating a marriage, going a journey, making a garment, or any other business of this life which they wish should prosper. With them, therefore, the day of rest is one of the busiest in the calendar; but I must do them the justice to say that they believe their hearts are more pure after the ablutions and prayers have been performed. And that as nothing, however trifling or important, according to their praiseworthy ideas, should ever be commenced without being first dedicated to God, from whose mercy they implore aid and blessings on the labour of their hands, they set apart Friday for commencing whatever business they are anxious should prosper. This was the excuse made by the pious Meer Hadjee Shaah."—Vol. i. pp. 156, 157.

We have already seen that the Mussulmans believe in the mission of the Redeemer. The author mentions the conduct of a lady of that nation, who carried her belief upon this point so far, as very nearly to resemble a Christian.

"Amongst the number of days strictly observed by this pious lady during her troubles, was the nativity of Jesus Christ, for whose sake she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave alms to the necessitous. I was the more delighted, when first hearing of this circumstance, because I had judged of the Mussulman faith by common report, and fancied they rejected, with the Jews, our Redeemer having come. They, on the contrary, believe, according to their prophet's words, 'that he was born of the Virgin Mary; that he worked miracles; that he ascended after his earthly commission had ceased, to the seventh heaven; that he will again visit the earth (when their Emaum Mhidhie will also appear) to cleanse the world of its corrupt wickedness, when all men shall live in peace, and but one faith shall prevail in the worship of the true God.'

"The Mussulman work, Hyaatool Kaloob, (which I have so often referred to), contains, with the lives of all the prophets, the life of Jesus Christ, his acts, and the ungel (gospel). The gospel they have is in many things different from ours; it is not formed into books by the apostles, neither are the miracles united with the gospel, but are detailed as the acts of

Christ Jesus. What they understand by the angel is, 'the word of God by the mouth of Jesus'; for instance, the sermon on the mount, or, in other words, the precepts of Jesus. I am indebted to the meer for this information.

"The Mussulmauns say, 'All power belongs to God. Who would dare dispute the miracle of Christ's birth? Is there any thing difficult with God? God first formed Adam from the dust; and by his word all things were created. Is there any thing too great for his power? Let no man, then, dispute the birth of Christ by a pure virgin?' They believe that Jesus Christ was the prophet of God, but they believe not that he is God; and they deem all who thus declare Christ to be God, as unfaithful both to God and to Christ."—Vol. i. pp. 162, 163.

It has often been charged against the Mahometans, that they exclude women from their Paradise. This, however, is by no means the truth; and it would seem, from this account, that the Mussulman ladies, like those, indeed, of every other religion, are peculiarly attentive to the duties which they believe to be acceptable to God.

"I have but little to add as regards the manner of worship amongst my Mussulmaun acquaintance; but here I cannot omit remarking, that the women are devout in their prayers, and strict in their observance of ordinances. That they are not more generally educated is much to be regretted; this, however, is their misfortune, not their fault. The Mussulmaun faith does not exclude the females from a participation in the eternal world, as has often been asserted by people who could not have known them, and the good Mussulmaun proves it by his instruction, of the females under his control in the doctrines of Mahumud, and who he believes to be as much dependent on him for guidance on the road to heaven, as for personal protection from want or worldly dangers.

"The pure life of Fatima, Mahumud's only daughter, is greatly esteemed as an example of female excellence, whom they strive to imitate as much as possible, as well in religious as in moral or domestic duties. They are zealous to fulfil all the ordinances of their particular faith, and I have had the best possible opportunity of studying their character, devotion to God being the foundation on which every principal action of their lives seems to rest."—Vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Among the various festivals which they celebrate, there seems to be none so joyous as that of the first day of the new year, which is kept very much after the manner that prevails at this day in France.

"'Nou-Roze' (New Year's Day) is a festival or eade of no mean importance in the estimation of Mussulmaun society.

"The exact period of commencing the Mussulmaun new year, is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers, who are in the service of most great men in native cities; I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacks as in England; and,

according to the hour of the day or night, when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight, the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of the night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king, on his throne, sits in state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers, and dependents. 'Mabaarukh Nou-Roze!' (May the New Year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c.

"The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard, some of these are stained in colours, resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices; many are ornamented with gilding; every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for 'Nou-Roze.' All kinds of dried fruits and nuts, confectionary, and cakes, are numbered amongst the necessary articles for this day's offering: they are set out in small earthen plates, lacquered over to resemble silver, on which is placed coloured paper, cut out in curious devices (an excellent substitute for vine leaves), laid on the plate to receive the several articles forming 'Nou-Roze' presents.

"Amongst the young people, these trays are looked forward to with child-like anxiety. The ladies rival each other in their display of novelty and good taste, both in the eatables, and in the manner of setting them off with effect.

"The religious community have prayers read in their family, and by them it is considered both a necessary duty, and a propitious commencement to bring in the new year by 'prayer and praises.'

"When it is known that the Nou-rose will occur by day-light, the ladies have a custom of watching for the moment the year shall commence by a fresh rose, which, being plucked from the stalk, is thrown into a basin of water, the eye downwards. They say this rose turns over of itself towards the sun, at the very moment of that luminary passing into the sign Aries. I have often found them thus engaged; but I never could say I witnessed the actual accomplishment of their prediction.

"The Nou-Roze teems with friendly tokens between the two families of a bride and bridegroom elect, whose interchange of presents are also strictly observed. The children receive gifts from their elders; their nurses reap a harvest from the day; the tutor writes an ode in praise of his pupil, and receives gifts from the child's parents; the servants and slaves are regaled with dainties, and with presents, from the superiors of the establishment; the

poor are remembered with clothes, money, and food; the ladies make and receive visits; and the domenie attend to play and sing in the zeenahnah. In short, the whole day is passed in cheerful amusements suited to the retirement of a zeenahnah, and the habits of the people."—vol. i. pp. 253—257.

The Mussulmans do not excel in musical performances. Their instruments are a three-stringed guitar, a rudely-shaped violin, and a drum, which is beaten, like a tambourine, with the fingers. They are also very indifferent dancers; indeed, they act upon the old impression, that there is a certain degree of indecency in the act of dancing, and are astonished that the English residents should ever think of joining in a quadrille, or a waltz, since it would be much easier for them to hire public dancers for their amusement. It is very well known, that there is a class of these, whose exhibitions are not distinguished either by gracefulness or decorum. There is, however, another class of minstrels, in India, who are well received in private families, which they amuse, by singing their Hindostanee airs, and dancing in a quiet and elegant style. To the Mussulman ladies, who are so constantly confined to their zenanas, these minstrels, or domenies, as they are called, are peculiarly welcome, as their arrival generally makes a holiday. These apartments, the zenanas, having been seldom described by persons who have written upon Mussulman habits, we shall be easily excused for transcribing our author's account of them.

"Imagine to yourself a tolerably-sized quadrangle, three sides of which is occupied by habitable buildings, and the fourth by kitchens, offices, lumber rooms, &c., leaving in the centre an open court-yard. The habitable buildings are raised a few steps from the court; a line of pillars forms the front of the building, which has no upper rooms; the roof is flat, and the sides and back without windows, or any aperture through which air can be received. The sides and back are merely high walls forming an inclosure, and the only air is admitted from the fronts of the dwelling-place facing the court-yard. The apartments are divided into long halls, the extreme corners having small rooms or dark closets purposely built for the repository of valuables or stores; doors are fixed to these closets, which are the only places I have seen with them in a zeenahnah or mahul (house or palace occupied by females); the floor is either of beaten earth, bricks, or stones; boarded floors are not yet introduced.

"As they have neither doors nor windows to the halls, warmth or privacy is secured by thick-wadded curtains, made to fit each opening between the pillars. Some zeenahnahs have two rows of pillars in the halls, with wadded curtains to each, thus forming two distinct halls, as occasion may serve, or greater warmth be required; this is a convenient arrangement where the establishment of servants, slaves, &c. is extensive.

"The wadded curtains are called *pardahs*; these are sometimes made of woollen cloth, but more generally of coarse calico, of two colours, in patchwork style, striped, vandyked, or in some other ingeniously contrived and ornamented way, according to their individual taste.

"Besides the *pardahs*, the openings between the pillars have blinds neatly made of bamboo strips, wove together with coloured cords; these are called *jhillmuns* or checks. Many of them are painted green; others are more gaudy both in colour and variety of patterns.—These blinds constitute a real comfort to every one in India, as they admit air when let down, and at the same time shut out flies and other annoying insects; besides which the extreme glare is shaded by them,—a desirable object to foreigners in particular.

"The floors of the halls are first matted with the coarse date-leaf matting of the country, over which is spread shutteringhies (thick cotton carpets, peculiarly the manufacture of the upper provinces of India, wove in stripes of blue and white, or shades of blue); a white calico carpet covers the shutteringhie, on which the females take their seat.

"The bedsteads of the family are placed, during the day, in lines at the back of the halls, to be moved at pleasure to any chosen spot for the night's repose; often into the open court-yard, for the benefit of the pure air. They are all formed on one principle, differing only in size and quality; they stand about half a yard from the floor, the legs round and broad at bottom, narrowing as they rise towards the frame, which is laced over with a thick cotton tape, made for the purpose, and platted in chequers, and thus rendered soft, or rather elastic, and very pleasant to recline upon. The legs of these bedsteads are, in some instances, gold, silver gilt, or pure silver; others have enamel paintings on fine wood; the inferior grades have them merely of wood painted plain and varnished; the servants' bedsteads are of common mango-wood without ornament, the lacing of these for the sacking being of elastic string, manufactured from the fibre of the coconut.

"Such are the bedsteads of every class of people. They seldom have mattresses; a *soojinee* (white quilt) is spread on the lacing, over which a calico sheet, tied at each corner of the bedstead with cords and tassels; several thin flat pillows of beaten cotton for the head,—a muslin sheet for warm weather, and a well-wadded *ruzzie* (coverlid) for winter, is all these children of nature deem essential to their comfort in the way of sleeping. They have no idea of night-dresses; the same suit that adorns a lady, is retained both night and day until a change be needed. The single article exchanged at night is the *deputtah*, and that only when it happens to be of silver tissue or embroidery, for which a muslin or calico sheet is substituted.

"The very highest circles have the same habits in common with the meanest, but those who can afford shawls of cashmere prefer them for sleeping in, when the cold weather renders them bearable. Blankets are never used except by the poorest peasantry, who wear them

in lieu of better garments night and day in the winter season; they are always black, the natural colour of the wool. The ruzzies of the higher orders are generally made of silk of the brightest hues, well wadded, and lined with dyed muslin of assimilating colour; they are usually bound with broad silver ribands, and sometimes bordered with gold brocaded trimmings. The middling classes have fine chintz ruzzies, and the servants and slaves coarse ones of the same material; but all are on the same plan, whether for a queen or the meanest of her slaves, differing only in the quality of the material.

"The mistress of the house is easily distinguished by her seat of honour in the hall of a *zeenahnah*; a musnud not being allowed to any other person but the lady of the mansion.

"The musnud carpet is spread on the floor, if possible, near to a pillar, about the centre of the hall, and is made of many varieties of fabric,—gold cloth, quilted silk, brocaded silk, velvet, fine chintz, or whatever may suit the lady's taste, circumstances, or convenience. It is about two yards square, and generally bordered or fringed, on which is placed the all-important musnud. This article may be understood by those who have seen a lacemaker's pillow in England, excepting only that the musnud is about twenty times the size of that useful little article in the hands of our industrious villagers. The musnud is covered with gold cloth, silk, velvet, or calico, with square pillows to correspond, for the elbows, knees, &c. This is the seat of honour, to be invited to share which, with the lady-owner, is a mark of favour to an equal or inferior: when a superior pays a visit of honour, the prized seat is usually surrendered to her, and the lady of the house takes her place most humbly on the very edge of her own carpet.

"Looking-glasses or ornamental furniture are very rarely to be seen in the *zeenahnahs*, even of the very richest females. Chairs and sofas are produced when English visitors are expected; but the ladies of Hindoostan prefer the usual mode of sitting and lounging on the carpet; and as for tables, I suppose not one gentlewoman of the whole country has ever been seated at one; and very few, perhaps, have any idea of their useful purposes, all their meals being served on the floor, where dust-hakhaws (table-cloths we should call them) are spread, but neither knives, forks, spoons, glasses, or napkins, so essential to the comfortable enjoyment of a meal amongst Europeans. But those who never knew such comforts have no desire for the indulgence, nor taste to appreciate them.

"On the several occasions, amongst native society, of assembling in large parties, as at births and marriages, the halls, although extensive, would be inadequate to accommodate the whole party. They then have awnings of white calico, neatly founced with muslin, supported on poles fixed in the court yard, and connecting the open space with the great hall, by wooden platforms which are brought to a line with the building, and covered with shuttering and white carpets, to correspond with the floor-furniture of the hall; and here the ladies sit by day and sleep by night very com-

fortably, without feeling any great inconvenience from the absence of their bedsteads, which could never be arranged for the accommodation of so large an assemblage—nor is it ever expected.

"The usually barren look of these almost unfurnished halls, is, on such occasions, quite changed, when the ladies are assembled in their various dresses; the brilliant display of jewels, the glittering drapery of their dress, the various expressions of countenance, and different figures, the multitude of female attendants and slaves, the children of all ages and sizes in their variously ornamented dresses, are subjects to attract both the eye and the mind of an observing visitor; and the hall, which, when empty, appeared desolate and comfortless, thus filled, leaves nothing wanting to render the scene attractive."—vol. i. pp. 304—312.

The amusements enjoyed by the ladies in these their own apartments, would appear to a stranger rather nursery-like, and frivolous. But they are innocent, and are the proof of the virtuous simplicity in which the Mussulman wives spend their days. We should think them miserable, because they are so much confined; but usage renders that agreeable to them, which we should imagine to be irksome. Though their intellectual resources are limited, on account of the inferiority of their education; yet they are remarkable for plain good sense, and for a constant attention to the fulfilment of their duties. They seem always happy in the seclusion to which they have been accustomed from infancy. They are strictly precluded from mixing in indiscriminate society with men, who are strangers to them, but there is no limit to intercourse with their own sex. Some of the ladies of rank have as many as ten companions on their establishments, besides slaves, and other domestics; "and there are some of the royal family at Lucknow, who entertain in their service two or three hundred female dependents, of all classes. A well filled *zeenahnah* is a mark of gentility; and even the poorest lady in the country will retain a number of slaves and domestics, if she cannot afford companions; besides which, they are miserable without society, the habit of associating with numbers having grown up with infancy to maturity: 'to be alone,' is considered, with women thus situated, a real calamity."

The ladies console themselves also with the pleasures of smoking, and have their hookahs as commonly as the men. The first wife whom a Mussulman marries is always considered as the head of his establishment, and it is now a well settled rule amongst them, that no man shall marry more females than he can conveniently maintain. The son of the first wife is the heir of his father: his children by his other wives are all equal in his estimation. The author mentions many instances that came within her knowledge, in which *Syaads* especially were contented with only one wife. The majority, however, take full advantage

of their privilege, without thereby losing any portion of the affection of their first wives. The description of an attached consort, as given by the author, is exceedingly engaging. She never gives her husband reason to suppose that she has any cause for regret. She receives him with unaffected pleasure, even though she knows that he has just added another to his already well-peopled harem. She, without jealousy, hears him speak of his other wives,—for she knows that others he has, and she has learned from her education, that they deserve respect from her in proportion as they contribute to her husband's happiness. The children of her husband are admitted at all times and seasons, without restraint or prejudice; she loves them next to her own, because they are her husband's. She receives the mothers of such children without a shade of jealousy in her manner, and delights in distinguishing them by favours and presents, according to their several merits.

It seems that girls are considered to have passed their prime, when they reach their eighteenth year; it is as bad as the thirtieth amongst us. The settlement of daughters being, in every family, a matter of great importance, and frequently of difficulty, there is a class of persons, who dedicate themselves, as to a profession, to the business of negotiating marriages. The author's description of these persons, usually females, is curious and entertaining. They are particularly expert in the art of talking, and spend their time in going about from house to house; and as they have always something entertaining to say, they generally gain easy admittance; they make themselves acquainted with the domestic affairs of one family, in order to convey them to another, and so continue in their line of gossiping, until the economy of every person's house is familiar to all. The female gossip in her researches in zenanas, finds out all the expectations a mother entertains for her marriageable sons or daughters, and details whatever she learns in such or such a zenana, as likely to meet the views of her present hostess. Every one knows the object of these visits; and if they have any secret, that the world may not participate in, there is due caution observed, that it may not transpire before this Mrs. Gad-about.

The fair author next proceeds to give a very full and interesting account of the mode in which infants are treated, and of the ceremonies by which the birth of a child is followed. There is not half the bustle made about a female child, as there is about a male; but the good mother, she sensibly adds, will never be dissatisfied with the nature of the gift, who can appreciate the source whence she receives the blessing! The male population are great pigeon fanciers. They think it plebeian to walk; and their chief out-of-door exercise is a ride on horseback, or on an elephant. They practice the sword exercises on

the hide of a living buffalo, or a fish just taken out of the river, which is covered with scales so strong, as to turn the edge of a good sabre. They, however, prefer the lance, in the use of which they evince great agility. The bow and arrow have almost been laid aside, except for the purpose of driving away the crows, which, in India, are the most audacious and troublesome of the feathered race. Horse racing has lately been introduced amongst them, but it has not as yet become popular; when they hunt, it is always on elephants. Some of their sports are barbarously cruel. Tigers, elephants, buffaloes, and alligators, are frequently made to fight against each other, for the amusement of the spectators. A still more horrid spectacle is that of a battle between intoxicated elephants, which often takes place. Amongst the higher classes, tigers and leopards, trained for the purpose, are used like our hounds, in field sports, or in the jungles. They are under the care of keepers, and are generally introduced after breakfast, when native noblemen have visitors.

The streets of a native city are usually narrow, and unpaved; the shops are small, with the whole front open to the street, and here may be seen all the artisans at work, at their different trades; the cook cooking, the baker baking, the butcher chopping his meat, the goldsmith hammering, filing, or engaged over his crucible, the muslin weaver over his loom, the hookha manufacturer finishing his pipes, the confectioner preparing his dainties, the toyman putting together his various temptations for the juvenile part of the community, and all exposed to the eye of every body who passes by, rendering it impossible to apply to their occupation our well known term of *mysteries*. Some of the "cries" in these streets will be novel to most of our readers. "Seepie wallah dealie sukha!" (moist or dry cuppers). The cupping is performed by men and women. It is called dry cupping when no blood is taken, this is a remedy for rheumatic pains. "Jonks," or "Keerah luggarny wallie," (the woman with leeches). "Kan sarf kerna wallah," (ear cleaner). The wax removed from the ear is in great request, as it is a principal ingredient in the medicament that is used for intoxicating elephants. "Goatah chandnie bickhou," (old silver trimmings to sell). "Tale kee archah wallah," (oil pickles). "Mittie wallah," (man with sweetmeats). "Kallonie wallah," (man with toys). "Punkah wallah," (vender of fans). "Turkaree-Maynour," (vegetables and fruits). "Mushullee," (fish). "Chirryah wallah," (bird man). "Artush-baajie," (fire works). "Chub-baynee," (parched corn). "Tumanshbeen," (wonder-workers). These are rope-dancers, fire-eaters, and sleight-of-hand men, who are famous for their skill, all over the world. "Samp-wallah," (snake-catchers), who are mere impostors. "Dhie cuttie," (sour curds),

made of sweet milk, by some secret process peculiar to India: it is delicious, as an accompaniment to the usual viands. "Mullie," (clotted cream). "Mukhun," (butter). "Burruff wallah," (the man with ice), who is laden with iced creams and sherbet ices, in every variety. "Roshunie," (ink), prepared from lamp-black and gum-arabic, and by no means durable. "Sulmah," (the black dye for the lips and teeth). Indeed, there is scarcely any article sold at the bazaars, which is not also hawked about the streets.

In the present state of the cholera among ourselves, the author's account of the Indian malady cannot fail to be highly interesting.

"The natives of India designate cholera by the word 'Hyza,' which with them signifies 'the plague.' By this term, however, they do not mean that direful disorder so well known to us by the same appellation; as, if I except the Mussulmaun pilgrims, who have seen, felt, and described its ravages on their journey to Mecca, that complaint seems to be unknown to the present race of native inhabitants of Hindoostan. The word 'hyza,' or 'plague,' would be applied by them to all complaints of an epidemic or contagious nature, by which the population were suddenly attacked, and death ensued. When the cholera first appeared in India, (which I believe was in 1817), it was considered by the natives a new complaint.

"In all cases of irritation of the stomach, disordered bowels, or severe feverish symptoms, the Mussulmaun doctors strongly urge the adoption of 'starving out the complaint.' This has become a law of nature with all the sensible part of the community; and when the cholera first made its appearance in the upper provinces of Hindoostan, those natives who observed their prescribed temperance were, when attacked, most generally preserved from the fatal consequences of the disorder.

"On the very first symptom of cholera occurring in a member of a Mussulmaun family, a small portion of zahur morah (derived from zahur, poison; morah, to kill or destroy; and thence understood as an antidote to poison, some specimens of which I have brought with me to England), moistened with rose-water, is promptly administered, and, if necessary, repeated at short intervals; due care being taken to prevent the patient from receiving any thing into the stomach, excepting rose-water, the older the more efficacious in its property to remove the malady. Wherever zahur morah was not available, secungebeen (syrup of vinegar) was administered with much the same effect. The person once attacked, although the symptoms should have subsided by this application, is rigidly deprived of nourishment for two or three days, and even longer if deemed expedient; occasionally allowing only a small quantity of rose-water, which they say effectually removes from the stomach and bowels those corrupt adhesions which, in their opinion, is the primary cause of the complaint.

"The cholera, I observed, seldom attacked abstemious people; when, however, this was the case it generally followed a full meal; whether of rice or bread made but little differ-

ence, much, I believe, depending on the general habit of the subject; as among the peasantry and their superiors, the complaint raged with equal malignity; wherever a second meal was resorted to, whilst the person had reason to believe the former one had not been well digested. An instance of this occurred under my own immediate observation, in a woman, the wife of an old and favourite servant. She had imprudently eaten a second dinner, before her stomach, by her own account, had digested the preceding meal. She was not a strong woman, but in tolerable good health; and but a few hours previous to the attack I saw her in excellent spirits, without the most remote appearance of indisposition. The usual applications failed of success, and she died in a few hours. This poor woman never could be persuaded to abstain from food at the stated period of meals; and the natives were disposed to conclude that this had been the actual cause of her sufferings and dissolution.

"In 1821, the cholera raged with even greater violence than on its first appearance in Hindoostan; by that time many remedies had been suggested, through the medium of the press, by the philanthropy and skill of European medical practitioners, the chief of whom recommended calomel in large doses, from 20 to 30 grains, and opium proportioned to the age and strength of the patient. I never found the natives, however, willing to accept this as a remedy, but I have heard that amongst Europeans it was practised with success. From a paragraph which I read in the Bengal papers, I prepared a mixture that I have reason to think, through the goodness of Divine Providence, was beneficial to many poor people who applied for it in the early stages of the complaint, and who followed the rule laid down of complete abstinence, until they were out of danger from a relapse, and even then, for a long time, to be cautious in the quantity and digestible quality of their daily meal. The mixture was as follows:—

"Brandy, one pint; oil, or spirit of peppermint, the former, half an ounce; if the latter, one ounce; ground black pepper, two ounces; yellow rind of oranges grated, without any of the white, one ounce: these were kept closely stopped, and occasionally shook, a table-spoon full administered at each dose, the patient well covered up from the air, and warmth created by blankets, or any other means within their power, repeating the dose, as the case required.

"Of the many individuals who were attacked by this severe malady in our house, very few died, and those, it was believed, were victims to an imprudent determination to partake of food before they were convalescent, individuals who never could be prevailed on to practise abstemious habits, which we had good reason for believing was the best preventative against the complaint during those sickly seasons. The general opinion entertained, both by natives and Europeans, at those awful periods, was, that the cholera was conveyed in the air; very few imagined that it was infectious, as it frequently attacked the members of a family, and the rest escaped, although in close attendance—even such as failed not to

pay the last duties to the deceased, according to Mussulmaun custom, which exposed them more immediately to danger, if infection existed; yet no fears were ever entertained, nor did I ever hear an opinion expressed amongst them that it had been, or could be, conveyed from one person to another.

"Native children generally escaped the attack, and I never heard of an infant being in the slightest degree visited by this malady. It is, however, expedient to use such precautionary measures as sound sense and reason may suggest, since wherever the cholera has appeared, it has proved a national calamity, and not a partial scourge to a few individuals; all are alike in danger of its consequences, whether the disorder be considered infectious or not, and therefore the precautions I have urged in India, amongst the native communities, I recommend with all humility here, that cleanliness and abstemious diet be observed among all classes of people.

"In accordance with the prescribed antidote to infection from scarlet fever in England, I gave camphor, (to be worn about the person) to the poor in my vicinity, and to all the natives over whom I had either influence or control; I caused the rooms to be frequently fumigated with vinegar or tobacco, and labau (frankincense) burnt occasionally. I would not, however, be so presumptuous as to insinuate even that these were preventatives to cholera, yet in such cases of universal terror as the one in question, there can be no impropriety in recommending measures which cannot injure, and may benefit, if only by giving a purer atmosphere to the room, inhabited by individuals either in sickness or in health. But, above all things, aware that human aid or skill can never effect a remedy unaided by the mercy and power of Divine Providence, let our trust be properly placed in His goodness, 'who giveth medicine to heal our sickness,' and humbly entreat that He may be pleased to avert the awful calamity from our shores, which threatens and disturbs Europe generally at this moment.

"Were we to consult Nature, rather than inordinate gratifications, we should find in following her dictates the best security to health at all times, but more particularly in seasons of prevailing sickness. Upon the first indications of cholera, I have observed the stomach becomes irritable, the bowels are attacked by gripping pains, and unnatural evacuations; then follow sensations of faintness, weakness, excessive thirst, the pulse becomes languid, the surface of the body cold and clammy, whilst the patient feels inward burning heat, with spasms in the legs and arms.

"In the practice of native doctors, I have noticed that they administer saffron to alleviate violent sickness with the best possible effect. A case came under my immediate observation, of a young female who had suffered from a severe illness similar in every way to the cholera; it was not, however, suspected to be that complaint, because it was not then prevailing at Lucknow; after some days, the symptoms subsided, excepting the irritation of her stomach, which, by her father's account, obstinately rejected every thing offered for eleven

days. When I saw her, she was apparently sinking under exhaustion; I immediately tendered the remedy recommended by my husband, viz. twelve grains of saffron, moistened with a little rose-water, and found with real joy that it proved efficacious; half the quantity in doses were twice repeated that night, and in the morning the patient was enabled to take a little gruel, and, in a reasonable time, entirely recovered her usual health and strength.

"I have heard of people being frightened into an attack of cholera by apprehending the evil; this, however, can only occur with very weak minds, and such as have neglected in prosperity to prepare their hearts for adversity. When I first reached India, the fear of snakes, which I expected to find in every path, embittered my existence. This weakness was effectually corrected by the wise admonitions of Meer Hadjee Shaah. 'If you trust in God, he will preserve you from every evil; be assured the snake has no power to wound without permission!'"—vol. ii. pp. 115—124.

India abounds in delicious fruits, and excellent vegetables. The pomegranate tree may be ranked among its choicest horticultural beauties. The cocoa-nut has long yielded the natives an oil for lamps, although a patent for such a manufacture has been only recently taken out in this country. The tamarind and jahmun trees are much esteemed for their fruits, but the pride of the forest is the mango, magnificent in its growth, and splendid in its foliage. The sherrefah, or custard apple, is also a very graceful tree: it is a very remarkable fact, that flies are never known to settle on this tree, or on its fruit. Cherries, gooseberries, and currants, are not seen in India. There are two species of jungle grass, called sirrakee and sainturh, which are particularly beautiful, as well as useful.

"This grass presents so many proofs of the beneficent care of Divine Providence to the creatures of His hand, that the heart must be ungratefully cold which neglects praise and thanksgiving to the Creator, whose power and mercy bestows so great a benefit. The same might be justly urged against our insensibility, if the meanest herb or weed could speak to our hearts, each possessing, as it surely does, in its nature, a beneficial property peculiar to itself. But here the blessing is brought home to every considerate mind, since a substitute for this article does not appear to exist in India.

"I have seen the sainturh stalks, on which the bloom gracefully moves as feathers, sixteen feet high. The sirrakee has a more delicate blossom, finer stalk, and seldom, I believe, exceeds ten feet; the stalk resembles a reed full of pith, without a single joint from the shoot upwards; the colour is that of clean wheat straw, but even more glossy. The blossom is of a silky nature, possessing every variety of shade, from pure white to the rainbow's tints, as viewed in the distance at sun-rise; and when plucked, the separated blossoms have many varieties of hue, from brown and yellow to purple.

"The head or blossom is too light to weigh down the firm but flexible stalk; but as the wind presses against each patch of grass, it is moved in a mass, and returns to its erect position with a dignity and grace not to be described.

"I have watched for the approaching season of the blooming sirrakee with an anxiety almost childish; my attention never tired with observing the progressive advances from the first show of blossom, to the period of its arriving at full perfection; at which time, the rude sickle of the industrious labourer levels the majestic grass to the earth for domestic purposes. The benefits it then produces would take me long to describe.

"The sirrakee and sainturh are stripped from the outward sheltering blades, and wove together at the ends; in this way they are used for bordering tatties, or thatched roofs; sometimes they are formed into screens for doors; others line their mud huts with them. They are found useful in constructing accommodations after the manner of bulk-heads, on boats, for the river voyagers, and make a good covering for loaded wagons. For most of these purposes the article is well suited, as it resists moisture, and swells as the wet falls on it, so that the heaviest rain may descend on a frame of sirrakee without one drop penetrating, if it be properly placed in a slanting position.

"I cannot afford space to enumerate here the variety of purposes to which this production of Nature is both adapted for and appropriated to; every part of the grass being carefully stored by the thrifty husbandman, even to the tops of the reed, which, when the blossom is rubbed off, is rendered serviceable, and proves an excellent substitute for that useful invention, a birch-broom. The coarse parent grass, which shelters the sirrakee, is the only article yet found to answer the purposes for thatching the bungalows of the rich, the huts of the poor, the sheds for cattle, and roofs for boats. The religious devotee sets up a chupha-hut, without expense, (all the house he requires,) on any waste spot of land most convenient to himself, away from the busy haunts of the tumultuous world, since bamboo and grass are the common property of all who take the trouble of gathering it from the wilderness. And here neither rent nor taxes are levied on the inhabitant, who thus appropriates to himself a home from the bounteous provision prepared by Divine goodness for the children of Nature.

"This grass is spontaneous in its growth, neither receiving nor requiring aid from human cultivation. It is found in every waste throughout Hindoostan, and is the prominent feature of the jungle, into which the wild animals usually resort for shelter from the heat of the day, or make their covert when pursued by man, their natural enemy."—vol. ii. pp. 209—212.

The author has collected, for the amusement of her readers, several of the stories which are told in the zenanas. One of these must serve as a specimen to the whole.

"Sheikh Suddoo was a very learned man, but a great hypocrite, who passed days and nights in the mosque, and was fed by the

charitable, his neighbours, from such viands as they provided daily for the poor traveller, and those men who forsake the world. The Sheikh sometimes wandered into a forest seldom penetrated by the foot of man, where, on a certain day, he discovered a copper cup, curiously engraved with characters which he tried in vain with all his learning to decipher. The Sheikh returned with his cup to the mosque, regretting that the characters were unknown to him; but as he had long desired to have a good-sized lamp, he fancied from the peculiar shape of his prize, that it would answer the very purpose, and the same night he exultingly prepared his charaagh (a light) in the engraved vessel.

"The moment he had ignited one wick, he was surprised by the appearance of a figure, resembling a human being, standing before him. 'Who art thou,' he demanded, 'intruding at this hour on the privacy of a hermit?' 'I come,' replied the figure, 'on the summons from your lamp. That vessel and whoever possesses it, has four attendants, one of whom you see before you, your slave. We are Genii, and can only be summoned by the lighting up of the vessel now before you; the number of your slaves will be in due attendance, always guided by as many wicks as it may be your pleasure to light up for our summons. Demand our attendance at any hour you please, we are bound to obey.'

"The Sheikh inquired if he or his companions possessed any power. 'Power,' replied the Genii, 'belongs to God, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible; but by His permission we are enabled to perform, to a certain extent, any reasonable service our master requires.'

"The Sheikh soon put their abilities to the test, and satisfied himself that these agents would aid and assist him in raising his character with the world (for he coveted their praise). 'They would,' he thought, 'assuredly believe he was a pious Durweish, when he could convince them by a ready compliance with their requests, which must seem to follow his prayers, and which he should be able to further now by the aid of the Genii.'

"The pretended holy man employed his attendant Genii fully; many of his demands on their services were difficult, and too often revolting to them; yet whilst he retained the lamp in his possession they were bound to obey his commands. He once heard of a king's daughter who was young and beautiful; he therewith summoned the Genii, and required that they should convey the princess to him. They reluctantly obeyed his command, and the princess was the Sheikh's unwilling companion in the mosque. On another occasion, he desired the Genii to bring, without delay, to the ground in front of his present abiding place, a very curious mosque, situated many leagues distant, the stones of which were so nicely cemented together, that no trace of the joining could be discovered. The Genii received this command with regret, but they were obliged to obey, and departed from the Sheikh's presence to execute his unworthy orders.

"It happened that the mosque which the Sheikh coveted was the retreat of a righteous

man, who had separated from the world to serve his God, venerable in years and devout in his duties. The Genii commenced their labour of removing the mosque; the good man, who was at his devotions within, fancied an earthquake was shaking the building to its foundation, but as he trusted in God for preservation, he breathed a fervent prayer as he remained prostrate before Him.

"The shaking of the mosque continued, and he was inspired by a sudden thought that induced him to believe some supernatural agency was employed against the holy house; he therefore called out, 'Who and what are ye, who thus sacrilegiously disturb the house of God?' The Genii appeared, and made known to what order of beings they belonged, whose servants they were, and the purpose of their mission.

"'Begone this instant,' replied the pious man with a tone of authority that deprived them of strength: 'a moment's delay, and I will pray that you be consumed by fire! Know ye not that this is a mosque, holy, and erected wherein to do service to the great and only God? Would Sheikh Suddoo add to his enormities by forcing the house of God from its foundation? Away, ye servants of the wicked Sheikh, or meet the fire that awaits you by a moment's further delay!'

"The Genii fled in haste to their profane employer, whose rage was unbounded at their disobedience, as he termed their return without the mosque; he raved, stormed, and reviled his slaves in bitter sarcasms, when they, heartily tired of the Sheikh's servitude, caught up the copper vessel, and, in his struggle to resist the Genii, he was thrown with violence on the ground, when his wicked soul was suddenly separated from his most impure body.'"—vol. ii. pp. 324—329.

The superstitions practised among the Mussulmans are numerous, and exercise a powerful sway over the minds even of the most learned and religious. They universally believe in witchcraft, and evil agency, magic, and the power of Genii. Illness, if the cause of it cannot be immediately explained, is imputed to the malignity of an evil spirit, which is only to be resisted by wearing a written prayer, called a talisman.

Before we take leave of these amusing volumes, we shall permit the amiable author to vindicate the course she has taken in the composition of them.

"In my attempt to delineate the Mussulmans, I have been careful to speak as I have found them, not allowing prejudice to bias my judgment, either on the side of their faults or virtues. But I deem it incumbent to state, that my chief intimacy has been confined to the most worthy of their community, and that the character of a true Mussulmaun has been my aim in description. There are people professing the faith without the principle, it is true; but such persons are not confined to the Mussulmaun persuasion; they are among every class of worshippers, whether Jew or Gentile, throughout the world.

"Of my long sojourn in the society of the Mus-

sulmauns of Hindoostan, I need but remark, that I was received amongst them without prejudice, and allowed the free usage of my European habits and religious principles without a single attempt to bias or control me; that by respecting their trifling prejudices as regards eating and drinking, their esteem and confidence were secured to me; and that by evincing Christian charity (which deters the possessor from proud seeming), I believe, I may add, their affection for me was as sincere, as I trust it will be lasting.

"It may be regretted, with all my influence, that I have not been the humble instrument of conversion. None can lament, more than myself, that I was not deemed worthy to convince them of the necessity, or of the efficacy of that great atonement, on which my own hopes are founded. Yet may I not, without presumption, hope my sojourn, with reference to a future period, may be the humble means of good to a people with whom I had lived so many years in peace? I must for many reasons be supposed to entertain a lively interest in their welfare, and an earnest desire for their safety, although at the present moment I can distinguish but one advantage accruing from our intimacy, namely, that they no longer view professors of Christianity as idolaters. They have learned with surprise that the Christian religion forbids idolatry,—thus the strong barrier being sapped, I trust it may be thrown down by abler servants of our Lord; for the Mussulmans are already bound by their religion to love and reverence Christ as the Prophet of God: may the influence of his holy spirit enlighten their understandings to accept Him as their Redeemer!

"Like the true Christian, they are looking forward to that period when Jesus Christ shall revisit the earth, and when all men shall be of one faith. How that shall be accomplished, they do not pretend to understand, but still they faithfully believe it, because it has been declared by an authority they reverence and deem conclusive. Often during my acquaintance with these people, have I felt obliged to applaud their fidelity, although in some points I could not approve of the subject on which it was displayed—their zeal at Mahurram, for instance, when they commemorate the martyrdom of the grandchildren of their Prophet. I have thought, 'had they been favoured with the knowledge we possess, what zealous Christians would these people be, who thus honour the memory of mere holy men.'

"The time, I trust, is not far distant, when not one nation in the whole world shall be ignorant of the Saviour's efficacy, and His willingness to receive all who cast their burden at the foot of His cross. My heart's desire for the people I have dwelt amongst is that which St. Paul, in the epistle to the Romans, declares to be his prayer to God for Israel, 'that they might be saved!' and I know not any way in which I could better testify my regard for the Mussulmans collectively, or my gratitude individually, than by recommending the whole of the tenth chapter of the Romans to the serious consideration of those persons who possess such influence, as that the gospel of peace may be preached to them effectually by well-chosen and tried servants of our Lord, who

are duly prepared both in heart and speech to make known the glad tidings to their understandings, that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' that 'If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;' and that 'He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.'

"Should the view I have conscientiously given of their character be the humble means of removing prejudice from the Mussulmauns of Hindoostan, so that they may be sought and won by brotherly kindness, my humble heart will rejoice that my labours, as an observer and detailer, have been successful through the merciful orderings of Divine Providence."—vol. ii. pp. 423—427.

Some readers may possibly object to the number of trifling anecdotes and fables which the author has introduced into her work.—Such an objection would have no weight with us, as we consider that the various features of national character are often more distinctly portrayed in such tales, than in the most elaborate essays. It is possible, also, that a complaint will be made by hasty critics, against the minute details into which she enters upon the treatment of infants in India, and with respect to many of the domestic arrangements of the natives. These very details constitute, in our opinion, the real value of the work, and we know of no other publication in which they can be found. With the tact of a woman, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali appears to us to have seized upon those points in Mussulmaun life which are most widely different from our own habits, and to have described them with admirable perspicuity. The traits of excellent sense, of feminine feeling, of conjugal affection, and religious piety, (without a shade of cant) that pervade her pages, are not the least among their varied merits. In conclusion, we deem it but justice to say, that we have never read any work upon India with so much pleasure as this which now lies before us; it has given us ideas of the Mussulmans which are, we believe, accurately characteristic, and will have the good effect, we hope, of diffusing among Englishmen a higher degree of respect, and a warmer regard for our Mahometan fellow-subjects, than we have been hitherto accustomed to entertain towards that much calumniated people.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MONT BLANC.

"The monarch of mountains."

'I've stood beneath thy pinnacles, I've gazed upon thy brow,
But thou art far more glorious beholding thee as now;
As now, within this little vale, on which thou lov'st to brood,
Where I have stood for hours and gazed, as growing where I stood.

What art thou now?—a mountain king, on mountains looking down;
Enthroned amidst the solitude, an avalanche thy crown.

Here pedestal'd on earth, like one who spurned the ground he trod,
Lifting thy majesty of pride, high, heaven-ward, like a god!

In vain the dun-plumed tyrant, Time, hath touched thee with his wing;
In vain the whirlwind and the flame around thee rave and spring.

Thou fling'st the foam of ages back as strong winds toss the cloud—
To nought beneath the scorching skies has thy dark forehead bowed.

I look on thee, and many thoughts come welling from my heart—
Thoughts of the years that thou hast seen, and still wilt see depart.

Dark dial of the dead! the sun looks fiercely on thee now;
How many seasons has he flung his glories on thy brow?

Where are the thousand lives, whose fame was poised upon a breath!
These lords of triumph, sceptered ones—slaves of a realm of death.

Where are the flashing eyes, that slept their life away in dreams—
Claiming the homage of earth's hills, her forests, and her streams?

Where are they all, these rulers stern, lords o'er the rills and glades,
These unit monarchs of the world, these animated shades?

They are—the Past; yet thou art still what thou hast ever been,
A temple, where old Memory broods in mockery of the scene!

O 'tis an humbling thing to turn on the red track of Time,
To trace his way through folly, tears, pride, ignorance, and crime;
And then, like rivers driven back to springs that gave them birth,
To bend our inmost thoughts upon this bulwark of the earth.

It stands unaltered! man has passed—the conqueror, despot, slave!
With all his passions and his pride—to gloom and to the grave!
Yet this—the temple of dead Time, a cemetery of hours—
Still seems a throne, whence Death surveys the victims he devours.

A record—blotted by the tears of mourning ages fled!
A tablet—whereon Time may count the numbers of his dead!
Whate'er it be, strong blast and storm, sharp ice, and flashing flame,
Have war'd with it by turns—and lo! this rock is still the same!

The same! ay, still the same it lifts its lonely, glorious brow,
In solemn, silent majesty, ever the same as now!

The has-been, is, and is to be—a mountain-cradle, whence
The infant morn has daily sprung in mute magnificence!

The index of the evening star! pale citizen of night,
Looking upon all lovely things, unearthly, and most bright;
Thou art a land of dreams, Mont Blanc, a fountain of deep thought,
Of feelings wild as are the clouds whereof thy crown is wrought.

Shrine of the Past! Yes, thou dost seem a Titan, still unmarr'd,
Whose locks are white with antique snow, whose brow is thunder-charm'd:
Who, in his ancient solitude, and loneliness of mind,
Doth look as if he held in scorn the power of human kind.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

AT the conclusion of the fourth and last series of the "Tales of my Landlord," is the following affecting passage:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind,

such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Such an address—such an acknowledgment of gratitude to the public—from one to whom we are assuredly indebted for a larger amount and wider extension of intellectual pleasure, than was ever conferred in so short a period by any other person, especially demands our notice. We must all read with regret an announcement of the probable termination of a career so brilliant as has been that of the author of Waverley; and though we may allow ourselves to hope that his decision as to "his old fashion of literature" is not final, we may befittingly consider, on this occasion, what has been its character, and what that gratitude which the reading public owes him. Various as have been the literary claims of Sir Walter Scott, we shall here then regard him only as a novelist—as the greatest master in a department of literature, to which he has given a lustre previously unknown;—in which he stands confessedly unrivalled, and not approached even within moderate limits, except, among predecessors, by Cervantes, and, among contemporaries, by the author of Anastasius.

Perhaps no writer has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity as the author of Waverley. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilized communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace. While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has to an unexampled degree established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which twenty years ago seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the "Romantic School." He has had not only readers, but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of "Cinq Mars" may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy, in which what we call "novels" were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the "Promessi Sposi." Of the Waverley Novels, six editions have been published in Paris. Many of them have been

* 1. Waverley Novels. New Edition, with the Author's Notes. Edinburgh: 1829, 30, 31, 32.

2. Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and Last Series. Edinburgh: 1832.

translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages. To be read both on the banks of the Ganges and the Ohio; and to be found, as is mentioned by Dr. Walsh, where perhaps no other English book had ever come—on the very verge of civilization, on the borders of Turkey—this is indeed a wide reign and a proud distinction; but prouder still to be not only read, but to have subjugated, as it were, and moulded the literary tastes of the civilized world. Voltaire is the writer who, in his lifetime, has approached nearest to this extent of popularity. Sovereigns courted and corresponded with him; his own countrymen were enthusiastic in his praise; and so general was a knowledge of the French language, that a large majority of the well-educated throughout Europe, were familiar with his writings. But much of this popularity was the popularity of partisanship. He served a cause; and for such service, and not alone as the meed of genius, were honours lavished upon him. The people of France, by whom he was almost deified in his latter years, regarded him less as the literary marvel of their land, than as the man once persecuted by despotism, and the ablest assailant of those institutions which they were endeavouring to undermine. But Voltaire, with all his popularity, has left impressed on literature scarcely any distinguishable traces of his power. He exhibited no marked originality of style—he founded no school—and as for his imitators, where are they? To justify the admiration he excited, one must consider not merely how well, but how much and how variously he has written. With the exception of Voltaire, and perhaps of Lord Byron, there is scarcely a writer whose popularity, while he lived, passed beyond the precincts of his own country. This, until latterly, was scarcely possible. Till near the middle of the eighteenth century, what had been long called the "Republic of Letters" existed only in name. It is not truly applicable but to the present period, when the transmission of knowledge is rapid and easy, and no work of unquestionable genius can excite much interest in any country, without the vibration being quickly felt to the uttermost limits of the civilized world. How little this was previously the case is evident from the fact, that numerous and important as were the political relations of England with the continent, and successfully as we had attended to the cultivation of letters, yet it is scarcely more than a hundred years since we were first known on the continent to have what might deserve to be called "a Literature." Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, successively enjoyed in their own country the highest popularity as writers. Of these, it may reasonably be doubted whether the name of the first had been ever heard out of it. We can find no evidence which shows that the second had a wider fame. Pope was indeed better known;

for literature had been made conspicuous through honours paid to it by the statesmen of Queen Anne; and Pope was the friend of a peer politically eminent, and was thought, in conjunction with him, to have written a poem, of which, if the poetry was disregarded, the opinions were not unacceptable to the "philosophers" of the continent.

In 1813, before the appearance of *Waverley*, if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise, who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others—who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible—that he should exhibit his marvels in a form of composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect—his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule; and the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added, that all this would be effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. The productions of the author of *Waverley* are virtually novelties in our literature. They form a new species. They were, it is true, called historical novels; and works bearing that appellation had existed before. But these were essentially different; they were not historical in the same sense; and were as little to be classed with the *Waverley* novels, as are a chronological index or a book of memoirs, because the same names and circumstances may be alluded to in each. The misnamed historical novels, which we possessed before *Waverley*, merely availed themselves of historical names and incidents, and gave to the agents of their story the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, much more commonly, of none. The best among them were only improvers of the system of Calprenede and Scuderi. They purified it from what was ridiculous or bombastic, but they left it still artificial. They evinced no endeavour to breathe into it the spirit of history. All in what was so called, beyond the contents of the most barren abridgment, was disregarded by such writers. The manners, habits, feelings, phraseology, and allusions of other times and other countries were set at nought. They embodied nothing but names and incidents. The actors in their tales were of the common staple of romance; tricked out with a nomenclature which authentic records had exhibited before. They were, for the most part, not the individual named, or any individual, but a mere abstract being, as purely ideal as the well-bred Achilles and Bajazets of the

French stage. To Sir Walter Scott belongs the honour of having first shown how history ought to be made available for the purposes of fiction. He made a discovery in literature; one of those of which the merit is evinced by its apparent obviousness when revealed, and by our wonder that it had never been made before. Imitation has been so extensive, and we are become so familiar with this application of history—this attention to localities, to manners and costume—and so nearly impossible does it seem that historical fictions should be written otherwise, that we are in danger of forgetting the merit of the original discoverer.

It is now many years since any novel by the Author of Waverley has been noticed in this Journal. The last noticed was the fortunes of Nigel; and, since that time, what a multitude has appeared! It is not, however, our intention to attempt a separate analysis of the subsequent novels. We are withheld partly by their number, partly because a more interesting and profitable task is offered to our attention in a general consideration of those characteristics which principally distinguish this great writer; and of those points of excellence which has gained for him his unequalled popularity. We have long admired—let us now enquire why we have admired, and whether rationally and justly.

One of the points of view in which the Author of Waverley is first presented to us is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our minds, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait, (witness the immortal Knight and Squire of Cervantes, Fielding's Adams, and Goldsmith's Vicar;) or may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none save Shakspeare, has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters;—of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakspeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.

The descriptions of persons by the Author of Waverley are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold

the individual described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing, are so vividly set before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. But if we feel thus familiar with the personage introduced, it is rather because the mind's eye has received his image, than because we are endowed with a knowledge of his character. It is the outward, not the inward man that engages our attention. We comprehend large perfectly, without knowing what manner of man he was to look upon. But Varney, Rashleigh, or Christian, must be presented mentally to the eye, as well as to the understanding, before we can feel an equal intimacy. The method of Sir Walter Scott has the merit of individualizing an imaginary person in a remarkable degree, and is well suited to the nature of the Novel. It effects much of what, in the drama, is supplied by the actor who represents a character on the stage. But it is an inferior art to that of unveiling the recesses of the mind, and presenting to us thoughts, passions, tastes, and springs of action—causing us in fact, to perceive and know the person, not merely as if he stood before us, but as if he had long been our intimate acquaintance. The best drawn characters of the Author of Waverley make us feel as if we saw and heard them; those of Shakspeare as if we had lived with them, and they had opened their hearts to us in confidence. We are trying Sir Walter Scott by the severest of all possible tests, in comparing him with a hitherto unrivalled portrayer of human character; and though we think the interval not inconsiderable, we have no hesitation, upon a view of all his qualities, in regarding him eminently worthy of the second place. Nor do we say, that though picturesqueness is the prominent characteristic of his descriptions of persons, he does not also exhibit considerable skill in displaying the disposition and qualities of the mind;—nay, there are several characters of whom we have a very vivid impression, without its having been conveyed so much by personal description as by the insight given us into the peculiarities of disposition. We may take as instances Jeanie Deans, Colonel Mannerling, Bailie Jarvie, Glossin, Foster, and his daughter. We have here mentioned fictitious personages; but the merit of the author is perhaps displayed more conspicuously in his treatment of those subjects in which the groundwork is already laid—in his wonderful reproduction of historical individuals. His James I. is a portrait of the rarest merit; and his Elizabeth, his Louis XI. Charles Edward, Lord Lindesay, Robert III. Rothesay, Albany, and the imbecile father of Margaret of Anjou, may also be cited among those which are presented to us with more than common discrimination and force.

Admirable also, and, we may add, unrivalled, are his delineations of those who, though they cannot strictly be called historical person-

ages, yet owe their most marked peculiarities to the influence of great historical events, the current opinion of the times in which they lived, of the party to which they were attached. They are specimens of a class: and though the actual persons never lived, yet in some of them there is as much of the true spirit of history—as much that clearly unfolds to us the character of other times as in the most able of the aforementioned portraits. Look, for example, at his Covenanters and his Puritans. In describing them he has avoided an error into which an inferior writer would have fallen. He has not collected all the qualities which were characteristic of those sects, and formed therefrom an abstract being, who, probably without resembling any single individual of them that ever had existed, was in his proper person to represent them all. To personify in such a manner is not to draw nature as it is. He has well considered that, though a prevailing impression may be given by one powerful class of opinions, yet will the individual traits of disposition, which vary in each as much almost as do the lineaments of the face, not be utterly absorbed and obliterated, but show themselves through it, and modify the dominant habit. Burley, Mackbriar, Muckle-wrath, Gillfillan, David Deans, and Bridgenorth, are all sectarians, deeply imbued with a gloomy, ascetic spirit of fanaticism. But the fanaticism of one of these is not as the fanaticism of another, but takes a different course, according to the direction which it receives from the original bias of the disposition. All this is admirably discriminated in the characters mentioned. Deep and sombre as is the colouring, it is so transparent that we see through it the inward native workings of the heart. The original character is visible through that which circumstances have superinduced; and we feel as though we could almost tell what each of these would have been if he had not been a fanatic. Characters so delineated exhibit the highest refinement of skill.

The female characters in the *Waverley Novels* are touched with much grace and spirit, though they are not, upon the whole, brought so vividly to our minds as the men—probably because they are more ideal. Such they must necessarily be. The course of woman's existence glides comparatively unobserved in the under current of domestic life; and the records of past days furnish little note of their condition. Few materials are available from which the historical novelist can deduce an accurate notion of the relative situation of women in early times. We know very little either of the general extent of their cultivation and acquirements, or of the treatment which they received from men. On the latter point, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the poetical effusions of gallantry, and the false varnish of chivalrous devotion. It is to be feared that the practice of the days of chivalry was much at variance with its professions, and that women

were degraded, as we always find them wherever civilization has made little progress. It was by command of Edward I. of England, the *Mirror of Chivalry*, one of the bravest knights in the host of the Crusaders, that two of the noblest ladies in Scotland were hung up in iron cages, exposed like wild beasts to the view of the populace. Facts like this mark the standard of public feeling, and may teach us that there was little real consideration for women in those times;—and where that is not found, there can be little refinement. Scantiness of information, and the necessity of assimilating to modern tastes a picture which, if it could have been obtained, would probably have been disagreeable, has obliged the Author of *Waverley* to draw much from the resources of his poetical mind in the depicting of female character. And wisely has he so done; for we regard many of the females in his tales only as beautiful and poetical creations, and we are gratified without being deceived. We find no fault with him for having made his *Minna* and *Brenda* beings such as the daughters of a *Shetland Udalder*, nearly a century and a half ago, were not likely to have been;—we blame him not because in his *Rebecca*, that most charming production of an imagination rich with images of nobleness and beauty, he has exhibited qualities incompatible with the real situation of the daughter of that most oppressed and abject being, a Jew of the twelfth century. It is plain that if *Minna* or *Rebecca* had been drawn with a strict regard to probability, and made just such as they were most likely to have been, one of the great objects of fiction would have been reversed; the reader would have been repelled instead of being attracted. This poetical tone pervades, more or less, the delineations of all his heroines; and the charm which it imparts, perhaps more than counterbalances the detrimental tendency of sameness. At the same time we may add, that it is least exhibited when circumstances seem least to require it. His heroines are, on the whole, better treated, as such, than his heroes, who are, for the most part, thrown into the ring to be bandied about, the sport of circumstances;—owing almost all their interest to the events which thicken around them. Many of them exhibit no definite character, or, when they rise above nonentities, are not so much individuals as abstractions. A strong fraternal likeness to the vacillating *Waverley* does not raise them in our esteem. They seem too nearly imitations of the most faulty portions of that otherwise admirable tale.

In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, Sir Walter Scott has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. We have heard Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions much commended; but whoever will compare her with the Author of *Waverley*, will perceive the difference between mere copiousness

of descriptive diction, and a rich and judicious selection of images—between passages which please the ear, and those which convey a distinct impression to the mind. It is essential in a description of visible objects, that it should place the reader in the situation of a spectator. Few perhaps attempt to describe who do not acknowledge this principle; but of these, few act in accordance with it. Some fail, because they present to us objects as they are, rather than as they appear; and give us the deductions of reason instead of the simple evidence of the senses. Others, though they in part describe objects as they appear to the spectator, yet mix them confusedly with circumstances of which the eye could not have taken cognisance at all, or could not have seen from the same point of view. To speak at once both of the figure and weight of a helmet, or to describe minutely the dress of a person just visible on the distant horizon, is to commit an error of this kind. This mixture of the visible with the invisible, the external with the intrinsic, infallibly creates confusion, and prevents the whole image from coming distinctly and forcibly to the mind of the reader. Others again, though they do not offend in these respects, overpower us with the exuberance of their images—they give us a catalogue of objects, instead of a selection—they enumerate almost every thing that could be seen at one time and in one place,—forgetting that among all these objects, the attention would be arrested only by a few; nor could the mind find room for more. We require to be told, not the objects that might ultimately excite attention, but those which would strike the senses first: we require not that we shall be enabled to make the selection for ourselves, but that the describer shall select for us. A multiplicity of details is tiresome; and no description, however complete, can be effective as description, if it contain more particulars than the mind can at one view embrace, and, without a painful effort of the memory, retain. From these various errors into which descriptive writers often fall, Sir Walter Scott is perhaps more exempt than any other. His descriptions of scenery, even in spite of a want of terseness with which his general style is chargeable, are in the highest degree clear, vivid, and intelligible. They have none of those affectations of gorgeous diction, which are the resource of ordinary writers: all is perspicuous and reasonably concise;—written as if the first object proposed—was to be understood; and the poetical associations which are strewn in the path serve to illustrate and impress the subject, instead of leading us astray into the realms of fanciful speculation.

These remarks are not applicable to such matters of mere detail as the description of costume, of equipments, or of furniture. Many of these, if we try them on a question of taste, will be admitted to be tedious; but we must

view them in another light, and accept them as affording information which we could not have obtained, but at an expense of trouble and research for which their real value would scarcely compensate. Good as are the descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events—of the visible operations of man, or of the elements—that the author displays most power. What have we finer of its kind, than the storm in the Antiquary? The sullen sunset—the advancing tide—the rocks half hidden by the rising foam—the marks of promised safety fading from sight, and with them the hope they nourished—the ledge which the sufferers gained with difficulty—on the one side, a raging sea, and on the other, a barrier that forbade retreat! Guy Mannering contains another masterpiece—the night attack of Portanferry, witnessed by Bertram. We feel as though we were that person—we see and hear all of which his eyes and ears had cognisance; and the impression is the more strong, because the writer has told only *that*, and left the rest to our imagination. This illustrates one feature of the author's skill. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person: he tells us just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his reader. Thus, when Porteous is hurried away to execution, we attend his ruthless conductors, but we wait not to witness the last details, but flee with Butler from the scene of death, and, looking back from afar, see through the lurid glare of torches a human figure dangling in the air—and the whole scene is more present to our minds, than if every successive incident had been regularly unfolded. Thus, when Ravenswood and his horse vanish from the sight of Colonel Ashton, we feel how the impressiveness and beauty of the description are heightened by placing us where the latter stood,—showing us no more than he could have witnessed, and bidding our imaginations fill up the awful doubtful chasm.

That the Author of Waverley is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the Antiquary—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father—the short narrative of the smuggler in Redgauntlet—many parts of Kenilworth—and of that finest of tragic tales, the Bride of Lammermoor. We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who showed to us Macbeth; and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we

feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course of events moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.

The plots in the *Waverley Novels* generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close, too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. *Guy Mannering* is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of *Peveril of the Peak* might perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

It may be said of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, as of the plays of Shakespeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend (to use a common expression,) to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures, and for the most part afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct. In them a very sparing use is made of satire—that weapon of questionable utility—which perhaps has never yet done much good in any hands, not even in those of Pope or Young. Satire is thought useful, too much because it gratifies the uncharitableness of our nature. But to hold up wisdom and virtue to our admiration, is better than to apply the lash, however dexterously, to vice and folly. There are, perhaps, no fictions exciting the imagination so strongly as the *Waverley Novels*, which have a less tendency to corrupt the heart; and it is, chiefly, because they do not exhibit flattering and delusive pictures of crime. In this again, they resemble the plays of Shakespeare. Forcibly as that great dramatist has depicted vice, and ably as he has sometimes shown its co-existence with physical energy and intellectual superiority—much as he may teach us to admire the villain for some of his attributes, he never confounds the limits of right and wrong. He produces no obliquity in our moral sense, nor seduces us to lend our sympathy against the dictates of our better reason. Neither in his graver, nor in his gayer scenes is there aught which can corrupt. He invests profligacy with no attractive colours, nor lends

a false and imposing greatness to atrocious villany. We admire the courage of Macbeth, the ability of Richard, the craft and dexterity of Iago, and the stubborn energy of Shylock—but we never applaud, nor wish to emulate. We see them too truly as they are. The Author of *Waverley*, though he approaches nearer to the fault in question than Shakespeare, can never be fairly said to have committed it. Cleveland, Robertson, Rashleigh, Christian, might, by a few touches added, and a few expunged, become very captivating villains, and produce a brisk fermentation of mischief in many young and weak heads. But of such false touches and suppressions of truth the author has not been guilty. He has not disguised their vices and their weaknesses—he has not endowed them with incompatible virtues, but just favouring them charitably, so as to take off the edge of our dislike, has exhibited them nearly as they must necessarily have been. The same discretion is observable in his impersonation of those equivocal characters in humble life, which he has invested with an interest hitherto unknown. Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Ratcliffe, and the Smuggler in *Redgauntlet*, are characters in whom are found redeeming traits of the best feeling, and which, therefore, interest us deeply. Yet all of them are more or less at war with order and the institutions of society, and must fall under its heavy ban. And interested as we are, we are never led to deem the censures of society unjust, or to take part with them in their war against it.

The author of *Waverley* is never chargeable with that sin so visible in modern literature, which Lord Byron lent his genius to promote, and which humbler writers in verse and prose industriously strive to spread. He has not laboured to diminish our confidence in virtue, and our abhorrence of vice. He does not teach us to believe that the villain probably has generous feelings, while the man who violates no law is as probably at heart a scoundrel. He tricks out for our delusion no impossible beings—combining the commission of debasing crime with the possession of lofty sentiments and rigid virtue. He never takes his hero from among the dregs of pollution, yet endows him with ennobling attributes which he could never have possessed—makes him a criminal of the deepest dye, yet bids us to admire his virtues—and tells us that, tainted as he seems, he is better than the half of those whom society deems good and honest. Neither has the author of *Waverley* ever written any of those tales which affect to have a moral, and which, after labouring to enlist our sympathies on the side of crime, and making us love and admire the criminal, plunge him at the close into misfortune—excite our pity, and then claim the merit of doing good, because they showed that, somehow or other, in the end, vice did not prosper. This right-headedness

and right-heartedness, this healthy soundness of judgment and of principle in the author of *Waverley*, are among those qualities for which posterity will lastingly admire him.

Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron have often been compared; and the question has been mooted to which we should assign superiority of genius. It is one of those questions which can scarcely be decided; but if asked our opinion—we say to Sir Walter Scott—and for these reasons. Sir Walter Scott does not appear, like Lord Byron, to have written under the influence of morbid excitement, or availed himself of the resources of egotism. He did not draw from out of the burning well of his own stormy passions. He has been the master of his imagination, rather than the slave. He has controlled it as with the rod of an enchanter, and compelled it to do his bidding, instead of becoming, like the frantic Pythoness, the utterer of the eloquent ravings which were prompted by the demon that possessed her. His writings display a calm consciousness of power. There is in them nothing of the feverishness of distemper; and they are not sullied and corroded by the operation of human passions. He seems to have looked forth upon nature, serene and unruffled, from the watch-tower of a commanding intellect. This calm superiority, this dismissal of self, is most observable in the works of Homer and Shakspeare. We know not from their writings what manner of men they were. They speak not of themselves. The passions leave no trace of influence on their marvellous productions; they wrote almost as though they had been spiritualized beings, disencumbered of the slough of humanity—interested in human nature rather through love and pity, than through participation—surveying and noting the hopes, the fears, the petty cares and vain pursuits, that occupied the world beneath them. In the writings of Sir Walter Scott there is much of this renunciation and suppression of self; but there is also an occasional introduction of it, of which we equally approve. We like to see it exhibited in those evidences of mental sunshine and benevolence of heart, which beam forth in his kind and cheerful view of nature. His works are rich in generous sentiments. They contain no drop of misanthropy, and few pictures of villany unmitigated by some redeeming trait. It is singular, that, though he is charged with aristocratic illiberality, no writer has exhibited the rustic character in so pleasing a light; and though classed by some among bigots, he has shown a spirit far more indulgent and less cynical than that of his accusers.

We may here notice some other faults of which the author of *Waverley* has been accused. It has been said that he displays a spirit hostile to the progress of modern civilization, and labours too much to make us in love with the venerable errors of former times.

Such a fault will not be felt by one who reads his works aright;—who perceives that his attachment to the manners of antiquity is to be considered merely as a poetical attachment. He is won by their picturesqueness, and by their peculiar applicability to those purposes which lie within the province of romance. But to suppose, that because his imagination delights in them, his judgment must approve, is an unfair deduction. We have seen nothing in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, as we have unfortunately in the writings of other men of no mean talent, which indicates that he regards with an evil eye the increasing spirit of modern improvement. He is too philanthropic and far-sighted, to view, with indifference, much less with dislike, that spirit of industry and invention which is so rapidly promoting the wealth and comforts of the human race.

Again, he is accused of being partial in his delineations of historical events. This is to try him as though he were an historian; for though the historian is bound to be impartial, there is no such strict obligation for the novelist. To expect an absence of all political bias in one who has given any attention to political subjects, is to expect perhaps almost an impossibility. A bias is discernible in the opinions of Sir Walter Scott; and we shall not be suspected of viewing it too indulgently, when we say, that it is opposed to our own. But we are not conscious of its having led him into any unfairness. Nothing can be more impartial than his tale of *Old Mortality*. We may suspect the author's leaning towards the cause of the government; but we can collect no such inference from this single story. Each party furnishes objects of admiration as well as of ridicule and disgust. While we condemn the fanaticism of the insurgents, we admire them for their heroism: while we are made to feel that the established authorities had fewer absurdities on their side, we are presented with so dark a picture of their oppressive tyranny, as more than justifies the resistance it excited. A prepossession for the Jacobite and Tory cause has not withheld him from doing full justice to its opponents; and from exhibiting in the unfortunate Charles Edward, those weaknesses which rendered him little worthy of the heroic devotedness of his adherents.

It may be objected, that the author of *Waverley* too often imitates himself, and reproduces, under other names, characters which he has described before. The objection is just; but it would be unreasonable to expect from an imagination so fertile, that it should always be original—that it should never stray again into paths already trodden, but exhibit a perpetual freshness, of which no very productive genius, save Shakspeare, has ever afforded an example. Though we are delighted with the cheerful spirit of this author's writings, we cannot applaud his wit. It is

generally clumsy, inelegant, and verbose. It may be more properly called "humour;" and though it may often excite a smile, is among the least meritorious parts of his productions. There are several ludicrous incidents well told, and which may raise a hearty laugh; but, upon the whole, facetiousness is not his forte. Contrary to what ought to be the case, and unmindful that "brevity is the soul of wit," he is ever most verbose when he is disposed to be mirthful. Many of his humourists are tedious to the last degree; and we are restored to common charity with them, and think them comparatively venial, only by seeing the dismal exaggerations of the same kind of character in the novels of Cooper. We would gladly have dispensed with the long bantering introductions, with their Jedediah Cleishbotham and Captain Clutterbuck, and other such fictions—cumbrous, unamusing, and improbable—pretending to account for the production of tales which required no such apology. They are quite unworthy to stand at the head of the works they usher in. In the excellent new edition, which is enriched with so many prefaces and notes of real value and interest, we regret that this useless machinery is preserved.

Beauty of style is not one of Sir Walter Scott's chief merits. His choice of expression is, however, better than his disposition of them. His sentences are too full of expletives—too long, and loosely arranged; exuberant, like his fancy, and untrimmed, as if never subjected to a process of compression—a *limæ labor*, perhaps incompatible with the wonderful expedition with which work after work has issued from the press. This facility of production is too remarkable to be overlooked. It is almost unexampled. Voltaire and Lord Byron have written some of their best works in an inconceivably short time. Dryden produced five act plays at the rate of three a-year. Shakespeare is supposed in one year to have written five, among which is that whereon he must have expended most thought—Hamlet. This, considering the value of the productions, would perhaps be the greatest feat on record, if we could be sure that the plays had been wholly invented and written within the twelvemonth—but this cannot be ascertained. Nevertheless, for long continued fertility of pen, perhaps Sir Walter Scott may be safely said to have never been exceeded.

Two remarks have been repeated, till many receive them as undeniable axioms; and we notice them only for that reason. One is, that the author of Waverley's earliest productions are decidedly his best—the other, that he is never so great as when he treads on Scottish ground. In neither assertion is there much truth. Are Ivanhoe, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, Nigel, and Kenilworth, inferior to St. Ronan's Well, the Monastery, and the Abbot? May not the

first mentioned five be ranked among the best of his novels? and must they unquestionably yield to Rob Roy or the Antiquary? or does one of our latest favourites, the Maid of Perth, betray much deficiency of that vigour which characterised the first-born Waverley? Few will answer in the affirmative.

In reviewing the productions of a great writer, interesting as it may be to examine their general character, and the nature of those merits on which their fame is grounded, it is perhaps still more interesting to trace their influence upon literature. That of the Waverley novels has been great beyond example. That they have invited a good deal of talent to employ itself in the cause of direct imitation, is but an insignificant part of their effects. Nor do we even lay most stress upon the impulse given to the composition of fictitious narrative of every kind. For novel-writing, in general, the author of Waverley has done much: First, he has made it a more creditable exercise of ability than it was previously considered; and thus invited to it many writers who might otherwise have considered it unworthy of their regard. But, beyond this, he has shown them how they should pursue it. He has taught them that in whatever period, country, or sphere of society, their fictions may be laid, they must first look forth upon nature. They must not indulge the untaught promptings of a wild imagination, but set down only that which they have first ascertained to be in accordance with general truth. Though fiction may be truly the offspring of imagination, it cannot be successful unless tutored by experience. In consequence of this newly enlarged view of the principles on which fiction should be written, we have, since the appearance of Waverley, seen the fruits of varied learning and experience displayed in that agreeable form; and we have even received from works of fiction what it would once have been thought preposterous to expect—information. From some, we have gathered more respecting the manners of different tribes than books of travels have ever told us; and have obtained a clearer insight into the eventful interior of a soldier or a sailor's life, and the real nature of war and its concomitants, than from all the gazettes that were ever published, and many biographies to boot. We have learnt, too, how greatly the sphere of the novel may be extended, and how capable it is of becoming the vehicle almost of every species of popular knowledge.

Still higher benefits are derivable from a right consideration of the Waverley novels. Without one word of direct precept, they have made us feel more than any essays or lectures ever did, to what end history should be read, and in what manner it should be written. Combining materials drawn from scattered sources, they have given us pictures

of past days, which, what is commonly called history, had neglected to afford. We now feel more fully that dates and names—nay, even the articles of a treaty, or the issue of a battle, although desirable pieces of knowledge, are yet trivial, compared with the importance and utility of being able to penetrate below that surface on which float the great events and stately pageants of the time. Since history is “precept teaching by example,” we must, in order to obtain more fully the advantages it can confer, enable ourselves—by an acquaintance with minor details, and with the habits, condition, and opinions of former races, and by being as though we had lived among them—to institute a closer comparison between the complexion of their times and that of our own. Great changes in the condition and opinions of a people will silently and gradually take place, unmarked by any signal event; whilst events the most striking, and apparently important, will glitter and vanish like bubbles in the sun, and leave no visible trace of their effect. History has been hitherto too prone to note with eagerness only the latter;—avoiding, as if with disdain, the more difficult, honourable, and useful task of tracing the progress of the former. History is, in truth, the biography of a nation; and a history which neglects, as unworthy of its dignity, the combination of both these requisites, is as inferior in interest and utility to a history which possesses them, as a biography containing only the public actions of a great man, is less desirable than one which admits us to partake of his conversations and opinions. At present we have only the extremes. We have the stately political history and the gossiping memoir. But the former wants detail and extension of view; the latter, selection and classification of materials, and judicious inferences from attested facts. The public now desire to see these requisites well blended; and to this growing desire we conceive that no slight impulse has been given by the works of the author of Waverley. People have been surprised to find in novels new lights which history never gave; and for which, though it could not have afforded them in an equal degree, they ought at least to have been prepared. History has been, in consequence of his works, much read by those who would otherwise have neglected it. Still more, perhaps, has inquiry been directed towards its adjuncts and subsidiaries—towards biographical and antiquarian researches. Never has the press been more fertile than during the last ten years in this species of agreeable lore—in memoirs, diaries, and letters; which convey much amusing information, and some that may with truth be called valuable. An increasing appetite for this species of knowledge has called forth stores, of which the worth has never been sufficiently appreciated till now.

If the public demand should incite any

writer of sufficient ability to produce that desideratum in our literature, a History, which to accuracy and deep research, shall add a comprehensive view of all that is most conducive to the welfare of a nation, and indicative of its condition, and which shall describe with the graphic vigour of romance, we shall have attained a treasure of great price. We shall be grateful to such a writer: but with our gratitude to him must be mingled an acknowledgment to the great novelist, who, by works which have been ignorantly censured for tampering with the majesty of history, and perverting its facts, has given an impulse by which the true study of history has been largely promoted. For this service, we little doubt, posterity will award its thanks. What other thanks it may award—what judgment it may pass on the author of Waverley, is an useless speculation. The frequent reversal of judgments which every age has thought immutable, should teach us discretion in our prophesying. Time may raise up other writers, whose comparative greatness may deprive him of his present eminence; but it cannot deprive him of the merit of originality, and of having first opened a new and delightful path in literature. Not in a presumptuous spirit of prophecy, but as a token of our present admiration, we will say, that we think his novels likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written.

From the Monthly Magazine.

DON PEDRO AND HIS ADHERENTS.

“Tros vel Tyriusque Nullo mihi discrimine habetur.”

THE infamous career of Miguel is drawing fast, very fast, we trust, to a close. Don Pedro is on the seas, and ere the expiration of another moon, the constitutional banner of the young Queen Maria da Gloria may float in triumph, not in the language of Casimir Perier beneath, but above the walls of the capital of her ancestors. Were we to measure the probabilities of the success of the expedition by the rules of the military art, we should be less sanguine in our expectations—in a military point of view, all the chances are on the side of Miguel. Don Pedro's line of operation will extend from Terceira to the coast of Portugal, subject to all the vicissitudes of a maritime expedition, and the risk of a descent in a country in which he has not a single *point d'appui*: but the question comes rather under the head of military politics than of strategies. Don Pedro will triumph rather by moral than physical force. The first battalion sent to oppose his landing will join his ranks; this is an opinion we share with the ex-emperor himself, who confidently expects to enter Lisbon almost without firing a shot.

Every term of obloquy and reproach with

which our own, and every other European language abounds, have been vented on the head of the present ruler of Portugal. It is not our intention to dispute the justice of that sentence of universal execration so justly awarded against him; our object is rather to show, by the following sketches, that Don Pedro, and the leaders of his party, are just as unworthy of the generous sympathy of the British nation, as the Infante Miguel himself.

DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA.

The ex-Emperor Don Pedro, notwithstanding the bright coruscations of liberalism that have, from time to time, illumined his political career, is considered by his warmest partisans rather a liberal "*par ton*" than "*par sentiment*." In fact, if undazzled by the glittering halo shed around him by the incense of flattery, we penetrate its specious glare, we shall discover that the ruling passion of his mind is despotism; while the whole tenor of his political life has been marked by phases of a deeply dyed political duplicity, to which no parallel can be found, even among the deeds of his more unpopular brother Miguel.

When the constitutional system was adopted in Brazil, in 1821, Don Pedro, eager for popularity, and enamoured of novelty, declared himself the champion of freedom, and momentarily became the idol of the people. But his popularity was short—for it must be in the recollection of every one acquainted with South American affairs, that scarcely three months after this event, the *Plaza do Comercio*, within the walls of which were assembled the electors of the capital, for the purpose of constitutionally petitioning the king, was suddenly surrounded by a battalion of *Casadores*, who commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the assembled multitude. This atrocious assassination, this open violation of the constitutional rights of the people, was the work of the liberal Don Pedro himself, who was seen disguised in the uniform of an officer of the corps, personally directing the work of extermination. But it was soon after the departure of his father, Don João the Sixth, and on his assuming the regency of Brazil, that he threw off the mask, and stood boldly forward to the world, as the violator of every sacred pledge, human and divine.

The prince kept up an active correspondence with his father. In these letters, which do honour neither to the head or the heart of the writer, and which were ordered to be printed at the time by the cortes of Lisbon, Don Pedro dwells on the difficulties with which he was environed, and solicits his recall; and, at a subsequent period, when his own dark intrigues were on the eve of development, in order to lull the suspicions of his betrayed father, he wrote to him a letter, (of

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

which we shall make an extract,) unique in its kind, even in the annals of falsehood and duplicity:—

"They tell me that it is the general wish to proclaim me Emperor. Now, I protest to your majesty, that I will never be perjured, that I never will be false to you; and should they attempt this madness, it will only be after I and every other faithful Portuguese have been hacked to pieces. This is what I swear to your majesty—a solemn oath, written in my blood, in the following words:—'I swear to be always faithful to your majesty, and to the Portuguese nation and constitution.'"

The blood was scarcely dry with which this impious oath was written, when this dutiful son and faithful subject expelled from the Rio, the Portuguese garrison, under Jorge d'Avillez, whom he foresaw would be barriers to his ambitious designs; and ere the expiration of a year, this perjured prince was Emperor of Brazil, and that immense empire forcibly separated from the crown of Portugal. A few months after his elevation to the imperial throne, he forcibly overthrew that constitution which he had solemnly sworn to defend; and latterly, having by his folly exhausted the patience, and alienated the affections of his subjects, in attempting to depart from the fundamental principles of the revolution, he lost at once his crown and his empire.

THE MARQUIS DE PALMELLA.

If we except the Austrian Metternich, or the Corsican Pozzo de Borgo, in the well filled ranks of European diplomacy, we shall look in vain for a more formidable enemy to the liberties of mankind, than Don Pedro Holstein, Marquis de Palmella—one of the original framers of the holy alliance. Europe, which sickens at his name, has contemplated, with surprise and mistrust, this arch intriguer, this ultra despot, for some months past, sacrificing at the shrine of constitutional liberty, amid the waves of the western ocean. Among the liberal portion of his countrymen his name is in universal execration; for to his suberviency to the political views of the English ministry, they, one and all, attribute the ruin of their country. Accordingly, when in the year 1820, the constitutional star arose on the benighted horizon of Portugal, the marquis was banished from her shores. Foreseeing that the chord struck in Europe would vibrate in Brazil, he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of crushing in the bud the first germ of liberty on the Brazilian soil.

He landed at Bahia. Here, by his wiles, he gained over to his views the Brigadier Felisberto Gomes Caldeira Brant, (since known in this country as the Marquis de Barbacena,) one of the most influential men in the country, and already looked upon as the future Bolivar of Brazil.

Yet, by the promise of an earldom, a boon No. 121.—F

no South American republican can resist, he enlisted him on the side of despotism; and when the regiment of artillery raised a few weeks afterwards the banner of the constitution, Felisberto led a body of troops against them, was defeated, and, unable to stem the torrent of popular opinion, was obliged to take refuge on board an English sloop-of-war in the harbour.

It would take up too much room were we to follow, from this period until the death of Don John the Sixth, this astute diplomatist through all the dark and tortuous mazes of that policy, which sacrificed, without a blush, every consideration of his country's weal at the shrine of his own ambition. We shall complete this sketch by presenting him to the reader, in his military capacity, during the memorable campaign of the three days, as the expedition to Oporto, in 1828, has been facetiously termed by the political adversaries of the noble marquis.

When the steam-boat with Palmella and his companions arrived in Oporto, the constitutional army, under General Saraiva, an officer who had studied the art of war in the anti-salas of the palace at Rio Janeiro, was in full retreat, and their vanguard already within seven leagues of the city. Unfortunately for the cause of legitimacy and right, the command of the army devolved on the Marquis de Palmella, who was the senior officer present. Had the youthful queen herself assumed the command, the result could not have been more disastrous. The conjuncture was a critical one; but an officer of decision would have risen superior to it, and have converted the retrograde into an *en avant* movement. But such a man was not Don Pedro Holstein; for years past he had been more conversant with the wiles of a diplomatic chancellerie than with the martial exercises of the camp. He could scarcely sit his charger, and as he rode through the streets of Porto, amid the "vivas" of the assembled populace, holding on by the pommel of his saddle, and almost sinking beneath the weight of his military trappings, he was compared to the figure of St. George of Cappodocia, the patron saint of Portugal, who, in the procession of the Corpus Christi, is annually paraded through the city. The whole day was occupied in performing a distance of barely three leagues, and, in the meantime, hearing that the army was abandoning its forward position, the panic seized Palmella, who actually returned to Oporto without even seeing the army he went out to command. Here he assembled the provisional government, when it was decided that its members should embark for England, while the army should abandon the city, and gain the Spanish frontier in the best manner it was able. Stung to the quick by this pusillanimous resolution, General Saldanha, one of the best officers in the Portuguese service, offered to

remain and conduct the retreat of the army, provided two members of the government would also remain, and share the responsibility. Two of the number, a colonel of cavalry, and a young ouvidor, acceded to the proposition. The general accordingly mounted his horse, and galloped to the army, while the marquis and his companions sought refuge on board the English steam-boat. When the general reached the camp, he assembled the superior officers of the army, communicated to them the object of his mission, and the resolutions of the provisional government—concealing, however, their intended return to England, well knowing that such a communication would have proved fatal to their lives. The officers, to a man, refused to retreat; the general, finding every effort to control their resolution ineffectual, returned to Oporto, and communicating to his colleagues the result of his mission, embarked on board the steam-boat. It was with joy that Palmella witnessed his return; for the glory he was likely to acquire, had already engendered in his mind the bitterest feelings of jealousy. Saldanha, on his side, overcome with grief and fatigue, retired to his cabin. Scarcely had the general quitted the camp, than a reaction in the feelings of the officers took place. A deputation, composed of the general and two colonels, repaired to Oporto, to induce him to return and assume the command. On reaching the city, what was their surprise and indignation at finding that the members of the government had all embarked, and left the army to its fate. They repaired on board the steam-boat, and demanded an interview with General Saldanha; but this did not suit the views of Palmella. They were told that the general was indisposed, and could not be disturbed. In the meantime the tide served, the boat got under way, and when Saldanha awoke in the morning and found the deputation on board, he was already far from the shores of Portugal. Such was the termination of this ill-conducted enterprise. Had the Marquis de Palmella possessed but the spirit and professional knowledge of a corporal, the advance upon Lisbon would have been a mere military promenade; and the evils—which for the last four years have pressed so heavily on his unhappy country, consigned to a scaffold, to the noxious dungeons of Belem, or driven into foreign exile, the *élite* of her population—would have been averted.

It is owing to the jealousy and intrigues of the Marquis de Palmella, and the Marquis de Villa Flor, the destined commander of the invading army, that General Saldanha does not accompany the ex-Emperor in the present expedition, in the success of which all the liberal portion of Europe is interested.

THE MARQUIS DE VILLA FLOR.

Don Jose Monoel de Portugal, Marquis de

Villa Flor, entered the army at an early age. He served during several of the peninsular campaigns, on the staff of Marshal Beresford; the bearer of despatches more than once to the court of Rio de Janeiro, he rose rapidly in the service. On his last trip across the Atlantic, he found his quarters in Brazil so comfortable, that he did not return to join his brothers in arms in the peninsula. In 1816, he was appointed Captain General of Gram Para. This province he governed with all the tyranny of a Roman consul, or the relentless cruelty of a Turkish pacha—a professed pro-libertine.

On quitting Para on the expiration of his government, he touched at Maranham on his way to the Rio.

He was shortly afterwards appointed governor-general of the province of Bahia, where the constitutional party, in consequence, fearing every thing from his well-known tyrannical character, declared a month sooner than they intended, the Spanish constitution of 1820. Several of the officers who thus precipitated the revolutionary movement, are actually now serving under his command at Terceira.

Such are the characters of Don Pedro, his councillor, and his general. The ex-Emperor is far from popular in Portugal; and his returning, as he does, surrounded by such men, does not give to that unhappy country, the promise of a bright futurity. Indeed, those who augur that the overthrow of Miguel will be followed by the reign of political tranquillity, know little of the real state of things in Portugal. She has yet a fiery ordeal to go through. The political regenerator in vain looks for materials for his great work—to root up from her soil the rankling weeds of centuries of misrule and corruption—to conciliate the fiery wrath of party spirit, and gradually prepare the minds of the people for the blessings of freedom—to guide the vessel of state through the innumerable shoals that beset her onward course, will require the arm of a political Hercules. Yet we fervently indulge the hope that such a man will be found; and that this fine country—this ancient ally of England—to the spirit and enterprise of whose people Europe owes so much, may yet attain a distinguished place in the scale of nations, and bask in the sunshine of political prosperity.

From the Athenæum.

THE INVALID MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Wilt thou weep when I am low?—BYRON.

It may be that thou wilt not weep,
My little prattling boy;
It may be that no cloud will shade
The light of childhood's joy:
For death has characters too strange
For infant glance to trace;—

The pale still brow!—the fallen lid!—
The cold and bloodless face!

But when thy little dimpled cheek
So fondly presses mine,
There is a wild, a selfish hope,
'Twould grieve me to resign;—
That, when forgotten,—pass'd away,
A thing of other years,—
Thou in thy manhood's strength may turn,
Remembering me with tears!

There are who blame a mother's love,
Who chide her fond caress;
But who will love thee as I love,
Or bless thee as I bless?
There's beauty in the love of youth—
The bridal's hallow'd glow;
But beautiful and pure and deep
The love that passes show.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SNOWING-UP OF STRATH LUGAS.

JOLLY old Simon Kirkton! thou art the very high priest of Hymen. There is something softly persuasive to matrimony in thy contented, comfortable appearance; and thy house,—why, though it is situated in the farthest part of Inverness-shire, it is as fertile in connubial joys as if it were placed upon Gretna Green. Single blessedness is a term unknown in thy vocabulary; heaven itself would be a miserable place for thee, for *there* there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Half the county was invited to a grand dinner and ball at Simon's house in January, 1812. All the young ladies had looked forward to it in joyous anticipation and hope, and all the young gentlemen with considerable expectation—and fear. Every thing was to be on the grandest scale; the dinner in the ancient hall, with the two family pipers discoursing sweet music between the courses, and the ball in the splendid new drawing-room, with a capital band from the county town. The Duke was to be there, with all the nobility, rank, and fashion of the district;—and, in short, such a splendid entertainment had never been given at Strath Lugas in the memory of man. The editor of the county paper had a description of it in types a month before, and the milliners far and near never said their prayers without a devout supplication for the health of Mr. Kirkton. All this time that worthy gentleman was by no means idle. The drawing-room was dismantled of its furniture, and the floors industriously chalked over with innumerable groups of flowers. The larder was stocked as if for a siege; the domestics drilled into a knowledge of their respective duties; and every preparation completed in the most irreproachable style. I question whether Gunter ever dreamt of such a supper as was laid out in the dining-room. Venison in all its forms, and fish of every kind. It would have vic-tualled a seventy-four to China.

The day came at last, a fine, sharp, clear day, as ever gave a bluish tinge to the countenance, or brought tears "to beauty's eye." There had been a great fall of snow a few days before, but the weather seemed now settled into a firm enduring frost. The Laird had not received a single apology, and waited in the hall along with his Lady to receive his guests as they arrived. "My dear, is na that a carriage, coming up the Brosefit-knowe? Auld Leddy Clavers, I declare. She'll be going to dress here, and the three girls.—Anne's turned religious; so I'm thinking she's owre auld to be married.—It's a pity the minister's no coming; his wife's just dead—but Jeanie'll be looking out for somebody—We maun put her next to young Gerfuin. Elizabeth's a thocht owre young; she can stay at the side-table with Tammy Maxwell—he's just a hobblethoy—it wad be a very good match in time." In this way, as each party made its appearance, the Laird arranged in a moment the order in which every individual was to be placed at table; and even before dinner he had the satisfaction of seeing his guests breaking off into the quiet *tête-à-têtes*, which the noise and occupation of a general company render sweet and secluded as a meeting "by moonlight alone." While his eye wandered round the various parties thus pleasantly engaged, it rested on the figure of a very beautiful girl whom he had not previously remarked. She sat apart from all the rest, and was amusing herself with looking at the pictures suspended round the room—apparently unconscious of the presence of so many strangers. She seemed in deep thought; but as she gazed on the representation of a battle-piece, her face changed its expression from the calmness of apathy, to the most vivid enthusiasm.

"Mercy on us a'!" whispered the Laird to his wife, "wha's she that? that beautiful young lassie in the white goon? an' no a young bachelor within a mile o' her,—Deil ane o' them deserves such an angel."

"It's a Miss Mowbray," was the reply; "she came with Mrs. Carmichael—a great heiress, they say—its the first time she was ever in Scotland."

"Aha! say ye sae?—Then we'll see if we canna keep her amang us noo that she is come. Angus M'Leod—na, he'll no do—he's a gude enough lad, but he's no bonny. Chairlie Fletcher—he wad do well enough; but I'm thinking he'll do better for Bell Johnson. Od, donner'd auld man, no to think o' him before! Chairlie Melville's the very man—the handsomest, bravest, cleverest chield she could hae; and if she's gotten the siller, so much the better for Chairlie—they'll be a bonny couple."

And in an instant the Laird laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man who was engaged with a knot of gentlemen, discussing some recent news from the Peninsula, and

dragging him away, said "For shame Chairlie, for shame! Do you no see that sweet, modest lassie a' by herself? Gang up till her this minute—bide by her as lang as ye can—she's weel worth a' the attention ye can pay her. Miss Mowbray," he continued, "I'm sorry my friend, Mrs. Carmichael has left ye sae much to yourself—but here's Chairlie, or, rather, I should say, Mr. Charles, or rather I should say, Lieutenant Charles Melville, that will be happy to supply her place. He'll tak' ye into ye'r dinner and dance wi' ye at the ball."

"All in place of Mrs. Carmichael, sir?" replied the young lady, with an arch look.

"Weel said, my dear, weel said—but I maun leave younger folks to answer ye. I've seen the time I wadna hae been very blate to gie ye an answer that wad hae stoppit your 'wee bit mou', sae sweet an' bonny." Saying these words, and whispering to his young friend, "stick till her, Chairlie," he bustled off "on hospitable thoughts intent," to another part of the room.

After this introduction, the young people soon entered into conversation; and, greatly to the Laird's satisfaction, the young soldier conducted Miss Mowbray into the hall, sat next her all the time of dinner, and seemed as delighted with his companion as the most match-making lady or gentleman could desire. The lady, on the other hand, seemed in high spirits, and laughed at the remarks of her neighbour with the highest appearance of enjoyment.

"How long have you been with Mrs. Carmichael?"

"I came the day before yesterday."

"Rather a savage sort of country I'm afraid you find this after the polished scenes of your own land."

"Do you mean the country," replied the lady, "or the inhabitants? They are not nearly such savages as I expected; some of them seem half civilized."

"It is only your good-nature that makes you think us so. When you know us better, you will alter your opinion."

"Nay, now, don't be angry, or talk as all other Scotch people do, about your national virtues. I know you are a very wonderful people—your men all heroes, your peasants philosophers, and your women angels; but seriously, I was very much disappointed to find you so like other people."

"Why, what did you expect?—Did you think we were men whose heads did grow beneath our shoulders?"

"No—I did not expect that; but I expected to find every thing different from what I had been accustomed to. Now, the company here are dressed just like a party in England, and behave in the same manner. Even the language is intelligible at times; though the Laird, I must say, would require an interpreter."

"Ah! the jolly old Laird—his face is a sort of polyglot dictionary—it is the expression for good humour, kindness, and hospitality, in all languages."

"And who is that at his right hand?"

"What? the henchman?—That's Rory M'Taggart—he was piper for twenty years in the 73d, and killed three men with his own hand at Vimeira."

"And is that the reason he is called the henchman?"

"Yes, henchman means 'The piper with the bloody hand, the slaughterer of three.'"

"What a comprehensive word!—It is almost equal to the Laird's face."

But here the Laird broke in upon their conversation. "Miss Mowbray, dinna be frightened at a' the daft things the wild soger is saying to you." Then he added, in a lower tone, "Chairlie wad settle doon into a douce, quiet, steady, married man, for a' his tantrums. It wad be a pity if a Frenchman's gun should spoil his beauty, poor fallow."

The young lady bowed, without comprehending a syllable of the speech of the worthy host. "Are you likely to be soon ordered abroad?" she said.

"We expect the route for Spain every day, and then huzza for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

"Ah! war is a fine game when it is played at a distance! Why can't kings settle their disputes without having recourse to the sword?"

"I really can't answer your question, but I think it must be out of a kind regard to the interests of younger brothers. A war is a capital provision for poor devils like myself, who were born to no estate but that excessively large one which the catechism calls the 'estate of sin and misery.'—But come, I see from your face you are very romantit, and are going to say something sentimental,—luckily his Grace is proposing a removal into the ball-room; may I beg the honour of your hand?"

"Aha, lad!" cried the Laird, who had heard the last sentence, "are ye at that wark already—asking a leddy's hand on sae short an acquaintance?—But folk canna do't owre sune."

The bustle caused by the secession of those who preferred Terpsichore to Bacchus, luckily prevented Miss Mowbray's hearing the Laird's observation, and in a few minutes she found herself entering, with heart and soul, into the full enjoyment of a country dance.

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven. Charles Melville devoutly wished the Laird's efforts might be successful, and that one could be made on earth. She was, indeed, as the Laird expressed it, "a bonny cratur to look at." I never could describe a beauty in my life—so the loveliness of the English heiress must be left to the imagination. At all events, she was "the bright consummate flower of

the whole wreath" which was then gathered together at Strath Lugas; and even Lady Clavers said, "That Miss Mowbray's very weel put on indeed, for sae young a lassie. Her hair's something like our Annie's—only I think Annie's has a wee richer tinge o' the golden."

"Lord save us a'!" whispered the Laird; "poor Annie's hair's as red as a carrot."

"An' dinna ye think her voice," said her ladyship—dinna ye think her voice is something like our Jeanie's—only may be no sae rich in the tone?"

"Feth, ma'am," said the Laird, "I maun wait till I hear Miss Mowbray speak the Gaelic, for really the soft sort o' beautiful English she speaks, gives her a great advantage."

"As ye say, Mr. Kirkton," continued her ladyship, who, like all great talkers, never attended to what any one said but herself, "Jeanie has a great advantage owre her,—but she's weel enough for a' that."

In the meantime, the young lady who was the subject of this conversation, troubled herself very little as to what Lady Clavers said or thought on the occasion. I shall not on any account say that she was in love, for I highly disapprove of such a speedy surrender to Dan Cupid in the softer sex; but at all events she was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and evidently pleased with her partner. No scruple of the same kind restrains me from mentioning the state of Charles Melville's heart. He was as deeply in love as ever was the hero of a romance, and in the pauses of the dance indulged in various reveries about love and a cottage, and a number of other absurd notions, which are quite common, I believe, on such occasions. He never deigned to think on so contemptible an object as a butcher's bill, or how inconvenient it would be to maintain a wife and four or five angels of either sex, on ninety pounds a year; but at the same time I must do him the justice to state, that although he was a Scotchman, the fact of Miss Mowbray's being an heiress never entered into his contemplation—and if I may mention my own opinion, I really believe he would have been better pleased if she had been as portionless as himself. But time and tide wear through the roughest day; no wonder, then, they wore very rapidly through the happiest evening he had ever spent. The Duke and the more distant visitors had taken their leave; "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious" among the younger and better acquainted parties who were left; but, greatly to the mortification of the young soldier, his partner was called away at the end of a dance, just when he had been anticipating a delightful tête-à-tête while the next was forming. With his heart nearly bursting with admiration and regret, he wrapped her in her cloaks and shawls, and in silent dejection, with only a warm pressure of the hand, which he was enchanted to find returned, he handed her into

Mrs. Carmichael's old-fashioned open car, though the night was dark and stormy,—and after listening to the last sound of the wheels as they were lost among the snow, he slowly turned, and re-entered the ball-room. Their absence, to all appearance, had not been noticed by a single eye—a thing at which he, as a lover under such circumstances is bound to be, was greatly surprised. "Blockheads!" he said, "they would not see the darkness if the sun were extinguished at mid-day." And he fell into a train of reflections, which, from the expression of his countenance, did not seem to be of a very exhilarating nature. In about twenty minutes, however, after his return, he was roused by the henchman, whom he had spoken of at dinner, who beckoned him from the hall.

"The bonny cratur!—the bonny cratur!" he began,—"*an' sic a nicht to gang hame in!—the stars a' put out, the snaw beginnin' to drift, and a spate in the Lugas? Noo, if auld Andrew Strachan, the Leddy Carmichael's coachman, doitet auld body, and mair than half fou, tries the ford—oh, the lassie, the bonny bit lassie 'll be lost!—an' I'll never hae the heart to spend the crown-piece she slippit into my hand just afore the dancin'.*"

But what more the worthy henchman might have said, must remain a mystery to all succeeding time; for, long before he had come to the episode of the crown, Charles had rushed hatless into the open air, and dashed forward at the top of his speed to overtake the carriage in time to warn them from the ford. But the snow had already formed itself into enormous wreaths, which, besides impeding his progress, interfered greatly with his knowledge of localities; and he pursued his toilsome way more in despair than hope. He shouted, in the expectation of his voice being heard, but he heard no reply. He stooped down to see the tracks of the wheel, but the snow fell so fast and drifted at the same time, that it was quite undistinguishable, even if the darkness had not been so deep. However, onward he pressed towards the ford, and shouted louder and louder as he approached it. The roaring of the stream, now swollen to a prodigious height, drowned his cries, and his eyes in vain searched for the object of his pursuit; far and near, up and down, he directed his gaze, and in a transport of joy at the hope which their absence presented, that they had gone round by the bridge and were saved, he was turning away to return home, when he thought he heard, in a bend of the river, a little way down, a faint scream above the roaring of the torrent. Quick as lightning, he rushed towards the spot, and hallooed as loud as he could. The shriek was distinctly repeated, and a great way out in the water, he saw some substance of considerable size. He shouted again, and a voice replied to him from the river. In an instant he had plunged into the stream, and, though it

was rushing with the greatest impetuosity, it was luckily not so deep as to prevent his wading. And after considerable toil, for the water was above his breast, he succeeded in reaching the object he had descried from the bank. It was, indeed, Mrs. Carmichael's car, and in it he had the inexpressible delight to find the two ladies, terrified, indeed, with their appalling situation, but luckily, in full possession of their presence of mind.

In a few hurried words he desired them to trust entirely to him, and begging the elder lady to remain quiet in the carriage, he lifted the younger in his arms,—but in the most earnest language she implored him to save her companion first, as she had such confidence in herself that she was certain she could remain in the carriage till he had effected his return. Pressing her to his heart in admiration of such magnanimity, he laid her gently back, and lifting Mrs. Carmichael from her seat, he pushed desperately for the shore. The water, even in this short time, had perceptibly risen, and on reaching the bank and depositing his burden in safety, he rushed once more through the torrent fearful lest a moment's delay should make it impracticable to reach the car. That light equipage was now shaking from the impetuous attacks of the stream, and at the moment when the fainting girl was lifted up, a rush of greater force taking it, now unbalanced by any weight, forced it on its side, and rolled it off into the great body of the river. It had been carried above fifty yards below the ford, without, however, being overturned, and had luckily become entangled with the trunk of a tree; the horse, after severe struggles, had been drowned, and his inanimate weight had helped to delay the progress of the carriage. The coachman was nowhere to be found. Meanwhile the three, once more upon land, pursued their path back to Strath Lugas. Long and toilsome was the road, but cheered to the young soldier by the happy consciousness he had saved "his heart's idol" from death. Tired, and nearly worn out with the harassing nature of their journey and of their feelings, they at length reached the hospitable mansion they had so lately quitted. The music was still sounding, the lights still burning brightly,—but when old Simon Kirkton saw the party enter his hall, no words can do justice to the horror of his expression. The ladies were consigned to the attention of his wife. He himself took especial care of the hero of the story; and after having heard the whole adventure, when the soldier, refreshed, and in a suit of the Laird's apparel, was entering the dancing-room, he slapt him on the shoulder and said, "*Diel a doubt o't noo. If ye're no laird of the bonny English acres, and gudeman o' the bonny English ledy, I've nae skeel in spaein'; that's a'.*"

The adventure quickly spread, and people were sent off in all directions with lights, to

discover, if possible, the body of the unfortunate Andrew Strachan. After searching for a long time, our friend, the henchman, thought he heard a voice close beside him, on the bank. He held down his lantern, and, sure enough, there he saw the object of their pursuit lying with his head at the very edge of the water, and his body on the land! The water, from time to time, burst over his face, and it was only on these occasions that an almost inarticulate grunt showed that the comatose disciple of John Barleycorn was yet alive. The henchman summoned his companions, and on attentively listening to the groans, as they considered them, of the dying man, they distinctly heard him, as he attempted to spit out the water which broke in tiny waves over his mouth, exclaiming, "Faugh, faugh! I doot ye're changin' the liquor—a wee drap mair whiskey, and a sma' spoonfu' o' sugar." The nodding charioteer had been ejected from his seat on the first impetus of the "spate," and been safely floated to land, without perceiving any remarkable change of situation. It is needless to say, he was considerably surprised to discover where he was, on being roused by the henchman's party. "It's my belief," said Jack Stewart, the piper, as they helped him on his way, "the drucken body thoct he was tipplin' a' the time in the buid's ha'. It wad be a gude deed to let the daidlin' haveril follow his hat and wig; and I'm thinking by this time they'll be doon about Fort George."

The weather was become so stormy, and the snow so deep, that it was impossible for any one to leave the house that night. The hospitable Laird immediately set about making accommodation for so large a party, and by a little management he contrived to render every body comfortable. The fiddlers were lodged in the barn, the ladies settled by the half dozen in a room, and a supply of cloaks was collected for the gentlemen in the hall. Where people are willing to be pleased, it is astonishing how easy they find it. Laughter, long and loud, resounded through all the apartments, and morn began to stand "upon the misty mountain-tops," ere sleep and silence took possession of the mansion. Next day the storm still continued. The prospect, as far as the eye could reach, was a dreary waste of snow; and it was soon perceived, by those who were skillful in such matters that the whole party were fairly snowed up, and how long their imprisonment might last no one could tell. It was amazing with what equanimity the intelligence was listened to; one or two young ladies, who had been particularly pleased with their partners, went so far as to say it was delightful.

The elders of the party bore it with great good humour, on being assured from the state of the larder that there was no danger of a famine; and, above all, the Laird himself, who had some private schemes of his own to serve,

was elevated into the seventh heaven by the embargo laid on his guests.

"If this bides three days, there'll be a dizen couple before Leddy-day. It's no possible for a lad and a lass to be snawed up together three days without melting—but we'll see the night how it's a' to be managed. Has ony body seen Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Mowbray this morning?"

But before this question could be answered, the ladies entered the room. They were both pale from their last night's adventure; but while the elder lady was shaking hands with their friends, and receiving their congratulations, the eyes of her young companion wandered searchingly round the apartment till they fell on Charles Melville. Immediately a flush came over her cheek, which before was deadly pale, and she started forward, and held out her hand. He rushed and caught it, and even in the presence of all that company, could scarcely resist the inclination to put it to his lips.

"Thanks! thanks!" was all she said, and even in saying these short words, her voice trembled, and a tear came to her eye. But when she saw that all looks were fixed on her, she blushed more deeply than ever, and retired to the side of Mrs. Carmichael. This scene passed by no means unheeded by the Laird.

"Stupid whelp!" he said, "what for did he no kiss her, an' it were just to gie her cheeks an excuse for growin' sae rosy? Od', if I had saved her frae droonin', I wadna hae been so nice,—that's to say, my dear," he added to his wife, who was standing near, "if I hadna a wife o' my ain."

The storm lasted for five days. How the plans of the Laird, with regard to the matrimonial comforts of his guests, prospered, I have no intention of detailing. I believe, however, he was right in his predictions, and the minister was presented with eight several sets of tea-things within three months. Many a spinster at this moment looks back with regret to her absence from the snow party of Strath Lugas, and dates all her misfortunes from that unhappy circumstance. On the fourth morning of the imprisonment, the Laird was presented with a letter from Charles Melville. In it he informed him, that he dared not be absent longer, in case of his regiment being ordered abroad, and that he had taken his chance, and set off on his homeward way in spite of the snow. It ended with thanks for all his kindness, and an affectionate farewell. When this was announced to the party, they expressed great regret at his absence. It seemed to surprise them all. Mrs. Carmichael was full of wonder on the occasion; but Miss Mowbray seemed totally unmoved by his departure. She was duller in spirits than before, and refused to dance; but in other respects the mirth was as uproarious, and the dancing as joyous as ever

—and in a day the snow was sufficiently cleared away—the party by different conveyances broke up—and the Laird was left alone, after a week of constant enjoyment.

Four years after the events I have related, a young man presented himself for the first time in the pump-room at Bath. The gossips of that busy city formed many conjectures as to who and what he could be—some thought him a foreigner, some a man of consequence incog.; but all agreed that he was a soldier and an invalid. He seemed to be about six-and-twenty, and was evidently a perfect stranger. After he had stayed in the room and listened for a short time to the music, he went out into the street, and just as he made his exit by one door, the marvels of the old beldames who congregate under the orchestra, were called into activity by the entrance, through the other, of a young lady leaning on the arm of an old one. Even so simple an incident as this, is sufficient, in a place like Bath, to give rise to various rumours and conjectures. She was tall, fair, and very beautiful, but *she* also seemed in bad health, and to be perfectly unknown. Such an event had not occurred at the pump-room for ages before. Even the master of the ceremonies was at fault. “As near as he could guess, to the best of his conjecture, he believed he had never seen either the gentleman or the lady.”

While surmises of all kinds were going their rounds in this manner, the gentleman pursued his walk up Milsom Street. His pace was slow, and his strength did not seem equal even to so gentle an exertion. He leant for support upon his walking-stick, and heard, mingled with many coughs, a voice which he well knew, calling, “Chairlie! Chairlie Melville! I say! pull, ye deil’s buckie—ugh—ugh!—sic a damned conveyance for a Hieland gentleman. Ah Chairlie, lad,” said our old acquaintance, the Laird, who had now got up to where his friend was standing, “sad times for baith o’ us.—Here am I sent up here wi’ a cough wad shake a kirk, ugh—ugh.—An the gout in baith my feet—to be hurled about in a chair that gangs upon wheels—ugh—ugh—by a lazy English vagabond that winna understand a word I say till him.—An’ you,” and here the old man looked up in the young soldier’s face—“Oh, Chairlie, Chairlie, is this what the wars hae brocht ye to?—ugh—ugh.—Yer verra mither wadna ken ye—but come awa’, come awa’ to my lodgings in Pulteney Street, and tell us a’ about what ye’ve been doin’—ugh—ugh—my fit, my fit! pu’ awa’, ye ne’er-do-weel; turn about an’ be hanged till ye—do ye no ken the road to Pulteney Street yet? Come awa’, Chairlie, my man dinna hurry.” And thus mingling his commands to his chairman, with complaints of the gout and conversation to his friend, the Laird led the way to his lodgings.

Chairlie’s story was soon told. He had

shared in all the dangers and triumphs of the last three years of the war. He had been severely wounded at Waterloo, and had come to Bath with a debilitated frame, and a major’s commission. But, though he spoke of past transactions as gaily as he could, the quick eyes of the Laird perceived that there was some “secret sorrow” which weighed down his spirits. “An’ did ye meet with nae love adventure in your travels? for ye manna tell me a bit wound in the shoulder would make ye sae down-headed as ye are. Is there nae Spanish or French lassie that gies ye a sair heart? Tell it a’ to me, an’ if I can be of ony use in bringin’ it about, ye may depend I’ll do all in my power to help ye.”

“No,” replied Charles, smiling at the continued match-making propensities of his friend; “I shall scarcely require your services on that score. I never saw French woman or Spaniard that cost me a single sigh.” And here, as if by the force of the word itself, the young man sighed.

“Weel, it maun be some English or Scotch lassie then, for its easy to be seen that somebody costs ye a sigh. I aince thoct ye were in a fair way o’ winnin’ yon bonny cratur ye saved frae the spate o’ the Lugas—but ye gaed awa’ in such a hurry the plant hadna time to tak’ root.”

“She was too rich for the poor penniless subaltern to look to,” replied the young man, a deep glow coming over his face.

“Havers! havers! She wad hae given a’ her lands yon night for a foot o’ dry grund. An’ as ye won her, ye had the best right to wear her. And I’m muckle mistaken if the lassie didna think sae hersell.”

“Miss Mowbray must have over-rated my services; but at all events I had no right to take advantage of that fortunate accident to better my fortunes by presuming on her feelings of gratitude to her preserver.”

“What for no? what for no?” cried the Laird, “ye should hae married her on the spot. There were eight couples sprang frae the snaw-meeting—ye should hae made the ninth, and then ye needna hae had a ball put through your shoulther, nor ever moved frae the braw Holmes o’ Surrey. Od I wish it had been me that took her out o’ the water; that is, if I had been as young as you, and Providence had afflicted me with the loss o’ Mrs. Kirkton.”

“If I had been on a level with her as to fortune”—

“Weel, but noo your brither’s dead, ye’re heir o’ the auld house, an’ ye’re a major—what’s to forbid the banns noo?”

“I have never heard of Miss Mowbray from that hour to this; in all probability she is married to some lucky fellow”—

“She wasna married when I saw Mrs. Carmichael four months since; she was in what leddie’s ca’ delicate health though: she had aye been melancholy since the time of the

water business. Mrs. Carmichael thought ye were a great fool for rinnin' awa'."

"Mrs. Carmichael is very kind."

"'Deed is she," replied the Laird, "as kind-hearted a woman as ever lived. She's maybe a thoct owre auld, or I dinna doubt she wad be very happy to marry ye hersell."

"I hope her gratitude would not carry her to such an alarming length," said Charles, laughing. "It would make young men rather tender of saving ladies' lives."

"If I knew whare she was just now, I wad soon put every thing to rights. It's no owre late yet, though ye maun get fatter before the marriage—ye wad be mair like a skeleton than a bridegroom.—But, save us! what's the matter wi' ye? are ye no weel?—head-ach?—gout?—what is't, man?—confound my legs, I cannot stir—Sit down and rest ye."

But Charles, with his eyes intently fixed on some object in the street, gazed as if some horrible apparition had met his sight. Alternately flushed and pale, he continued as if entranced, and then deeply sighing, sunk senseless on the floor.

"Rory, Rory!" screamed the Laird—"ugh, ugh! oh! that I could get at the bell?—Cheer up, Chairlie.—Fire! fire!—ugh, ugh! the lad will be dead before a soul comes near him—Rory! Rory!" And luckily the ancient henchman, Rory MacTaggart, made his appearance in time to save his master from choking through mingled fear and surprise. Charles was soon recovered, and, when left again alone with the Laird, he said, "As I hope to live, I saw her from this very window, just as we were speaking of her. Even her face I saw! oh, so changed and pale! But her walk—no *two* can have such a graceful carriage!"

"Seen wha?" said the Laird; "Mrs. Carmichael? for it was her we were speakin' o'—aye, she's sair changed; and her walk is weel kent; only I thoct she was a wee stiffer frae the rheumatism last year. But whar is she?"

"It was Miss Mowbray I saw. She went into that house opposite—"

"What! the house wi' the brass knocker, green door—the veranda with the flower pots, an' twa dead geraniums?"

"Yes."

"Then just ring the bell, and tell that English creatur to pu' me in the wee whirlingg across the street—"

"Impossible, my dear Laird! recollect your gout—"

"Deil hae the gout and the cough too! Order the chair: I'll see if its her in five minutes."

And away, in spite of all objections and remonstrances, went the Laird to pay his visit. Now, if any one should be in doubt as to the success of his negotiations, I—the writer of this story—Charles Melville, late Major —th

regiment, will be happy to convince him of it, if he will drop in on me any day at Mowbray-Hall, by my own evidence, and also that of my happy and still beautiful Madeline, though she is the mother of three rosy children, who, at this moment, are making such an intolerable noise, that I cannot understand a sentence I am writing. I may just mention, that the Laird attended the wedding, and that his cough entirely left him. He does not suffer an attack of the gout more than once a year. He has adopted my second boy, and every autumn we spend three months with him at Strath Lugas. Oh! that all match-makers were as innocent and disinterested as Jolly old Simon Kirkton!

From the Monthly Review.

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.*

It gives us much gratification to find a scientific work of any description published under the authority of any department of our government. At the same time we must say, that our official authorities have not hitherto been very successful in the selection of the productions to which they have thus extended their patronage. We cheerfully acknowledge, that they have usefully applied the public money in the equipment of the several expeditions which have been sent out for the purposes of adding to our geographical knowledge, in rewarding the gentlemen who particularly distinguished themselves on those occasions, and in affording them every requisite assistance in the subsequent publication of their journals. But it must be admitted, that the merely scientific results of those expeditions bear no proportion to their expense, and the reason is obvious. Naval officers, draughtsmen, engineers, surgeons, were sent out in abundance, as members of the expeditions; but of naturalists, botanists, and mineralogists, the supply was ridiculously scanty. Upon both Captain Franklin's expeditions, for instance, Dr. Richardson was the official *naturalist*; yet it would hardly be believed, if he had not himself candidly confessed the fact, that at the period of his appointment he was altogether "ignorant of ornithology." This is his own phrase. In addition to this, it would seem that while he was accompanying Captain Franklin, so short a time was al-

* *Fauna Boreali-Americana: or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; containing Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History collected on the late Northern Land Expeditions under command of Captain Sir John Franklin, R. N. Part Second. The Birds. By W. Swainson, Esq. F. R. S., &c., and J. Richardson, M. D. F. R. S. &c., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expeditions. Illustrated by numerous Plates and Wood-cuts. Published under the authority of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. 4to. pp. 589. London: Murray. 1833.*

lowed for the business of the ornithological department, that they "could hope to obtain only the more common birds." They had to traverse an extent of territory equal to the whole of Europe, but such was the haste with which the expedition moved, that it was impossible to make any considerable collection of specimens. "To record the habits of the species to the extent and with the accuracy required for the purposes of science," was quite out of the question.

What, then, does the reader think, did Dr. Richardson, the *naturalist* of the expedition, propose to do? Every body is acquainted with the inimitable descriptions which Wilson has given of the birds of the lower latitudes of America. Our Doctor, therefore, feeling that he could not give any thing like an accurate account of the birds of the extreme northern latitudes of that continent, the Fur Country, as it is called for the sake of brevity, thought that he could do nothing better than copy as much of Wilson as he could find suitable to his purpose! The result of such a proceeding as this, if carried into execution, would have been, that, instead of the birds of the Fur Country, we should have had an account only of such of them as occasionally appeared in the United States, and of such of the latter as most resembled the dwellers in the upper regions of that vast continent. The scheme was fortunately discouraged by Mr. Swainson, Dr. Richardson's able assistant in the compilation of this volume, and it has, consequently, been acted upon only to a very limited degree.

We question, however, whether the reader will think that he has gained much by Mr. Swainson's interposition upon this point. For our own parts we are never tired of reading Wilson, and we turn to an extract from his eloquent and enthusiastic descriptions, with the same sort of pleasure which we feel in poring over a page of Pope or Goldsmith, when we are wearied with the self-styled poetry of the present day. Mr. Swainson's descriptions of the birds introduced into the present volume, are nearly all taken from the stuffed specimens, or the authority of other naturalists. He does not appear himself to have had the advantage of seeing any of the birds *in situ*, as the botanists say. He is not at all acquainted personally with their dispositions or habits, and hence his text is so technical and sapless, if we may use the expression, that none but the most eager inquirers can dwell upon it with satisfaction. The world well knows, from Wilson's book, that ornithology may be rendered nearly as interesting in its details, as the personal narratives of the adventurers of our own species. Messrs. Richardson and Swainson were by no means ignorant of this possibility, but not having the power to rival Wilson, they set up an attempt at a system, to which they would wish to render their facts subservient.

We come now to the details of which this huge volume is principally composed, limiting ourselves to the descriptions of such of the birds as may be most novel to an English reader, and omitting as much as we can of the technical matter.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

"This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country which skirts the Rocky Mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be the emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets, or smoking pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the Calumet Eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan of a half-breed Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief of his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue an eagle was observed suspended as it were in the air directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly, shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon!

"The Golden Eagle is said to build its nest on rocks or on very lofty trees, and to lay two, or more rarely three, eggs of a soiled white colour. It preys chiefly on the young of the mountain sheep, fawns, hares, &c., and is scarcely ever observed to feed on carrion. The American Golden Eagle has seldom been separated by naturalists from the European one; but a nominal species has been assigned to both countries, under the name of the Ring-tail, which is, in fact, the young Golden Eagle, distinguished by the base of its tail being white until it reaches its third year. The Ring-tails, probably owing to their being less wary, are much oftener shot than the old birds, and I have not seen an American specimen of the latter, although Prince C. Buonaparte mentions his having obtained one from the Rocky Mountains along with several Ring-tails."—pp. 12, 13.

The Bald Eagle is the well-known emblem

of the United States. It has been frequently mistaken by naturalists for the bird just described, though there are many points of difference between them. The description here given of it derives its principal merit from Wilson's interesting observations, which are expressed with his usual unrivalled power.

"This vigorous and rapacious bird is the earliest of the summer visitors to the fur countries, and the period of its arrival has given the name of *Meekeshew espeeshim*, or eagle moon, to the month of March. Temminck assigns for its habitual residence the regions within the arctic circle, and Wilson observes that it is found at all seasons in the countries it inhabits. Both these assertions, however, require, I apprehend, to be taken with considerable latitude. We did not, on the late expeditions, meet with it to the north of the Great Slave Lake (latitude 62° N.) although it is common, in the summer, in the country extending from thence to Lake Superior, and its breeding places in the latter district are numerous. But in the month of October, when the rivers from which it draws its principal supply of food are frozen over, it entirely quits the Hudson's Bay lands; and if after that period it is to be seen in the northern regions, it can only be on the sea-coast, and for a limited time while the sea continues unfrozen. It resides all the year in the United States, frequenting their whole extent of sea-coast, and the shores of the large lakes and rivers: and it is known to breed as far south as Virginia, but its nests do not appear to be so common within any part of the United States, as they are in the fur countries.

"The favourite food of this bird is fish, caught alive; but it preys also on birds, and the smaller quadrupeds; nor does it disdain at times to feed on carrion; and it has been known to attack a Vulture in the air, and, having caused it to disgorge the nauseous contents of its craw, to snatch them up before they could reach the ground.* Like many of the vultures, it has the custom, after a full meal, of sitting on its perch with its wings drooping down past its feet; and it often keeps its wings half open, with its breast turned to the breeze, as if to cool its skin heated by an abundant and stimulating repast. It takes the scaly objects of its pursuit by pouncing on them with its claws; and for this purpose it haunts rapids and cascades, where the fish, in the efforts they make to ascend the stream in the spawning season, are more exposed to its attacks. Its superior strength also enables it to turn the industry of the osprey to account, by robbing it of its prey. The assaults it makes on this active bird are described with peculiar animation and a strong feeling of the beauties of nature in the following extracts from Wilson.

"This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has long been known to naturalists, being common to both

continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold: feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these he displays in a singular manner the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringa*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature.

"High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the object of his attention; the roar of its wings, reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges roam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

"This vivid and highly poetical passage may be contrasted with the prosaic, though didactic

* "Wilson, iv., p. 89."

notice of the same bird, by a great political sage.

"For my own part," says Franklin, "I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country: he is a bird of a bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king-birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights whom the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as the bald eagle, but looks more like a Turkey."—pp. 15—17.

Another kind of eagle well known in the Fur Countries, is the Osprey; it lives almost exclusively on fish, which it takes alive, and so delicate is its sense on this point, that it will not even take up again a fish which it happens to drop either on land or water. It may be seen at a considerable distance above the lake, when looking out for its prey, sailing in undulating lines with great facility and elegance. The moment its destined victim is in sight, it precipitates itself upon it, and bears it off in its claws. Sometimes the fish darts off to too great a depth for the Osprey to follow it: when this happens, the bird stops suddenly in its descent, and hovering like a kite in the air, watches for the return of its quarry to the surface, when it seizes it with unerring force; if the fish do not return, the Osprey then regains its former altitude by an elegant spiral flight.

Dr. Richardson informs us, that he saw frequently in the arctic regions, that beautiful falcon called the Jerfalcon. He was attacked by a pair of these birds as he was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake. Their plumage was quite snowy. But perhaps the most beautiful of all the falcon tribe is the little "rusty-crowned falcon," which is a very common bird in every part of North America. It flies rather irregularly, says Wilson, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree, or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear. It sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at

a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitering the ground below in every direction for mice and lizards. It approaches the farmhouse, particularly in the morning, skulking about the farm-yard for mice or young chickens, and frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally a fatal aim. The want of a gun prevented the doctor from procuring a specimen of the pigeon-hawk—a fierce little falcon, which makes its appearance on the coast of Hudson's Bay in the month of May. The naturalist threw stones at it, but it merely made two or three circles round his head with much clamour, and then returned to its former perch! Is it not ludicrous to read of a *state naturalist* thus provided for his duties?

"VIRGINIAN HORNED OWL.

"This large night-bird is peculiar to America, and most probably inhabits that continent from one end to the other; Cuvier being of opinion that the *Strix Magellanica* of the *Planches Enluminées*, (585) differs from it merely in having browner tints of colour; neither is it uncommon on the Table Land of Mexico. Specimens that were sent to John Taylor, Esq., F. R. S., from the vicinity of Real del Monte, have been compared, by Mr. Swainson, with those procured in the northern regions. They presented no other difference than what might be expected in regard to the colour of individuals from localities so widely different. In those from Mexico the rufous tints of the plumage were more general and much brighter. The Virginian horned owl is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl felt on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed, by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with

the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot."—pp. 82, 83.

Our naturalist, after exciting the curiosity of his reader as to another kind of this species, the white-horned owl, which, he says, is very beautiful, concludes with this pleasant piece of information, "I obtained no information respecting its habits!"

"THE RED-BREASTED THRUSH.

"None of the feathered tribe are better known in America than this, which, from its red breast and familiar habits, has obtained the name of the 'Robin.' It winters, in immense numbers, in the Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to the Gulf of Mexico, deserting at that season, the tracts to the westward of the Alleghany range. Notwithstanding the havoc made in its flocks for the supply of the markets, it affects the neighbourhood of towns, and is observed to feed much on the fruit of the sour-gum (*Nyssa sylvatica*), and on poke-berries (*Phytolacca decandra*). Sometimes it disappears from a district for a week or two, and returns again in larger flocks than before. In March it begins to sing, and pairs early in April. Many pairs breed in the United States, but great numbers spread themselves over every part of the fur countries, extending almost to the northern extremity of the continent. Its nests were observed by the expedition as high as the sixty-seventh parallel of latitude; and, from the reports of various travellers, it is known to visit the north-west coast of America. It arrives in the Missouri, (in lat. 41½°), from the eastward, on the 11th of April; and in the course of its northerly movement, reaches Severn River in Hudson's Bay, about a fortnight later. Its first appearance at Carlton House, lat 53°, in the year 1827, was on the 22d of April. In the same season it reached Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58½°, on the 7th of May, and Fort Franklin, in lat. 63°, on the 20th of that month. Those that build their nests in the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, begin to hatch in the end of May; but, eleven degrees farther to the north, that event is deferred till the 11th of June. The snow even then partially covers the ground; but there are, in those high latitudes, abundance of the berries of the *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Vitis idaea*, *Arbutus alpina*, *Empetrum nigrum*, and of some other plants, which, after having been frozen up all the winter, are exposed, on the first melting of the snow, full of juice, and in high flavour. Shortly afterwards, when the callow young require food, the parents obtain abundance of grubs.

"The Red-breasted Thrush builds its nest on the branch of a spruce-fir tree, generally about five or six feet from the ground, taking no particular pains to conceal it, and frequently selecting a tree in the immediate vicinity of a house. Its nest is formed like that of the European thrush, of grass and moss, neatly interwoven, and lined with a compact coating of dung and clay. The male and female labour in concert in constructing it; and when the young are hatched, they jointly undertake the task of feeding them. The eggs, five in number, are about fourteen lines long, and

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

have a bluish green colour, like those of the common thrush. The male is one of the loudest and most assiduous of the songsters that frequent the fur countries, beginning his chaunt immediately on his arrival. His notes resemble those of the common thrush, but are not so loud. Within the arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes, that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, failed in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator."—pp. 176—178.

We are delighted with this little burst of enthusiasm. It seems to tell us that the doctor has a soul, and we can only regret that he has not manifested it more frequently. We fall back, however, into the old track on turning a few pages. Speaking of the little tawny thrush, which appears in May on the banks of the Saskatchewan, he observes, "whether it breeds there, or proceeds farther north, I am unable to say!" This is perhaps, under the circumstances, not very surprising. There is, however, another bird of the same tribe, called Wilson's thrush, which undoubtedly breeds on the banks of the Saskatchewan; and with respect to which he immediately adds, "but I had not an opportunity of seeing its nest, nor can I speak of the extent of its range northward." We almost think that the doctor might just as well have staid at home.

"THE CAT-BIRD.

"The Cat-bird, so named from the strong resemblance which its voice bears to the plaintive mewing of a kitten, is common throughout the United States in summer, but does not appear to wander very far north. We did not observe it higher than the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude; and as it is a very familiar bird, it

No. 120.—G

is not probable that more than stray individuals could have visited the districts through which we travelled, without having attracted our notice. It winters on the confines of the Gulf of Mexico, arrives in Georgia towards the end of February, in the second week of April reaches Pennsylvania, and in the beginning of May it is seen in New England. It does not reach the banks of the Saskatchewan until the end of May, later than most of the other summer visitors. Wilson informs us, on the authority of the first settlers in the Genesee country, that the cat-bird, in its migrations, keeps pace with the progress of agriculture, and that they had been several years in their new settlements, before he made his appearance amongst them. The want of cultivation may probably be the barrier to his migrations northwards, and not the severity of the season; for the summer in the fur countries is fine and warm. The country is more open about Carlton House, and cultivation is carried to a greater extent there than in any other part north of Lake Superior which we visited, and there only did we see the cat-bird. We should expect to find it, however, in still greater numbers, at the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, where the ground is now cultivated by several hundred settlers; and it would be highly interesting were any resident there to note the arrival of birds known to have a predilection for the vicinity of man, and previously strangers in that quarter.

"The cat-bird builds its nest in a bush or low thicket, forming the outside with small twigs, grass, and dry leaves, and lining it with black fibrous roots. The eggs are a little more than an inch long, and have a peculiar deep tint, intermediate between bluish-green and verdigris-green. In Pennsylvania two or three broods are raised in a season. Wilson, with his usual felicity, has drawn a vivid picture of the anxiety which this bird displays for the safety of its young. Its distress, when it supposes them to be in danger, is evinced by the most expressive gestures and loud cries. The same author tells us, that the male is one of the earliest of the Pennsylvanian songsters, beginning generally before the break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness, when there is scarcely light to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than for melody, and consist of short imitations of other birds and other sounds; but, his pipe being deficient in clearness and strength of tone, his imitations fail where these are requisite. He feeds principally on fruits."—pp. 192, 193.

We ought to have remarked, that we have in this volume a great number of coloured plates of the birds described, and that they are in general very well executed. Having been much struck by the singular beauty of the arctic blue-bird, as it is represented in plate 39, we immediately turned to the letter-press for the description of it, and we had the mortification to find just two lines and a half to the following effect: "The only specimen that we procured of this beautiful bird, was shot at Fort Franklin, in July, 1825. It is merely a summer visitor to the fur countries;

and we obtained no information respecting its habits."

"THE WHISKEY-JACK."

"This inelegant but familiar jay inhabits the woody districts from latitude 65° to Canada, and in the winter time makes its appearance in the northern sections of the United States. Scarcely has the winter traveller in the fur countries chosen a suitable place of repose in the forest, cleared away the snow, lighted his fire, and prepared his bivouac, when the whiskey-jack pays him a visit, and boldly descends into the circle to pick up any crumbs of frozen fish or morsels of pemmican that have escaped the mouths of the hungry and weary sledge-dogs. This confidence compensates for the want of many of those qualities which endear others of the feathered tribes to man. There is nothing pleasing in the voice, plumage, form, or attitudes of the whiskey-jack; but it is the only inhabitant of those silent and pathless forests, which, trusting in the generosity of man, fearlessly approaches him; and its visits were, therefore, always hailed by us with satisfaction. It is a constant attendant at the fur posts and fishing stations, and becomes so tame in the winter as to eat from the hand; yet it is impatient of confinement, and soon pines away if deprived of liberty. It hops actively from branch to branch, but, when at rest, sits with its head retracted, and the plumage of the body very loose. Its voice is plaintive and squeaking; though it occasionally makes a low chattering, especially when agitated by the prospect of a supply of food. It hoards berries, pieces of meat, &c. in hollow trees or between layers of the bark of decaying birches, by which it is enabled to pass the winter in comfort, and to rear its young before the snow is off the ground, and indeed earlier than any other bird in the fur countries. Its nest is concealed with such care, that none of the Indians with whom I spoke on the subject had seen it; but both Hutchins and Hearne inform us, "that it is generally built in a fir-tree, of sticks and grass; the eggs are blue; and the young brood, which are quite black, take to flight by the middle of May."—pp. 295, 296.

The migration of birds is a mystery which none of our naturalists have yet successfully investigated. There are few birds whose plumage is apparently more delicate than the humming-bird of America. Nevertheless, in winter it may be seen to the southward of the United States, and in summer it is found ranging as high as the fifty-seventh parallel, and perhaps even still farther north.

"THE CLIFF SWALLOW."

"This species was discovered in 1820, by Major Long, near the Rocky Mountains, where it abounds. In the same year it was seen in great numbers by Sir John Franklin's party, on the journey from Cumberland House to Fort Enterprise, and on the banks of Point Lake, in latitude 65°, where its earliest arrival was noted, in the following year, to be the 12th of June. Its clustered nests are of frequent occurrence on the faces of the rocky cliffs of

the Barren Grounds, and they are not uncommon throughout the whole course of the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. On the 25th of June, in the year 1825, a number of them made their first appearance at Fort Chepewyan, and built their nests under the eaves of the dwelling-house, which are about six feet above a balcony, that extends the whole length of the building, and is a frequented promenade. They had thus to graze the heads of the passengers on entering their nests, and were moreover exposed to the curiosity and depredations of the children, to whom they were novelties; yet they preferred the dwelling-house to the more lofty eaves of the store-houses, and in the following season returned with augmented numbers to the same spot. Fort Chepewyan has existed for many years, and trading-posts, though far distant from each other, have been established in the fur countries for a century and a half; yet this, as far as I could learn, is the first instance of this species of swallow placing itself under the protection of man within the widely extended lands north of the great lakes. What cause could have thus suddenly called into action that confidence in the human race with which the Framer of the universe has endowed this species, in common with others of the swallow tribe? It has been supposed that birds frequenting desert countries, and unaccustomed to annoyance from man, would approach him fearlessly, or at least be less shy than those inhabiting thickly peopled districts, where they are daily exposed to the attacks of the great destroyer of their tribes. But although this may be true of some families of birds, it is far from being generally the case. On the contrary, the small birds of the fur countries, which are never objects of pursuit, and scarcely even of notice to the Indian hunter, are shy, retiring, and distrustful, their habits contrasting strongly with the boldness and familiarity of the sparrows, that are persecuted to death by every idle boy in Europe. Nay, some species, which are bold enough during their winter residence in the United States, evince great timidity in the northern regions, where the raising their progeny occupies their whole time. In like manner the redbreast of Europe, familiar as it is in winter, sequesters itself with the greatest care in the breeding season. The question, however, recurs—what is the peculiarity of economy which leads one species of bird to conceal its nest with the most extraordinary care and address, and another to place its offspring in the most exposed situation it can select?

"At Fort Chepewyan the young came abroad on the 14th of July, and at the end of the month the whole took their departure. The nest is hemispherical, composed externally of small pellets of tempered mud, and lined with soft bay, and a few feathers. When attached to cliffs, the nests are clustered together, and each has an irregular tubular entrance at the top, an inch or two long, aptly compared, by Mr. James, to the broken neck of a retort. Under the eaves of a house, the nests are in a single line, not clustered; their form is adapted to the situation, and the tubular entrance is either entirely wanting or reduced to a mere ledge. The nests are easily destroyed by rain;

and as they generally face the south-west, a gale from that quarter, which is of comparatively rare occurrence in the month of July, in the fur countries, destroys great numbers of them. The labour of building is performed chiefly in the morning, and three or four days suffice to complete the shell of the dwelling. The eggs, usually four, are oblong, of a white colour, with dusky spots. The note of this species is a gentle twittering, like that of the *H. urtica* of Europe, which it strongly resembles in its mode of building. When the bird is angry or alarmed, it utters a feeble, but harsh and acute scream. It preys on mosquitoes and other small winged insects."—pp. 331—333.

There are few birds which range higher in the arctic regions than the pisk; it utters a peculiar sound, which is heard chiefly in the evening, and seems to be quite close to the listener, whereas at the moment the bird is so high in the air as to be almost imperceptible. Plenty of grouse of various kinds were observed by Dr. Richardson. He is indebted to Mr. Douglas for the following description of the "cock of the plains," which, if we may judge from the plate, is a most magnificent creature.

"COCK OF THE PLAINS.

"This bird, which was first mentioned by Lewis and Clark, has since become well known to the fur traders that frequent the banks of the Columbia. Several specimens have been sent to England by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company: a male and female are mounted in their museum:—and others having come into Mr. Leadbeater's hands, one of them has been figured by the Prince of Musignano. Mr. David Douglas also brought home specimens, from one of which Mr. Wilson's figure was taken. It is to Mr. Douglas that we owe the following account of the manners of the species, the only one hitherto published:

"The flight of these birds is slow, unsteady, and affords but little amusement to the sportsman. From the disproportionately small, convex, thin-quilled wing—so thin, that a vacant space half as broad as a quill, appears between each—the flight may be said to be a sort of fluttering, more than any thing else; the bird giving two or three claps of the wings in quick succession, at the same time hurriedly rising: then shooting or floating, swinging from side to side, gradually falling, and thus producing a clapping, whirling sound. When started the voice is "*cuck, cuck, cuck*," like the common pheasant. They pair in March and April. Small eminences on the banks of streams are the places usually selected for celebrating the weddings, the time generally about sunrise. The wings of the male are lowered, buzzing on the ground; the tail, spread like a fan, somewhat erect; the bare yellow oesophagus inflated to a prodigious size—fully half as large as his body, and, from its soft, membranous substance, being well contrasted with the scale-like feathers below it on the breast, and the flexile, silky feathers on the neck, which on these occasions stand erect. In this grotesque form he displays, in the pre-

sence of his intended mate, a variety of attitudes. His love-song is a confused, grating, but not offensively disagreeable tone—something that we can imitate, but have a difficulty in expressing—'Hurr-hurr-hurr-r-r-r-hoo,'—ending in a deep hollow tone, not unlike the sound produced by blowing into a large reed. Nest on the ground, under the shade of *Purshia* and *Artemisia*, or near streams, among *Phalaris arundinacea*, carefully constructed of dry grass and slender twigs. Eggs, from thirteen to seventeen, about the size of those of a common fowl, of a wood-brown colour, with irregular chocolate blotches on the thick end. Period of incubation twenty-one to twenty-two days. The young leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. 'In the summer and autumn months these birds are seen in small troops, and in winter and spring in flocks of several hundreds. Plentiful throughout the barren, arid plains of the river Columbia; also in the interior of North California. They do not exist on the banks of the river Missouri; nor have they been seen in any place east of the Rocky Mountains.'—pp. 358, 359.

Among the other birds described by Dr. Richardson, are the sanderling, the ring-plover, the lapwing, the bittern, the curlew, the sandpiper, the coot, the gull, the kittiwake, and a variety of ducks and swans, which are all well known in Europe.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LYRE.

'ERE yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green banners to the breath of morn;

Ere yet the solitudes
Echoed the voice of thunders—I was born!

My voice was known and heard,
When paradise grew glorious with the light
Of Angels!—and the word
Spoke midst the stars of first created night!

My view was felt when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!

When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke!

Mine was the breath that drew
The patriot forth to guard his native shore;

When lovers wildly flew—
And cities tumbled to the cannon's roar!

Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne:

My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

Still ask'st thou what am I?—
Go, ask the Bard, whose visions I inspire,
And, oh!—he will reply,
The lyre—the lyre—the soul exalting lyre.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE GALLEY SLAVES.

THERE are few books more interesting than Vidocq's Memoirs. I own they possessed my imagination strongly for the time, and proved the impelling cause which drove me into those unvisited scenes of foreign life, the Criminal Court, that of the *Police Correctionnelle*, and the prisons. Above all, my attention, if not interest, was drawn to those unhappy beings, the *forçats*, or galley slaves, whose lot, though unseparated from their parent soil, is still far more to be commiserated than that of our expatriated convicts.

About a mile distant from one of the southern barriers of Paris, a palace was built during our Henry the Sixth's brief and precarious possession of French loyalty, by the Bishop of Winchester. It was known by the name of Winchester, of which, however, the French kept continually clipping and changing the consonants, until the Anglo-Saxon Winchester dwindled into the French appellation of Bicêtre. The Bishop's old palace was treated as unceremoniously as his name, being burnt in some of the civil wars. But there is this advantage in a sumptuous edifice, that its very ruins suggest the thought and supply the means of rebuilding it. Bicêtre, accordingly, reared its head, and is now a straggling mass of building, containing a mad-house, a poor-house, an hospital, and a prison.

To see it is a matter of trifling difficulty, except on one particular day—that devoted to the riveting of the *chaines*. A surgeon, however, belonging to the establishment, promised to procure me admission, and on receiving his summons, I started one forenoon for Bicêtre. Mortifying news awaited my arrival. The convicts had plotted a general insurrection and escape, which was to have taken place on the preceding night. It had been discovered in time, however, and such precautions taken, as completely prevented even the attempt. The chief of these precautions appeared in half a regiment of troops, that had bivouacked all night in the square adjoining the prison, and were still some lying, some loitering about. Strict orders had been issued, that no strangers should be admitted to witness the ceremony of riveting; and the turnkeys and gaolers, in appearance not yet recovered from the alarm of the preceding evening, refused to listen to either bribe, menace, or solicitation. It was confoundingly vexatious. Whilst expostulating with the turnkey, I caught a glimpse through a barred window of the interior court, athwart which the chains lay extended, whilst in one railed off even from this the convicts were crowded, marching round and round—precaution forbade their remaining still—and uttering from time to time such yells and imprecations as might deafen and appal a Mohawk. "I have caught

a glimpse at least," thought I, as we were unceremoniously turned out.

My friend, the surgeon, bade us, however, not despair. When the man of influence arrived he hoped to prevail; and in the mean time he led us to view the other curiosities of Bicêtre. There was the well, the kitchen, the anatomical theatre. The courts were crowded with aged paupers, who each well knew that his carcase would undergo what laceration the scalpel of my friend and his comrades chose to inflict upon it. But the thought seemed not to affect them so much as it did us. Methought the business of dissecting dead subjects might have been carried on more remote from the living candidates; but I was wrong, for mystery and secrecy always beget fear.

The mad-house was another curiosity. It contains many whose brain the revolution of July, 1830, had turned. One man, a fine youth, had travelled on foot from a distant part of the kingdom, to shed his blood as a sacrifice to the memory of Napoleon. He gave his last franc to obtain admission within the pillar of the palace Vendôme, and when there, opened the veins of both his arms, crying out, "I offer the blood of the brave to the manes of Napoleon." His rolling black eye was now contrasted with a face pale as death. He had lost so much blood that few hopes were entertained of his recovery.

But by far the most curious patient of the mad-house, was a young man who imagined himself to be a woman. He was handsome, but not feminine in appearance. He adored a little mirror, with which he was gratified. Rags of all colours were his delight; and he had made a precious collection. His coquetry was evident; and he answered pertinently all questions, never belying at the same time his fixed opinion, that he was endowed with a maiden's charms.

We looked over the book of reports, and found seven-eighths of the female patients to have become deranged from love; whilst, with the majority of the males, the hallucination proceeded from disappointments of ambition. Surprised, I could make out no case of a religious maniac: glad, I could discover none of a student.

We now returned to machinations for the purpose of entering the forbidden prison. Aprons were handed us, not unlike a barber's. They were surgeons' aprons, always worn by those of the establishment when on duty. Might not then the barber's apron be a tradition of the barber-surgeons? I refrained from asking the question in that company. The scheme was, that we should pass for *Carabins*, such is the nickname of French students in chirurgery—and in this quality demand admission. The Cerberus of the prison grinned at the deceit, but wearied and amused by our importunities, he actually opened the *quicket* and admitted us. There are two grated doors

of this kind, one always locked whilst the other is opened. In an instant we were in Pandemonium.

The buildings, which surrounded and formed the courts, evidently the oldest and strongest of Bicêtre, harmonized in dinginess with the scene. At every barred window, and these were numerous, about a dozen ruffianly heads were thrust together, to regard the chains of their companions.—What a study of physiognomy! The murderer's scowl was there, by the side of the laughing countenance of the vagabond, whose shouts and jokes formed a kind of tenor to the muttered imprecations of the other. Here and there was protruded the fine, open, high-fronted head,—pale, striking, features, and dark looks, of some felon of intellect and natural superiority! whilst by his side, ignominy looked stupidly and maliciously on. A handsome little fellow at one of the grates, was dressing his hair unconsciously with most agitated fingers, evidently affected by the scene. Our question of "What are you in for?" aroused him. "False signing a billet of twenty thousand francs," replied he, with a shrug and a smile. "And he, your neighbour?" asked we cautiously, concerning one of a fine, thoughtful, philosophic, and passionate countenance. "Ha! you may ask—he gave his mistress a potion, for the purpose of merely seducing her, and it turned out to be poison—a *carabin* like yourselves." But these made no part of the chains.

The convicts destined for this operation were kept up in movement round a post in an adjoining court, and were shouting, rarely in intelligible language, to their companions. Joy was the universal tone, and a sniveller ran imminent danger. One poor fellow I remarked holding down his head, when he was saluted with a kick from him who followed, and the oburgation, *Tu es forçot too heim?*—"You a convict, and durst be sad." These men were all unmanacled. Methought a general rush on their part both practicable and formidable. One half must have perished, and the other half might have escaped.

They were now marched out from the inner court in batches of thirty at a time, drawn up in rank, stripped, and examined with such rigid scrutiny as I dare not precise. They were then marched and placed along one of the extended chains, and made to sit down, resting it in their laps. A square fetter was then fitted and placed around the neck of each. In this, before, some detached links from the chain were placed, whilst a huge smith proceeded to rivet each from behind. Fixing a kind of moveable anvil behind the convict's back, the fetter that encircled his neck was brought with his joint upon it, and half a dozen blows of the sledge, riveted the captive inextricably to the main chain and to his twenty-nine comrades. The smith must be adroit at his task, and the convict steady

in his position; for, as the fetter is tight round the neck, the hammer, in its blow must pass within a quarter of an inch of his skull, and a wince on his part might prove fatal. This, indeed, is the trying moment, when the stoutest cheek is blenched. The sturdiest frame, shaken by the blows of the sledge, then betrays emotion, and tears of penitence are at that moment almost always seen to fall. On sitting down, each had in general an air of bravado, produced in a great measure by the regards of the seemingly more hardened ruffians from the windows. Under the riveting there was no smile; whilst after it apathy was affected or resumed, each endeavouring to make his iron collar as supportable and comfortable as possible, by enveloping it in a handkerchief, and guaranteeing the neck from its chill or galling.

When the *chaine* was completed, its wearers were made to stand up. They formed themselves in couples, the chain running betwixt two ranks, and they walked round the yard to take their first lesson in their galling exercise. They are thus fettered together till they reach Brest or Toulon. The choice is left to them of walking or being carried in carts, more provender being given to those who make the journey on foot.

The only part of their habiliments, which seemed left to themselves to provide, was a covering for the head, the red or green cap being given them only upon entering the *bagne*. For their journey, some of the fellows had provided themselves with strange head-gear, mostly made of straw; one had a three-cooked hat; others, one of all kinds of *outré* shapes. A prime vagabond had woven for himself a complete and magnificent tiara, precisely like the Roman Pontiff's in form, and surmounted by a cross. This was the *Pope*, the *Pope* of the *Chaine*, and I never heard a shout so appalling, as that with which his appearance was welcomed by the prisoners from the windows of the building. They danced, they yelled, tore and tumbled over each other in the most exuberant delight, thrusting their crowded heads and distorted features almost through the gratings. I have gleaned from it quite an idea of a scene of merriment and exultation below.

The said *Pope* was a very extraordinary fellow; a slight fair form, pointed features, and eyes that were penetrating, despite their common shade of grey. He was called *Champanois*, his real name unknown, not more than three-and-twenty, and the Lieutenant of the *Chaine* said, one of the most talented and extraordinary characters that he had ever met with. He had been the prime mover of the intended insurrection, but without a proof against him, except his universal authority, unusual in so young a thief. His physiognomy was one, which it required not a second look in order to remember for ever.

Another figure struck me, not so much as

singular in itself, as in contrast with those around. It struck me as that of an English cabin-boy, a pale, freckled, ill-conditioned lad. On following the calling over of the register in roll, I found my conjecture too true. He was an unfortunate young sailor, a native of England, guilty of some misdemeanour, and by name Aikin. He understood not a word of French, but protested with a shake of his head against his being English; patriotism had in him outlived honesty and self-respect. I spoke to him in English: he wept, but would not reply, puckering up his poor lips in all the agony of his desolate condition. I was glad to remark the humanity with which he had been chained to a prisoner, pensive and downcast like himself.

There were some cases certainly hard; one or two for resisting the *gen-d'armee* in a riot at Rouen. To transport a rioter, unless under aggravated circumstances, is grievous enough; but after the revolution of July, that hallowed riot, to make a galley-slave of a *brave* for resisting the police, must have been at least surprising to him. The tribunal no doubt felt the necessity of severity; and we acknowledged it all in deploring the degradation of these poor devils for an act, which is so many thousand others was, at the moment, extolled to the skies as the acme of heroism. But justice hath her lottery-wheel as well as fortune.

As the last *chaine* was completing, an ecclesiastic went round to collect money of the visitors. But as there were few, so were the offerings. The convicts at the same time produced the fruits of their ingenuity in straw work-boxes, needle-cases, carved ivory and wood. The guardians, to do them justice, seemed humane. The lieutenant of the *chaine* himself could not have been the ruffian, such as *Vidocq* represents the *Argousin* to be.

He had an honest countenance. And yet it was disagreeable to see the military uniform on such a man—it was truly degrading to the soldier's profession.

The *bagne* at Toulon, the destination of the members of the *chaine*, was respectably peopled when I visited it some years ago. It contained amongst others, *Sarrazin*, a famous general, who had deserted to us from *Buonaparte*, and whose works on the Spanish and other campaigns, are still read with interest. The general had caught the inexcusable habit of marrying a wife in each town wherein he was quartered, and was sent to the galleys for *trigintagamy*. They boasted a bishop too amongst the convicts at Toulon, a merry little fellow, that bore his fate gaily, and who still contrived to exercise a kind of spiritual supremacy over his unfortunate comrades.

The ingenuity and hardihood of these men is surprising. Despite the vigilance, the ramparts, the fetters, and the logs, they escape hourly and daily;—at what risk is manifest from the regulations, by which three

cannon shots always announce the disappearance of a convict, serving to warn the peasants, and call them to earn the handsome reward given to whoever arrests one of the branded fugitives. They are easily recognised by the halt in one limb; as they are wont to drag after them that which has been accustomed to the bullet.

The only pursuits that seem to pervade the *bagne*, are those of *eating* and *dying*: with the exception of escape, all others are denied. And those who have given up the latter hope, confine their thoughts either to bettering their meagre fare of beans, or to getting rid of existence in the most advantageous way. It is remarkable and degrading to observe the utmost human ingenuity and industry employed, in order to procure a dish of potatoes fried in grease once in the week. Yet such is the luxury of a *forçat*, and he must labour for it harder than even an Hibernian peasant, or a poet of the same line.

The more philosophic, who scorn the luxury of potatoes, and with it the life that affords no other, meditate how best to get rid of existence; and this they effect almost ever in one way; viz., by killing their most obnoxious keeper, and thus earning the guillotine.

It is a frequent scene in the *bagne*, that of an execution. It occurs every week or fortnight. All the convicts are obliged to attend, for the purpose of striking them with terror, and working contrition and good behaviour in them. Alas! it is a huge mistake. For these days are of all others days of *fête* to them. Their countenances are marked by universal joy, and they shout congratulations, not condolences, to their comrade about to perish. Death to them is indeed an escape. Its ceremony is to them a marriage feast: and decapitation, what a *black job* was to Lord Portmouth,—the only variety and excitement that could give a spur to their heavy and painful existence.

Speak as we may against the pains of death, this is worse, not only physically but morally; for it degrades humanity far lower than is conceivable. The French have an idea that they can imitate the American mode of punishment by solitary confinement. This again will be still worse than the galleys; since religious consolation can alone redeem or ameliorate man in this state of durance; and as this makes no part of the French system, I cannot help thinking the *guillotine* more merciful, than either their *bagne* or their solitary cells.

From the United Service Journal.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1831.

From the Journal of an Officer.

THE changes effected both in the dress and manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and in the style of the city itself, since I last

visited it in 1818, were to me most surprising and unexpected. Certainly the greatest portion of the imposing appearance of the Turks has been lost by the recent reform in their costume, which formerly was rich, elegant, and varied; but under their present Frank or European garb, they have become an ill-dressed, slovenly, nay, even in most cases, a ridiculously mean-looking race. The crimson stuffed cap (or *fesk*), surmounted by a blue spreading tassel, descends low on the eyebrows, and how deeply must its wearers sigh after the proud and fanciful turban. The younger and less respectable Turks, who have adopted the new costume, put on short round jackets with upright collars, buttoned to the chin, and, according to the season, wear very loose white calico or wollen cossack trowsers. The older and more respectable classes make use of loose, long surtout coats, with stiff straight collars; waistcoats, loose trowsers, and tie black shoes complete their dress; and sometimes a dirty white neckcloth is tied uncomfortably about their throats. To conceal, however, this cruel abolition of a beautiful national dress, a military cloth cloak is worn by the Effendis, which conceals the horrors of their present habiliments. So altered are the gentry of the new costume, that I should say, their next step would be to turn Christians. The European dress was never intended for a Mohammedan or even an Asiatic. Tight shoes, long stockings, pantaloons, coats with no opening at the sleeves, must all be inconvenient, and may gradually diminish the strict observance of religious ceremonies and ablations, which are likely to be neglected by their frequency, and when rendered more harassing by the embarrassments of dress, may soon be seldom performed.

It is astonishing the effect dress has on the habits of the human race: thus the Turks become more dignified and slothful than by nature they were intended to have been, because they could neither manage on foot the arrangement of their heaps of clothes, nor walk with comfort in their slippers. Since the tails of their coats have been clipped, certainly they move about with more activity. The sword is much more rapid in the work of conversion than the tongue. The Sultan uses the former weapon without any remorse, and it must be confessed after all, that the Turks are a dastardly people, easily intimidated, submissive, and cringing. This has become particularly apparent since the destruction of the Janisaries. I can scarcely comprehend by what means the Turks could ever have been successful in their campaigns against the Europeans. As men, we are their superiors in height, figure, bodily strength, and ever did, I should say, possess more innate courage; still Vienna, by a mere chance, escaped becoming a Pashalic of the Porte.

Military costume is the fashionable dress of the day, whilst all copying from the Sultan,

wear their beards of the same length as his, and pull their fesk, or caps, equally low over their foreheads. The appearance of the troops, considering the disadvantages they labour under, is by no means so indifferent as might have been expected. Their head-dress, the round red cap, is most unbecoming, and their arms, clothes, and shoes, are far from good. They have attained that style of discipline and military knowledge which it is easy by dint of exertion to instil into soldiers, but I doubt if the European officers employed as instructors are capable of advancing their pupils farther in the scale of improvement. Perhaps, indeed, the government thinks enough has been effected, and considers their army to be in a high state of perfection, without being able to perform any combined evolutions. The corps of infantry I have seen are composed of very young men, who almost might be called boys; they go through the drill of a company tolerably well, and have evidently acquired a military deportment. The uniforms of the regiments differ; some have round cloth jackets with no facings; others have the cuffs, collars, and facings of the breast, red. The national colour for the army is blue. Some corps are dressed better than others, and finer cloth is given to those forming the guard of the palace. With the exception of a few of the senior officers, none have beards; they are in general good-looking, seem to pride themselves on their dress, and are clean. In former days the grandees of the court used to keep in their employ large retinues of young men, who frequently were not of very reputable character; the Sultan ordered these swarms of idlers to be discharged, and being an intelligent, good-looking, and by no means a bigoted class, they served to officer the troops of the new regime. The distinction of rank throughout the army is made apparent by stars of different metals, size, and value, attached to the left breast. Corporals and serjeants have brass stars, lieutenants and captains gold enamelled ones; majors the same, of a larger size; whilst the colonels have diamond stars, with gold or silver chains affixed to them, which hang from the front point of the shoulder.

The troops are constantly assembled in the splendid barracks built by the Sultan, are regularly paid, and well fed. Asia chiefly supplies the recruits; the muskets seem in general to be old ones repaired, excepting those of the palace guards, which are new, with much gilding on the barrels and on the blades of the bayonets. Some of the regiments have bands—that of the Sultan's is very numerous, and plays tolerably well, but their instruments are bad, sharp, and clamorous. The system of drill adopted is, I believe, French, and the officers employed are mostly of that nation. A M. Gallend, attached to the *Sur Asker Paasha*, or commander-in-chief, organizes the infantry, and M. Kelefsio, a Sardinian, has

charge of the cavalry. The latter is a favourite of the Sultan, and is said to be a person of talent and respectability. However, the situation of an European officer in the service of the Turks must be one of humiliation; formerly, they were not allowed to wear swords—they were not respected, which may arise from their individual characters, and the pay they receive is very small. Indeed, the system of the government always has been and ever will be illiberal, and it is astonishing how the Sultan ventures at particular periods to diminish the pay of his newly-raised troops, on whose fidelity and attachment his safety seems entirely to depend. When first the new system was established, the pay of each private was, I believe, forty piastres (ten shillings) a month, and has been reduced by degrees to less than thirty, which is a small pittance considering the habits of a Turk, who must smoke, sip coffee, and be comfortable. Two-pence a day, about the amount of their present pay, will scarcely provide these luxuries, and these straitened means have occasioned universal discontent throughout the army. Several plots have already been discovered amongst the officers to create a revolution in the government; and after a certain time, when more union is established amongst the different branches of the army, it may become as ungovernable a body as the corps of Janisaries. In most countries the soldiery are the gayest and best dressed portion of the community, but in Turkey, the case is quite different. The officers, as I have before remarked, are often fine young men, and whilst passing their guard-houses, I have been surprised at their ardour in learning their duty; the drill-book in manuscript was then produced, the battalion of sticks was speedily arranged, and columns were formed and deployments made in quick succession. On observing my comments, they have laughingly said, "Is that well done captain?" The Turks, take them in the right way, are, I believe, a good-natured people, and I never saw a better-behaved body of men than the new troops; they are always ready to give every assistance to foreigners when required.

The city of Constantinople is much improved by being kept very clean, by the erection of new bazars, by the embellishment of the old ones, and by the guardianship of a very vigilant police. The streets are now free from all rubbish and offensive objects; no notice is taken of foreigners; and even European females, without the slightest change of costume, may walk through every part of the city unmolested, and almost unobserved.

Last Friday, we went to see the Sultan on his weekly visit to a mosque, to hear divine service. It was on the Pera side of the Bosphorus, near the *Doolmah Baghcheh*; consequently less style and ceremony were observed, than is usual on such occasions within the city of Constantinople. About 500 infantry,

with a powerful band, were drawn out in one line from the entrance of the place of worship to receive him. They must have been part of a select corps (probably the Boostenchees), since the men were very well dressed and remarkably good-looking, stout, and tall. They handled their arms well, and were steady.

We were placed under the veranda of a coffee-house, close to which the Sultan passed. His Majesty was preceded by six led horses, saddled and bridled in the European manner, with richly embroidered shabracks; then came double files of mounted pages, dressed in various coloured jackets and white trowsers, officers of the household, aides-de-camp and other military attendants, and lastly the favourite Meer Allace, or General of the Guards, Hoosain Pasha. To these succeeded the Sultan, immediately followed by a personal guard of infantry, composed of remarkably fine, handsome young men. He wore the scarlet military cap, embroidered round the sides, and surmounted by a rich gold tassel, the long bullion of which hung like a fringe over its crown. A cloak of sky-blue cloth with straight embroidered collar, almost concealed his under-dress, a light-coloured cloth jacket, buttoned tight up to the chin, his gold-laced white kerseymere trowsers, and boots with spurs. On his left breast shone a most beautiful diamond star. His sabre and belt were European, as also his saddle and bridle. For a moment, I could scarcely place faith in my sight, so changed was this haughty monarch "of the sea and earth," from what I had seen him some years back, moving in the full awfulness of Asiatic majesty, to celebrate a festival at one of the mosques at Constantinople. The waving plumes of a multitude of shattars, or running footmen, then screened him from the gaze of his subjects; he was borne on by his horse, at a movement almost motionless; his eyes were fixed, countenance pale, gloomy, and most melancholy; and now I beheld this same powerful Sovereign, decked out in a flippant uniform, very similar to that of a light cavalry officer, with florid complexion, active, inquisitive gaze, and beard clipped almost close to his chin. I must say, Sultan Mahmood seemed to enjoy his emancipation from all the thraldoms of pomp and ceremony. In about half an hour the Sultan returned, and every part of the procession was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. We had time to examine the led horses, which were small pampered animals of some blood, but of little value.

If the Turks look mean, diminutive, and ill-made in their new costume, they certainly appear to still greater disadvantage when they ride on European hussar saddles. They can neither manage their horses, nor place their bodies or limbs in any good position, but go rolling along in the style of English sailors. The Sultan, however, certainly rides with grace and ease.

Though, I imagine, he must have moments of great uneasiness regarding his personal safety, he does not hesitate to move amongst the crowded streets, or apparently shun occasions when attempts might be made on his life. Great precautions are, I believe, taken against sudden tumults, and since the massacre of the Janisaries, the Sultan has seldom lodged within the walls of the old seraglio. He frequently changes his abode from one palace to another on the Bosphorus, and is building an entire new residence of immense extent on the Asiatic shores, about four miles above Scutari.

Persons, who, by a long sojourn in Constantinople, have acquired a considerable and more than superficial knowledge of Turkish affairs, assert that the late changes and ameliorations, instead of retarding, will accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman Government. They say that by destroying the Janisaries, by establishing a regular army, and by approximating the costume of his subjects to that of Europeans, the Sultan has principally had in view the acquirement of power without restraint, and a greater licence to indulge in excesses of every description; that the finances do not improve; that a system of debasing the currency is daily practised, by collecting the coinage of a few anterior years, remelting, and issuing it again in diminished value; that commerce is impeded by additional duties, and new monopolies of the staple commodities of the country are daily granted to his favourites and ministers. That the spirit of the people has been broken, and both national and religious feelings humbled and outraged, which tend to make the inhabitants of Constantinople indifferent to the faith professed by their ruler; and that consequently on the approach of an European invader, they will alone be spectators of the contest, and not, as in former days, rise in arms to defend their monarch and their religion. Time alone can prove the correctness of these assertions.

It is an arduous undertaking for a monarch endowed even with great wisdom and resolution, to reform a nation, particularly a nation professing the Mohammedan faith; yet, I should say, that much has apparently been effected in Constantinople; and judging superficially, one would deem it the capital of a prosperous and vigorous government. The public buildings are undergoing general repair, old edifices are removing to be erected anew, and everywhere there is a certain stir, denoting activity. Yet these signs of improvements are only observable in Constantinople, whilst the provinces are oppressed, misruled, and absolutely defepceless. If the system pursued by the Sultan does not produce the results anticipated by many, even to the regeneration of his people, certainly the body of the nation has been relieved from the insolence and lawless habits of the Janisaries, and those predatory bands of horsemen, the

Dehlees and Hytees, like the former mercenary bands of Italy and France, no longer pillage and desolate the country. Criminals having lost the protection of that most powerful military order, the Janisaries, are now with facility seized and punished; and for years the Turkish empire has not been so tranquil, or so secure for foreigners, travellers, or merchants, as at the present period.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

If, be the wood-fire's blaze,
When Winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of older days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

SWISS SONG.

WHENCE art thou, flower?—from holy ground
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grow strong for battle there,
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt,
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

F. H.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ON THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

AFTER fifty-six Protocols the ratification of the Belgian treaty is definitively postponed, and dark clouds are again collecting around the political horizon of Europe. The moment is arrived, says the movement party, when

* The field beside the lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

France should subdue the North of Africa—reunite Belgium—deliver Piedmont and Italy from the Austrian yoke, and raise the banner of the constitution in the Spanish peninsula. The firm hand with which Cassimer Perrier has held the reins of government, has hitherto compressed this impetuous spirit of continental change; but will he be able to achieve what even the genius and power of Napoleon was inadequate to? The combinations of diplomacy may avert for some time longer the general "bouleversement," but war is inevitable, and the power on whom its thunderbolts will burst with greatest fury, is Austria.

The French revolution had absorbed the Netherlands and Holland—crushed the empire of Germany, and out of the spoils of Poland it had constituted the duchy of Warsaw to watch the movements of Russia. At the close of the war, which had raged with little interruption for more than twenty years, the states of Europe could not be restored to the condition in which they had been before the commencement of the tremendous and protracted struggle. Many establishments in that long and dangerous interval being wholly overthrown, many boundaries of countries had been removed in the ravages of hostile aggression; the negotiators, therefore, while they laboured to reconstruct the federative policy of the European continent as much as possible, on the "status ante bellum," were compelled to introduce various changes, that their arrangements might be accommodated to the existing state of Europe. While Prussia received large accessions of territory on the Rhine and from dismembered Saxony, Austria, for the loss of her portion of Poland ceded to Russia, and the Netherlands incorporated with Holland, found compensation in immense acquisitions in Italy, besides a large portion of the Bavarian kingdom, the Tyrol, &c.

The sacrifices of this country during this eventful period were tremendous. For twenty-five years she had continued with unwearied pertinacity a warfare not without honour; and though often defeated in the field, the glorious days of Aspern and Wagram fully re-established the reputation of her armies; and by her timely intervention in 1813, she gave the last death-blow to the power of Napoleon. At that period the extraordinary resources of his genius had repaired the disasters of the Russian campaign; he was still in possession of nearly the whole of the Prussian monarchy, and of the strong post of Dantzic; the allied armies, disorganized by the defeats of Grossbern and Bautzen, had nothing to oppose to his overwhelming masses; the star of the conqueror of Marengo again burst forth in all its brightness. At this critical moment, when the destinies of Europe were in the balance, Austria joined the coalition; and skilfully availing herself of her proximity to Saxony,

where Napoleon had concentrated his forces, she was enabled to operate immediately in the rear of his front of operations upon the Elbe, and threw two hundred thousand men into the scale with an almost certainty of success. The empire of Italy, and her ancient influence in Germany, lost by fifteen years of reverses and disasters, were both reconquered in two months. An equally favourable opportunity for a successful intervention had presented itself to this power in 1807. Bonaparte had crossed the Vistula, and pushed his advance under the walls of Königsberg, having Austria in his rear, and the whole Russian Empire in his front. Had the Austrian cabinet known how to profit by their geographical position, and caused an army of one hundred thousand men to debouch from Bohemia upon the Oder, the power of Napoleon would have been at an end, and in all probability his army would not have succeeded in cutting its way back to the Rhine: but she preferred waiting till she had raised her army to four hundred thousand men, and two years after she assumed the offensive, she was conquered; whilst, with one hundred thousand men at the period we have mentioned, she might have decided the fate of Europe. By the diplomatic arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, Austria acquired a compact geographical "arrondissement" of kingdoms and provinces, with a considerable line of sea coasts, containing upwards of thirty millions of inhabitants—an empire which, if its interests were well understood and its resources fully developed, might prove a match for the most powerful on the continent. Yet, from the blind fatuity of its government, this country is daily impoverished; while, owing to a defective military system, her armies have been almost constantly beaten in the field, and captured like herds of cattle. To what causes are we to attribute the continued disasters of this power, whose army as a body is as much superior to the French, as the French soldier is individually superior to the Austrian? We shall answer this question in the words of the Archduke Charles—"Austria was worsted because the operations of her adversary were based upon a well combined system of fortresses, a careful survey of the whole theatre of war, and the direction to one 'but' of the force employed, to which she had only to oppose the bravery and superior organization of her army, and some splendid, though insulated triumphs of her generals."

It has been the fashion to attribute the disasters of the Austrian armies to the Aulic Council, and it must be confessed, that a general, whose genius and arm is fettered by the plans of a military board at a distance from the theatre of operations, must contend to a disadvantage with an adversary more favourably circumstanced; but the evil, we suspect, lies much deeper; several essential

conditions concur in the perfection of an army:—a good recruiting system—a good formation—a well organized system of national reserves—strict discipline, without being humiliating to the soldier—a well-combined system of rewards and promotion—a scientific corps of artillery and engineers—and lastly, a staff capable of availing itself of all these elements, the organization of which corresponds with the instruction of its officers. In this last essential, the Austrian army is miserably deficient; it is a body without a soul. The Imperial generals were constantly *out-strategised*: when a new system of warfare had been introduced, they continued to manœuvre, "*à la Daun*;" and while the object of the French was to attain their end, "*couste qui couste*," the old fashioned system of the Cordon betrayed the Austrian commanders into the dangerous practice of dividing and subdividing their forces. With a view of covering a line of frontiers, they found themselves unequal to maintain the few points it was important to preserve; and while they were uselessly garrisoning every village, were obliged, after a series of disasters, to abandon whole provinces to the enemy. It was by an obstinate adherence to this cautious system, in opposition to the "*en avant tactique*" of Napoleon, that we must look for the true cause of their defeats. In 1796, by acting upon the single line, he defeated in detail the corps of Borsera and Alvinzi. In 1805 he annihilated the army of Mack ere the Russians under Koutozoff, advancing through Moravia, could effect their junction.—And again at Wagram, the Archduke Charles, by acting on two exterior lines against the single line of his adversary, failed, owing to the non-cooperation of the Archduke John. In fact, it is a deviation from the fundamental principles of the science of war, to act with detached corps that have no communication with each other, against an enemy whose forces are centralized, and whose communications are easy. Hohenlinden was another example, that should have taught them the danger of violating this principle.

The following is the effective state of the armies of the Austrian* Empire on the Peace establishment:—

* The Austrian formation is in three ranks, the tallest men in front, and the best shots in the rear; the sizing, central and by divisions. The arrangement of the battalion is different from that of other services, in every division. One captain and captain-lieutenant is in the first rank, and the remaining officers in the supernumerary rank. Another distinguishing feature is, that every zuge or division, is marked on its right and left by a file of officers, sergeants, and corporals, who remain constantly posted on the same flank; those of the rear rank stepping into the second to give room to those in the supernumerary, to replace them when the battalion breaks into column, in which case the zuge is lined by a complete file of officers and non-commissioned officers. Each

INFANTRY.

30 Battal. Grenadiers	800 strong	24,000
64 Regiments, each 3 bat.	800 do.	153,600
17 do. Barmat Inf. 3 bat.	800 do.	40,800
8 Battal. Jagers (rifles)	800 do.	6,400

Artillery and Engineers	224,800
5 Regiments	20,000

CAVALRY.

12 Reg. Hussars	800 strong	9,600
8 do. Cuirassiers	800 do.	6,400
8 do. Dragoons	800 do.	6,400
4 do. Uhlans	800 do.	3,200

Grand total . 270,400

100,000 of this force is at present stationed in Italy; 10,000 in Hungary and on the Turkish frontier; and the remainder in the German Provinces; the regiments in each province are under the command of a Commandant-General who makes a report to the Khof Kreigrath.

To this body, in time of war, is added the Landwehr 120,000, who serve as regular soldiers, and the Hungarian insurrectionary army of 50,000. On the present peace establishment, the army, as we have shown, amounts to 270,000 men, but on the slightest emergency, it could with ease be augmented to 650,000. These troops are raised by conscription from the Polish, Italian, and German provinces; the term of service is fourteen years. When discharged from the line, the soldier joins the Landwehr. Hungary, by her constitution, is exempted from this law. The Hungarian regiments are levied and filled up by recruits enlisted voluntarily and for life. In this service, the soldier is still subject to corporeal punishment and the guntlope.

The pay of an Austrian private is six kreutzers, about two-pence English, from which deductions are made for his daily ration of half a pound of meat, and for every thing else with which he is provided. The grenadiers, cavalry, and artillery, have from eight to ten kreutzers per diem.

The monthly pay of the officers is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Ensign	2	2	0
2d Lieutenant	2	8	0
1st Ditto	2	18	0
2d Captain	3	12	0
1st Ditto	7	8	0
Major	10	0	0
Lt. Colonel	15	0	0
Colonel	30	0	0
<hr/>			
Lt. General	800	0	0 a-year
General	1000	0	0 do.
Marshal	1600	0	0 do.

company is composed of four züge.—*Exercier Regiment für die Kaiserlich Königl. Infanterie.*

The officers of the staff, from the rank of major, upwards, have horse-rations, according to their rank.

To compensate in some degree for this reduced scale of pay, the lodgings of the Austrian officer are paid by the government at half price—his rations are delivered to him at the same rate—and the theatres are open to him for about a third of the usual price of admission, to which may be added fuel, and half a loaf of bread of very inferior quality. Notwithstanding these allowances, the condition of the subaltern, who has no resources of his own, in spite of the low price of all the necessities of life, is most miserable; so slow is the promotion, that an Austrian officer may linger away a life without distinction. In this service the crack regiments of infantry rank much before the cavalry, and have more men of family and fortune among the officers.

The composition of the Austrian army is magnificent; the Hungarian grenadiers are remarkably fine men—they display not the iron hardihood of frame of the Russian Imperial Guard, neither have they that smartness under arms which marks the Prussian, or the animated intelligence of look of the soldiers of France, but they are very warlike; a veteran look marked by the bivouac, stature tall, limbs large—as the spectator contemplates their iron formation, he wonders that these men could ever have been beaten. The cavalry of this power has always been distinguished; the Hungarian hussars rank first among the light cavalry of Europe, while the heavy cavalry is unrivalled for a matchless union of size, weight, and activity. When Murat, at the battle of Lusig, made a desperate effort at the head of the French cavalry to retrieve the fortune of the day, he was borne back by a “charge en muraille” of six regiments of Austrian cuirassiers; in fact, nothing can be superior to the organization and equitation of the Austrian cavalry.

With the exception of the Hungarian regiments, the uniforms of the army would sadly disappoint a military dandy; the “tenu” of the artillery in particular, is painfully unmartial—a drab-coloured coat with a red collar, white breeches, and boots “à la Suwarof,” with a hat half “bourgeois,” half military, surmounted by a green plume, is the very antithesis of a martial costume. But the science and instruction of this corps is on a par with that of the artillery of any power on the continent. The material of the Austrian equipages, compared with our own, is clumsy and heavy. There is one feature in the army which distinguishes it from all others, the bands; in some corps there are from eighty to ninety musicians. A celebrated German professor, who was present at Dresden at the first representation of the “Olempia” of Spontini, on being asked what he thought of it, replied—“The march of an Austrian band is worth the whole opera.” In fact, the effect

of these bands is perfectly electrifying. Moderate as is the rate of pay in this service, it is double that of the Russian soldier.

Divided into many kingdoms, separated by jealousy, manners, and inveterate and antiquated prejudices, this empire appears to contain within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The events of the three days of July, have vibrated even in this country, in spite of the vigilance of Metternich; the Hungarian, the Pole, the Bohemian, and the Tyrolian, brood over the recollection of their former freedom, and of their violated constitutions;—in short, the Austrian empire may be likened to a slumbering volcano; and the Emperor Francis, as he casts his eyes over the map of his extensive dominions, may, like Louis XV. of France, exclaim—"Ceci durera autant que moi, mais je plains mon successeur."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE memory of the Great Plague in London has been rendered immortal by the prose of Daniel Defoe, and the poetry of John Wilson. But the greater plague which overran almost the whole world, three centuries before, is almost forgotten. A slight sketch of its history, drawn from all chroniclers, will show, by comparison, what a small matter is magnified into a pestilence in the present day.

This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the East. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by the contemporary writers, Mezeray and Giovanni Villani, to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Some zealous Christian writers of the time derived its origin from the arch-impostor Mahomet; for they say that, at Mecca, in Arabia Felix, it rained snakes and blood from heaven for three days and nights together; that the temple of Mahomet was beaten down by a terrible tempest, and his sepulchre torn up and broken in pieces; and that the sulphureous vapours, and the stench of the snakes and blood, so corrupted the middle region of the air, that the infectious matter spread itself over the world in all directions. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air and load it with pestiferous vapours. And it is remarkable that, before the disease appeared in Europe, singular meteorological phenomena, of a similar nature, took place. Thus, it came into England in the end of the

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

year 1348; and it had rained from the previous Christmas till Midsummer almost without ceasing; "so that all the while," to use the words of an old writer, "it hardly ever held up so much as for one day and night together." Great inundations followed; and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. In France, several strange meteoric appearances are described by writers of credit. Giovanni Villani says, that on the 20th of December, 1348, in the morning, after sunrise, there appeared at Avignon, over the pope's palace, a pillar of fire, which tarried there for the space of an hour, producing general terror and amazement.

During the same period there were many dreadful earthquakes, some of them in such places where such phenomena have since been unheard of. At Rome, an earthquake threw down a great number of houses, steeples, and churches. At Naples there was an earthquake, accompanied with a tremendous hurricane, which destroyed a large portion of the city. On this occasion it is related, that while a friar was preaching to a crowded congregation, he and his auditory was swallowed up in an instant—all but one individual, who observed the trembling of the earth in time to save himself by flight. A great multitude of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their habitations; and the citizens durst not venture into their houses, but remained terrified in the market-places or fields, till the earthquake (which continued by fits for eight days) had spent its fury. In Greece, particularly in the Morea and the island of Cyprus, whole villages were overwhelmed. Even in Germany, a country not liable to this calamity, there was an earthquake which extended over a great part of Austria and Styria, and destroyed many towns and villages, in those districts; "And many other provinces," says an old historian, "suffered such lasting characters of the fury of these strong convulsions of nature, that, lest the joint concurrence of so many authors of those days should not obtain sufficient credit, they might be very plainly read even by late posterity." These earthquakes were generally attended with storms of thunder and lightning, wind and hail. In the year 1348, according to Lampadius, it rained blood in Germany, and meteors and other coruscations appeared in the air. Mock suns were seen, and the heavens sometimes seemed on fire.

In many of these accounts we may presume that there is a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia

No. 121.—H

Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago; almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have *decimated* the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of *nine*, in place of *one*, out of ten. According to Mezeray and other writers, where it was most favourable it left one out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, it scarce left a fifteenth or twentieth person alive. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, were left quite desolate. Giovanni Villani says that in a part of Mesopotamia, only some women survived, who were driven by extremity and despair to devour one another.

The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope; though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

Before the pestilence invaded Christendom, it is recorded, in a report made to the pope at Avignon, that it swept away twenty-three millions eight hundred thousand persons throughout the East in the course of a single year. While the Christians remained untouched, their supposed immunity, since their neighbours were suffering the extremity of the malady, operated so strongly on the minds of some of the heathen princes, that they resolved to propitiate Heaven, by embracing Christianity. The King of Tarsis, accompanied by a great multitude of his princes and nobles, actually set out on his journey to Avignon, to receive baptism from Pope Clement VI. But hearing on his way that the Christians too had become victims to the destroyer, he returned home, with the loss of about two thousand men, whom the Christians most ungenerously attacked and cut off in the rear of his army.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians, having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. Among these was the historian Giovanni Villani, whose writings we have already referred to. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age; and his historical works are looked upon as correct and valuable. He was the annalist of this pestilence almost down to the day of his falling a victim to it. France next became exposed to its ravages. At Avignon the mortality was horrible. In the strong language of Stow, people died bleeding at the nose, mouth, and fundament;

so that rivers ran with blood, and streams of putrid gore issued from the graves and sepulchres of the dead. When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six of the Carmelite friars died before any body knew how, so that it was imagined they had murdered one another. Of the members of the English college at Avignon, not one was left alive; and of the whole inhabitants of the city, not one in five. According to a statement or bill of mortality, laid before the pope, there died in one day 1212, and in another 400 persons. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls. At Lubeck alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 90,000 persons were swept away in one year, of whom 1500 are reported to have died in the space of four hours.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August, 1348, it appeared in the sea-port towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford; and about the 1st of November, reached London. Finally it spread itself all over England, scattering every where such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive.

Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annalists. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 persons, who died of the plague, were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 57,374 persons died in six months, between the 1st of January and the 1st of July. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. We find no general statement of the total amount of the mortality in London; but there are details sufficient to show that it must have been horrible beyond imagination. The dead were thrown into pits, forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial-places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which also was covered. Sir Walter Manny (whose name is so well known from his connexion with the affecting incident of the surrender of Calais to Edward III.,) benevolently purchased and appropriated a burial-ground, near Smithfield, in which single place more than fifty thousand people were buried. Stow says that he had seen, on a stone cross in that burial-ground, the following quaint inscription: "Anno Do-

mini MCCCXLIX. regnante magnâ pestilentia, consecratum fuit hoc cimiterium; in quo, et infra septa presentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam L.M. præter alia multa abhinc usque ad præsens. Quorum animabus propitietur Deus. Amen.*

This pestilence gave occasion to some diplomatic intercourse between England and France, which is strikingly characteristic of the manners of the age. While the mortality was raging in those countries, Pope Clement VI. never ceased importuning the monarchs of both to put an end to their mutual hostility, and, by doing so, to avoid the continuance of a calamity sent by Heaven to punish the sins of mankind. Edward and Philip were induced by these pious exhortations to appoint commissioners, who met between Calais and St. Omers to negotiate a treaty. The French insisted on the restoration of Calais, or the rasing of its fortifications; a proposition which the English would not listen to. At last, however, a truce was agreed upon for six months, till September following, in order to allow time to negotiate for a peace; and it was further agreed, that if, at the end of the truce, a final treaty was not concluded, the crown of France was to be brought to a convenient place within that realm, and the right to it decided by a pitched battle, without further appeal. The death of the French king, however, which happened in August, 1350, before the expiration of the truce, put an end to this smooth and amicable plan of accommodation.

The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and among them, principally on old men, women, and children. It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague; and of the English nobility and people of distinction, very few were cut off by it. Among the higher orders of the church the deaths were rare; but such havoc was made among the inferior clergy, that numbers of churches were left wholly void, and without any one to perform Divine service, or any offices of religion. At the same time all suits and proceedings in the courts of justice ceased; and the sitting of parliament was intermitted for more than two years.

This terrible visitation was every where attended by a total dissolution of the bonds of society. An excellent old writer† gives the following eloquent description of the state of England:—"We are told the influence of this disease was so contagious, that it not only infected by a touch or breathing, but transfused

its malignity into the very beams of light, and darted death from the eyes; and the very seats and garments of such proved fatal. Wherefore parents forsook their children, and wives their husbands; nor would physicians here make their visits, for neither were they able to do good to others, and they were almost certain thereby to destroy themselves. Even the priests also, for the same horrid consideration, forbore either to administer the sacraments or absolve the dying penitent. But yet neither priests, nor physicians, nor any other who sought thus to escape, did find their caution of any advantage: for death not only raged without doors as well as in chambers, but, as if it took indignation that any mortal should think to fly from it, these kind of people died both more speedily and proportionably in greater numbers. Then was their death without sorrow, affinity without friendship, wilful penance and death without scarcity, and flying without refuge or succour. For many fled from place to place because of the pestilence; some into deserts and places not inhabited, either in hope or despair. But quick-sighted destruction found them out, and nimble-footed misery was ever ready to attend them. Others, having hired boats or other vessels, into which they laid up provision, thought, or at least hoped, so to elude the power of the infection; but the destroying angel, like that in the Revelations, had one foot upon the waters as well as on the land; for, alas! the very air they breathed being tainted, they drew in death together with life itself. The horror of these things made others to lock themselves up in their houses, gardens, and sweet retired places; but the evil they intended to exclude, pursued them through all their defences, and they had this only difference, to die without the company of any that might serve or pity them. No physician could tell the cause, or prescribe a cure; and even what was saving to one was no less than fatal to another. No astrologer could divine how or when it would cease; the only way left was to be prepared to receive it, and the most comfortable resolution to expect it without fear."

The pestilence extended into Wales, where it raged violently; and soon afterwards, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English settled in that island. But it was remarked that the native Irish were little affected, particularly those that dwelt in hilly districts.

As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England, they made a hostile irruption, with a large force, into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the calamity which they courted, and so well deserved from their ungenerous conduct, overtook them. They perished in thousands; and, in attempting to return home, they were overtaken, before

* A. D. 1349, during the prevalence of a great pestilence, this cemetery was consecrated; in which, and within the enclosure of the present monastery, more than 50,000 bodies were interred, besides many more from that time to the present. To whose souls God be propitious. Amen.—[Ed. Mss.]

† History of Edward III., by Joshua Barnes, B. D., Canab. 1688.

they could reach the border, by a strong body of English, who routed them with great slaughter. The remnant carried the disease into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as in the southern parts of the island. "Scotland," says the writer whom we have already quoted, "partook of the universal contagion in as high a degree, and in same manner, as other countries had done before; only in this there was a difference, that whereas other nations sat still and waited for it, the Scots did seem ambitious to fetch it in among themselves." However much Scotland may have had to complain of the oppression and tyranny of England under the Edwards, it was ungenerous and unworthy of a brave people to attempt to retaliate on a nation laid prostrate by the hand of Heaven. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that the general cause, whatever it was, of the pestilence, would at any rate have soon extended to Scotland, as well as Wales and Ireland.

Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate in England; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap it and gather it in. The scarcity of hands naturally produced excessively high wages. A reaper was not to be had under eight-pence per day, nor a mower under twelve-pence, besides victuals; and every other sort of labour was paid in proportion.* This gave occasion to the act of the 25th of Edward III., known by the name of the Statute of Labourers; which, on account of "the insolence of servants, who endeavoured to raise their wages upon their masters," ordained that they should be contented with the same wages and liveries which they had been accustomed to receive in the 20th year of the king. In spite of this statute, high wages continued to be given by people who preferred doing so to losing their grain and other fruits of the earth, till Edward enforced obedience to it by severe measures both against masters and labourers. The enforcement of this statute is said by old writers to have prevented a famine from raging in England, similar to the one which afflicted the other countries that had undergone the visitations of the pes-

tilence. How far it could have produced so salutary an effect, however, may well be questioned.

The last dregs of this calamity were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and, in many places, they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves, and their families and property, with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were produced by the cholera panic, only a few months ago, in some parts of the continent.

Though the pestilence ceased in England in 1349, yet the destroying angel continued his progress through other regions for several years longer, marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362. The world has suffered no similar visitation since; nor does its older history afford any instance of a calamity of the same kind, equally extensive and destructive. Even the pestilence, so eloquently described by Gibbon, which ravaged a great part of the Roman empire, seems to have been inferior in magnitude; and the famous plague of Athens was confined within a still narrower compass. In almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or even a particular city.

Our present object has been merely to collect some circumstances of the history of this most remarkable event, and not to enter into the question of the theory of pestilence. We may, however, observe, that not only was the great plague, of which we have been speaking, preceded and accompanied by disorders of the elements, tending to produce a general corruption of the atmosphere, but the very same phenomena are recorded in the other cases where the plague extended itself over various regions. In those eastern countries, too, where the plague is found to prevail almost constantly, it always occurs at times and places where the atmosphere is corrupted, either by physical causes, or by the shockingly filthy habits of the inhabitants, or by both together. That a corrupted state of the atmosphere, therefore, is a cause of the plague, cannot be doubted; and it is a question whether, to this certain cause, it is necessary to join the additional cause of *contagion*. As the ascertained cause suffices to account for every fact connected with the disease, we confess we do not see the necessity for having recourse to two separate causes for the same effect. And it is a strong circumstance, that in those

* In the time of Edward III., ten-pence contained half an ounce of silver, and was, consequently, equal to half-a-crown of our present money. The above wages, therefore, were equivalent to two shillings and three shillings of our money. At that time the quarter of wheat was at six shillings and eight-pence, or twenty shillings of modern money.—*Wealth of Nations*, Book I. chap. 11.

countries where the disease is most familiarly known, little fear is entertained of contagion. "The more intelligent among the Turks," says a recent writer on this subject, "seem to be aware that the plague is not contagious; and we are assured that they do not destroy the bedding or clothes of those who die of the distemper, but often immediately put them on and wear them, without any ill effects, or the smallest apprehension from contagion."*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, the very name is sweet!
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosy;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books;
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep the green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

* Hancock on Cholera and Pestilence;—an able pamphlet, which contains a great quantity of evidence, in a small compass, on the question of the contagious or non-contagious nature of these diseases.

RAMBLES IN GERMANY.

A tout cœur bien ne la patrie est chère.

It is not in their martial character alone, it is not merely as the conquerors of imperial Rome, as the founders of modern European institutions, that the early Germans excite our interest. Their simple institutions, which so captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus, by their contrast with the vices and corruptions of his own country, are the true sources of all those systems of polity that have since prevailed. From these are equally derived the feudal system of the middle ages, and the free constitution of England; her parliament and her trial by Jury. Again, to the pure chastity of their manners, and their chivalric devotion to the female sex, may be justly ascribed much of that rank now held by women in the scale of society, and of its superiority even in the lowest state over the boasted civilization of the ancients. How that spirit of high-flown gallantry and delicate respect for the softer sex should have sprung up amid the rude barbarians of the North, while it was totally unknown to the more polite and refined Greeks and Romans—that gallantry which, with its many fantastic and some dangerous maxims, has produced others of the highest benefit to society, is one of those mysteries in the varying history of the human race that eludes the grasp of philosophic research. I stood musing thus, beside the tomb that marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, on the far-famed field of Lutzen—of Lutzen, the grave of thousands, sacrificed at the shrine of religious fanaticism. How burning is Schiller's description of this murderous conflict! Both sides fought with a deadly animosity unknown in modern warfare. The traveller stands with the historian on the battle field—hears the solemn hymn of the Swedes on the eve of the action; sees the gallant Gustavus fall mortally wounded amid the Croatian horse; witnesses the fierce onslaught of the Swedish cavalry to recover his body; and, lastly, beholds Wallenstein riding amid the deadly shower, as if he bore a charmed life. Darkness put an end to the combat, and the trumpets from either camp sounded the notes of victory. Here on this same field, did the star of Napoleon for the last time burst forth with that vivid brightness that marked its dawn on the field of Marengo. It was leaning on the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus that Napoleon marked the retreat of the allied columns.

There is something gloomy and stately in the Gothic aspect of Leipsig, that leads back the mind to the days of more picturesque manners. But this city possesses another claim to our interest, it is the great printing press of Germany, the mart of thought.

In the public garden near the Plassenburgh gate, there is a cenotaph erected to the memory of the ill-fated but gallant Poniatowski—

when we behold the Elster (as it has been a thousand times before observed,) the mind wonders that an insignificant rivulet, which an English hunter would clear at a leap, should have proved the grave of the gallant Pole; but so it did—here sunk steed, rider, and hundreds of the flying French. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, mentions, that the Prince was so loaded with gold that he sunk almost immediately. If this were true, the romantic halo that enshrouds the manner of his death will lose much of its interest. There is a very curious anecdote current in Germany, relative to this Prince. A few years previous to his death, he was on a visit to a relation of his in Moravia, and while sauntering in the park of the château with a parcel of ladies, they were suddenly accosted by a gypsy, who offered to predict the fate of every one present. Poniatowski held out his hand to the sybil, who took it, and examining it with a scrutinizing glance, she said in a hollow tone of voice, "Prince, an Elster will be thy death." Now Elster in Germany means a magpie. The prediction therefore elicited a burst of merriment from the whole party, who little dreamt at the time how truly this gypsy prophecy would be one day realised.

The country between Leipsig and Dresden possesses but little interest; but Dresden is a most interesting city. There are no splendid edifices; but the ensemble of the Saxon capital, with its noble bridge, is so beautiful, and the situation so calm, so still, that I left it with regret. But the *Curzeit* was far advanced, and I was anxious to visit Töplitz during the bathing season. Dresden is the Athens of Germany, and its inhabitants have long been celebrated for their polished manners and refined and classical taste. Our road towards the Bohemian frontier lay through the theatre of the great military operations of 1813. We passed the celebrated defile of Holendorf, where three thousand Prussians gallantly held Vandamme's whole corps d'armée in check, till the Allied forces formed in the rear. When all was lost, the French cavalry rushed like a torrent down the deep descent, and made a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day,—but all in vain,—the hour of defeat had sounded, and—here sunk the star of Napoleon; for Maria Culum prepared the disasters of Leipsig, the grave of his fortune. The road descends into the valley, surrounded on three sides by precipitous mountains. Our postilion had been in the action; he pointed to the eminence defended by the Russian guards. Here the conflict raged the fiercest, and here fought the young guards of Napoleon, confident of success, till the arrival of the Austrians decided the affair, and lost to France an army of 40,000 men!

If any place in Germany can make us forget Baden, it is Töplitz; the environs are romantic and beautiful, studded with castles and

manors of the Bohemian nobility; the town is extremely elegant, the houses well built, and commodious. The palace of the Prince Clary, the proprietor of the baths, is an imposing edifice, and the grounds are laid out with considerable taste; in short, every thing at Töplitz is on a scale far superior to that of any other German watering-place. The place was crowded at the period of our arrival. The "caste" of the company was aristocratic—"on n'y peut plus." Dinner was served daily at five o'clock, in a magnificent saloon, to which sat down between two to three hundred guests. The coup d'œil was magnificent, varied, and full of pleasing contrasts. In juxtaposition with a Russian diplomatist sat a fiery Pole, fiercely scowling at his hated oppressor; suddenly his fierce expression gives place to one of softness, as he listens to the silvery voice of one of his countrywomen. At another part of the table may be observed a party of martial looking Hungarians, toasting their constitution in defiance of Metternich and his spies, or the well-padded breasts of a coterie of Prussian officers—perhaps discussing the relative merits of Jomini and their favourite Bellow, or illustrating with their knives and forks some evolution of tactics. The Prussians are the military pedants of Germany; their very phraseology is tactical, while their demeanour is vain, conceited, and arrogant to a degree, forming a peculiar contrast with the quiet gravity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment of the Austrian officers. The military of these two nations cordially hate each other, and their rivalry is often the source of serious brawls. Nothing can convey a stronger idea of the intensity of this feeling than the question of a Prussian Colonel to the Mareschal Suchet, on the field of Jena, as a column of Prussian prisoners defiled before him:—"Did we fight to-day as well as the Austrians at Austerlitz?" To have been surpassed in military prowess by the detested Austrians, would have mortified more the vanity of this "Sabreur" than the loss of his country's independence.

Both the wines and the viands were of the most costly descriptions; the various tongues of the company—the gorgeous uniforms of the chasseurs of the Russian noblesse—the rich deep melody of the Bohemian band; but above all, the blaze of female loveliness that graced the hall, presented an ensemble of high-bred fascination and attraction which we would look for in vain at any of the watering places in our own island. After dinner the company lounged in the park, or drove to some of the beautiful villages in the environs. A ball or a concert, (the ladies *en demi toilette*) with the more exciting pleasures of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, were the amusements of the evening. There were several Polish ladies at the baths, of surprising loveliness. The Polish woman of rank combines all the feminine softness and delicacy of mind of the

high-bred English female, with that fascinating polish of exterior and amiable vivacity that so distinguishes the dames of France; in fact, their personal charms are "au negrean" with the gallantry of their countrymen. Alas! poor Poland! Many of those gallant spirits who, in the summer of 1829, by their elaborate cultivation of mind and manner, shed such charms over the society of Toplitz, have perished in the late glorious struggle, while others are dragging their exiled steps towards the dreary wilds of Siberia. To use the language of the ruthless autocrat, "Poland has ceased to exist;" but the memory of her sublime efforts to recover her wonted independence, will descend in the brightest hues to future generations, when the name of the barbarian ruler shall only be acknowledged in the page of history as their destroyer!

While lounging in the park on the third evening of our arrival at the baths, my attention was arrested by a coterie of ladies and gentlemen in the adjoining walk. Their calm dignity of deportment, and their distinguished air, announced them as belonging to the highest walks of society.

On one of the party my eye rested with a kind of fascination; the ensemble of his exterior was strikingly graceful, a high broad forehead, a Grecian nose, clear blue eyes that bespoke frankness and sincerity; a beautiful mouth, round which played a heavenly smile; a slender figure, graceful in all its movements, and eminently calculated to impress the spectator favourably; such was the man that arrested my gaze; a man universally execrated from Archangel to the Mediterranean, from the Bosphorus to the Channel, Freedom's most determined foe, the arch-diplomatist, I had almost said, the arch-enemy, of Europe—the Austrian Prince Metternich!

"Qui cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet."

From the Metropolitan.

POPULAR HISTORICAL ERRORS.

THE IRON MASK.

It is singular, that among the vulgar errors which time has consecrated, and modern scepticism profanely attacked, no writer has yet robbed of its peculiar character of singularity and mystery, the anecdote of the Iron Mask—it is one of those mystifications which has been most gravely asserted, most steadily maintained, and most generally adopted in Europe; nevertheless it is one of the most absurd, most glaring, of these deceptions, which credulity imposes upon itself, and from which it is so loath to withdraw its sombre, but interesting veil.

Voltaire is the first person, who, in treating of the history of "L'homme au Masque de Fer," converted a simple fact into a regular romance; he caught some hints from the fly-

ing gossip of his day, (for under the sovereignty of Louis XIV. nobody ever heard of the circumstance,) and "thereupon he wrote," without believing one word of the marvellous material which he collected, and perhaps composed: he arranged it merely to gratify, and occupy, the appetite of the Parisian idler for the wonderful, or for the most lasting satisfaction of laughing at the credulity of mankind from his grave.

Of the thousand and one volumes of the memoirs of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., it is singular that no one among them, even those written in the latter days of his long royalty, makes any mention of the existence of the personage known as the Iron Mask. Of these writers I shall quote only the most distinguished; and, of that number, the following are the most undisputed authorities:—Mademoiselle de Montpensier, niece of Louis XIII., cousin-german of Louis XIV., whose memoirs begin before the birth of the latter prince, and finish at the period of his union with Madame de Maintenon, embracing a term of fifty years;—Madame de Motteville, lady of honour to the Queen, Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who was attached to her person from childhood, and continued in her service till the death of that Princess; it is this writer whom Voltaire distinguishes as "noble et sincère;"—the Cardinal de Retz, the historian of the Fronde;—the Marquis of Dangeau, the historian of the Court (at which he passed a long life) and of Louis XIV., upon whose person he was in constant attendance;—the Abbé Choisy;—the Duc de St. Simon, a severe man, who wrote voluminously, did not love Louis XIV., and would not have spared his memory by suppressing such an anecdote, had he known it; more especially as he did not write till long after the death of the king, when his name and actions were no longer popular;—the Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the guards to Louis XIV.;—the Comte de Rochefort, secretary to Cardinal Richelieu; and lastly, though not the least important, Madame de Caylus, niece to Madame de Maintenon, who wrote under the following reign, and who has left us a charming little book of "Souvenirs" of the Court of Louis le Grand; of all these important authorities, the last only makes mention of the Man in the Iron Mask—in what manner shall be considered hereafter.

Five persons are condemned to the pain of the "masque de fer;" of these, two are purely imaginary, the mask not having been made for them, but they created expressly for the mask; they are, a twin brother of Louis XIV., and a natural son of the Queen, his mother: the other three are historical, but their history has been enveloped in fiction, and clouded by absurdity;—they are, the superintendent of the Finances, Fouquet; the Comte de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV.

and Madame de la Valière; and lastly, a minister of an Italian prince (the Duke of Mantua), who, having taken great pains to destroy the plans of the ambitious sovereign of France, was kidnapped from his native country by his orders, and, in shameful violation of the laws of nations, condemned to perpetual imprisonment in France. It is by tracing clearly the real history of these persons that I undertake to prove, not the non-existence of the prisoner supposed to be the Iron Mask, but of all the mysterious and romantic circumstances connected with him. The supposition of a twin brother of Louis XIV. would be almost too ridiculous to combat seriously, if it had not obtained a very astonishing degree of credit in Europe, during the two hundred years which this singular delusion has lasted; but this opinion vanishes before a little examination into the customs and manners of the Court of France at the birth of Louis XIV. The queens of France were always delivered in public: that is, in a large chamber in which were assembled the royal family, the princes of the blood, the great officers of the crown and of the royal household, and the whole train of courtiers if they thought proper to attend. This is so notorious, that the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, nearly lost her life in her first confinement, from the suffocation occasioned by the immense crowd in her chamber; in the case of Anne of Austria, who had been nearly twenty years a wife before she was a mother, nearly all Paris assembled in the palace, and the chamber was crowded to excess; the king himself (Louis XIII.) received the new-born infant, and showed him to the people, using (as Madame de Genlis remarks) the only popular words ever attributed to him, when his officers endeavoured to restrain the crowd,—"Let them come, this child belongs to all the world." It would have been impossible to conceal the birth of a second child from the knowledge of those immediately surrounding the bed of the Queen; and the existence of such an infant would have been most carefully established by the members of the royal family, when, a few years after, they were in open civil war against the authority of the queen, become regent by the death of her husband. Such an infant would undoubtedly have been proclaimed king by the discontented party; but neither the Duc D'Orleans nor the great Condé ever thought of this mode of annoyance, and that, simply because they had never heard of this circumstance. The next supposition is less ridiculous, though not less false—that of a natural son of the queen, Anne of Austria: this son must then have been born during the life of her husband, when there was danger to herself from this intrigue; for any man, who knows any thing of the Court of France, must be aware that after his death no such secrecy was necessary.

This is next to impossible; Louis XIII. hated his wife, and would have been glad of any just pretext to divorce her: the minister, Richelieu, hated her, also sought every occasion to insult, and would have profited gladly of any offering to ruin her. The king was jealous of her all his life—not of a lover, but of her brother, the king of Spain, with whom he was at war, and to whom he suspected her of betraying the secrets of his cabinet. These suspicions were the occasion of her being surrounded by spies, both on the part of the king and his minister, who narrowly observed and faithfully reported her conduct.

In the memoirs of the times, no man, even in the scandalous Court of Louis XIII., is distinctly pointed out as a favoured lover; and only a slight preference to the English Duke of Buckingham is hinted at, in some verses of Voiture: it would have been very difficult thus circumstanced, to have conducted an intrigue—ininitely more, to have secretly become a mother—but quite impossible to have concealed the existence of a child, in a manner requiring so many assistants as figure in the history of the Iron Mask, and who were all the devoted servants of the king and his minister. A still better negative of this supposition is to be found in the silence of all her enemies upon this subject during the heat of their animosity against her: even the Cardinal de Retz, the most implacable of them, makes no charge of this character against her; he only accuses her of incapacity and obstinacy, and that at the moment when he was using every effort to render her unpopular with the Parisians, and insisting upon the necessity of her abdicating the Regency, and retiring to a convent. If to these arguments he added the testimony of Madame de Motteville, of the innocence of her life, and the purity of her manners, this accusation of a natural son becomes absurd and fabulous.

Of the three historical personages, the first to be considered is the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet: this man, accused by Mazarin on his death-bed of a great abuse of the public money during the minority of Louis XIV., was arrested in the early part of that prince's reign, and that with a secrecy (for the public at least) which has given rise to the idea with posterity that he was "L'homme au Masque de Fer;" that is easily controverted, since the whole history of Fouquet may be traced to his grave. The secrecy adopted in his arrest is very clearly explained by Madame de Motteville, who says that the queen mother was averse to his punishment, till the king explained to her the dangerous plans of which Fouquet was secretly suspected. He had by bestowing large pensions secured the principal part of the nobility in his favour, and by their means meditated a civil war in order to make himself prime-minister. The guards were known to

favour Fouquet, and three out of their four captains were connected with him, either by blood or marriage: under these circumstances, secrecy was necessary to secure his person, for the superintendent, who knew his guilt, was always on his guard, and constantly surrounded by friends ready to rescue him in case of danger; to have failed in the attempt would therefore have hastened Fouquet's movements, and plunged the kingdom again into the horrors of a civil war, from which it had just been delivered. The Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the Mousquetaires, as he himself informs us, and his account is confirmed by Madame de Motteville, was the officer employed to arrest Fouquet; which he managed with such secrecy and celerity, that the superintendent was in the Bastille before his friends were informed of his seizure: there, no person was allowed any access to his person, nor any communication by letter, though Madame de Sevigné (his steady friend in his adversity) contrived to baffle the strictness of his guard, and convey him some necessary written information.

Fouquet remained in the Bastille during the whole of his trial, which lasted three years. The Iron Mask is said to have appeared at Pignerol, in 1661: now, though Fouquet was certainly arrested in that year, it is also as certain that he did not go to Pignerol till 1664, and, when there, no mystery or concealment attaches itself to his confinement. Artagnan was his guard, till at his request he was succeeded by his lieutenant, St. Mars, with whom Fouquet was constantly and openly quarrelling. Two years after his arrival, the Duc de Lauzun was sent to Pignerol, and saw and conversed frequently with Fouquet; the particulars of their interviews and conversations are minutely detailed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and the Duke de St. Simon, who agree in adding, that these two prisoners disputed and quarrelled so violently soon after their first meeting, that they separated by mutual consent, and Lauzun even in his prison did many ill offices to Fouquet, with whose daughter he had an intrigue. The history of the unfortunate superintendent is finished very simply and plainly by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who, speaking of her lover's (Lauzun's) release ten years afterwards, remarks, that "Monsieur Fouquet étoit mort l'hiver auparavant:" in all this there is not the slightest allusion to his Iron Mask.

The second historical character mentioned as "l'Homme au Masque de Fer," is the Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Vallière. Of this young prince there are two accounts; the one romantic, and the other historical. The romantic accouces that this prince, the idol of

his father, was, in his childhood, of an ungovernable and tyrannical temper—that he showed, upon all occasions, a particular jealousy of the Dauphin—and that, when arrived at manhood, in a violent dispute he struck that prince on the face; for which crime he was condemned to death by the council, but spared by the king, who sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, after publicly announcing his death by fever, he had him seized privately and conveyed to Pignerol, where he was known as the Iron Mask. In refutation of this opinion I must observe, that if the Comte de Vermandois had been guilty of the fault of striking the Dauphin, he would not have been punished by a sentence of death, as it is well known that the Prince de Conti, in their youth, gave his royal highness a blow, the scar of which he carried to his grave, and received no punishment for the violence;—that the Iron Mask appeared, or is said to have appeared, at Pignerol in 1661, and the Comte de Vermandois did not go to the siege of Courtrai till twenty years later;—that the real fact is, that the Comte was a dissolute young man, whose manners were exceedingly offensive to the king—always a great lover of decency; that he had been already once banished the court, and that his father, to separate him entirely from the bad company which he frequented, sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, according to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, he died from excessive drinking; and that, if he was the Iron Mask, who is said to have died in 1703, at the age of eighty, he was an older man than the king's father, who at his death, in 1715, was only seventy-seven.

The next opinion respecting this celebrated character is, divesting it of all its mystery and extravagance, undoubtedly the true one. An emissary of the Duke of Mantua, an exceedingly active and clever personage, who was known successfully, though secretly, to oppose the politics of the king of France, was treacherously seized, and imprisoned at Pignerol. Much secrecy was of course necessary, to conceal an action committed in flagrant violation of the rights of nations; and the unhappy captive was therefore strictly guarded, and no one suffered to approach his person, as a knowledge of such a violence would have roused the indignation of all Europe against France; but every indulgence short of liberty was permitted him. Madame de Campan, first *femme de chambre* to the queen of France, Marie Antoinette, says, that "On the death of Louis XV. the queen entreated the new king to tell her what he should discover in the papers of his grandfather, relative to the Iron Mask; that the king, after the search, assured her that he had found nothing, and added, that it was a delusion; that he remembered hearing that a state prisoner had been confined at Pignerol without any particular mystery; that he was

* "Monsieur Fouquet died the preceding winter."

a busy intriguing character, the mortal enemy of France, but being the subject of another prince, his captivity was necessarily secret and eternal." Madame de Campan adds, that this man being allowed to walk on the terrace of the fortress, (from which the poor wretch could see the mountains of his native country,) to screen his face from the sun adopted the fashion of Italy, of wearing a half-mask of black velvet: once seen by the neighbouring peasantry in this costume, it is easy to imagine that this mask, which was merely a convenience, would be regarded as a part of his punishment, and thence all the additional circumstances related of it. The writing on the plate and on the shirt by the captive, as detailed by Voltaire, is very possible, as he would of course use every means to make his situation known; but the history of the physician, and his remarks, are apocryphal, and probably the invention of the moment, as well as the account of the prisoner's habits, tastes, &c. and the governor's profound respect for his person, which, as nobody saw, certainly could not be ascertained.

Madame du Barri, in the "*Mémoires*" published recently, says, or is made to say, that when she interrogated Louis XV. upon this subject, he told her very gravely, that he was bound by oath not to reveal the secret, but that Voltaire was nearest the truth. At the same time she observes, that the king's talent for mystifying was well known, as well as the delight which he took to exercise it; and she confirms this assertion by repeating the ridiculous, but horrible story, which he told her of the piece of sorcery practised upon Louis XIV., adding, that she was quite sure that the whole story was the pure extempore of the moment, and made to frighten and astonish her.

To conclude, I shall quote the very decisive passage, to which I have already alluded, from the "*Souvenirs*" of Madame de Caylus, who is the only writer of the times who mentions the Iron Mask. She says: "*Je ne sais pas où Madame de Vieuxmaison a pris l'anecdote du Masque de Fer, mais c'est elle qui en a parlé la première. Elle est petite-fille, par son mari, eu fameux Jacquier, l'homme de confiance de Mons. de Turenne, et de plusieurs généraux; pour la subsistance, il avoit eu des rapports avec beaucoup de gens considérables, et c'est peut-être dans ses papiers, ou par tradition, qu'il a appris quelque chose de ce fameux personnage, que Mons. d'Argenson prétend être fort peu de chose en réalité; il dit que c'étoit l'opinion de Mons. le Régent.*"

* "I do not know from whence Madame de Vieuxmaison has taken the anecdote of the Iron Mask, but she has been the first to speak of it. She is the grand-daughter, by marriage, of the celebrated Jacquier, the confidential servant of Turenne, and of several other generals. In order to support himself, he had had connexions with many

Now, from this remarkable passage I infer, that if the Regent, who immediately succeeded Louis XIV., knew nothing of this affair, he could not have imparted the knowledge under an oath of secrecy to Louis XV.; and Louis XV. could not have been informed of it by his great-grandfather, because he was but five years old at the death of that king, and of course incapable of taking an oath. This circumstance, the silence of all the writers of the times, of the prison-registers, and the ignorance of the Minister, D'Argenson, together with the circumstances already detailed of the lives of those persons supposed to have been the Iron Mask, induce me to believe, with Madame de Caylus, that the whole affair is "fort peu de chose en réalité," and that the romance was invented by Voltaire, from some hint, suggestion, or perhaps simple question, put in the course of conversation. He knew from the character of Louis XV., that he would rather cloud, than clear the mystery; and that knowledge gave him the pleasure to write an interesting romance, and laugh at the stupid credulity, even of the cultivated portion of mankind.

The Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay.

The great canal originally projected by Riquet, the French engineer, for the purpose of uniting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, is about to be accomplished under Galabert. It will join the Languedoc canal at Toulouse, and take up the Adour, at the port of Lanne, after traversing the departments of the Upper Garonne, Upper Pyrenees, and Landes. This splendid enterprise will remove the difficulties, dangers, and loss of time, consequent upon the navigation of the straits of Gibraltar, and the coasting along the shores of Portugal, Spain, or Africa. The canal will be deep and spacious enough for the admission of vessels of a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons burthen, and undoubtedly contribute largely to the prosperity of Bayonne and the South of France.

Anecdote of Lord Carhampton and Colonel Luttrell.

—The father and son had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. "If you can again forget that I am your father," such were the words of this extraordinary message, "I expect you to meet me," &c. &c. The answer of colonel Luttrell was not less extraordinary. "My lord," he said, "I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father."

persons of eminence, and it is perhaps from his papers, or by tradition, that she has learnt something of this famous personage, which Monsieur d'Argenson pretends to have been greatly exaggerated. He says that this was the opinion of the Regent."—[Ed. Mus.]

VARIETIES.

Apologue on Printing by Steam.—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition, to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was as a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary Creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud: it spoke with a hundred tongues: it grew fervid on the ear, like the noise of a million of wheels. And the sound of a million of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful voices. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were paces with "a still small voice," which made a trembling in the night-time; but still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw, with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations, (for it was a loving though a fearful Creature) fed upon its words like the air that breathed: and the Monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A Veteran.—For length of service there is, we believe, no precedent which may compare with that of *John Chiosich*, who died, in his 117th year, in the invalid asylum at Murano, near Venice. He was born at Vienna, on the 26th of December, 1702, and, when in his eighth year, entered as a sifter into the Stahremberg regiment of infantry. His debut in the field was as a private in the American war; he fought, under Charles VI. Emperor of Germany, against the Turkish armies in Hungary; in 1741 he served against Prussia, in the reign of Maria Theresa; in 1742 against the French troops in Bohemia; and in 1744 made the campaign of the Low Countries. At this period he quitted the Austrian service and enlisted under the banners of the republic of Venice, whom he served on several naval expeditions, particularly on that under the command of Gen. Emo, against Tunis. His career was closed, so far as regarded the "tug of war," by his admission into the invalid asylum at Murano in 1797, under which roof he died on the 22d of May, 1820. His length of active service was, therefore, eighty-seven years; and adding to these the three-and-twenty years during which he lived as a pensioner at Murano, he wore a uniform for one hundred and ten years of his existence! The fatigues and privations which he had undergone seem to have had no prejudicial effect on his constitution; to the last he was remarkable for the liveliness of his disposition, the unaffected simplicity of his manners, and his excellent moral deportment. His father died at the age of one hundred and five, and his paternal uncle lived to be one hundred and seven.

British Army—Armed Force in the United Kingdom.—Return, showing in one table the numbers of the following descriptions of Armed Force in the United Kingdom on 1st January, 1832, viz.—

Numbers.	
The Regular Army of all Ranks - - -	51,571
The Regiments of Artillery of all Ranks - - -	4,589
Marines on Shore of all Ranks - - -	4,324
Militia Staff of all Ranks - - -	2,697
Volunteers of Great Britain of all Ranks - - -	20,399
Yeomanry of Ireland of all Ranks - - -	31,422
Police of Ireland of all Ranks - - -	7,367
Viz. Constabulary Police - - -	6,623
Peace Preservation Police - - -	744
	7,367
Total	122,369

Anecdote of Admiral Freeman.—The following anecdote of the late venerable Admiral of the Fleet, William Peere Williams Freeman, whilst a youth, is extracted from a late number of the *Athenæum*.

When a midshipman serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in life), and a brother Mid, had each a favourite dog on board their vessel. Williams's dog had by some means given offence to the other younker, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. "If you do," rejoined Williams, "then yours shall follow;" and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams, and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, Sir," said Williams, coolly; "you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is: I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine." This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and, with the animal under his arm, was hauled up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his sousing in turn, to the high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast-head by way of penance. When far advanced in years, the kind-hearted Admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs: so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

Censorship in Prussia.—Either German writers have lately become bolder, or the Prussian government is growing more timid, since we find that the numbers of prohibited works in that country, amounted, in 1828, to no more than 4; in 1829, to 1; in 1830, also to 4; but, last year, to nearly 40.

West Indies.—A History of the European colonies in the West Indies, under the modest title of "An Essay, &c. by C. E. Meinicke," has appeared at Weimar, in one volume; and is highly spoken of by the German reviewers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

M. Tabaraud, one of the last members of "the Oratory," and perhaps the last Jansenist in France, has just died at Limoges, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the author of many able controversial works, and occupied himself during several of the latter years of his life with a plan for uniting all sects of Christians into one communion.

A new weekly journal, entitled *Le Semeur*, was lately commenced at Paris, under the direction of Protestant editors, and is devoted to the consideration of religious, political, philosophical, and literary subjects. The religious articles are drawn up with great care, and subjects of controversy are avoided, the principal objects of the writers being to revive the true spirit of Christianity. In the literary and philosophical department, we recognize proof of considerable talent and research.

Macedonia, until now, has never been explored by travellers, in a manner worthy of its ancient importance. The appearance of the first volume of M. Cousinery's valuable work is an important addition to our geographical knowledge, and contains much learned and interesting disquisition for both the historian and the antiquary. The work will be completed in 2 vols. 4to., with a map and many plates, and may be considered as an immediate continuation of the travels of Porquerville.

A third series of the *Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*, is about to appear, under the title of *Nouvelles Annales du Museum d'Hist. Naturelle*. The professors of this great national institution, remark, in their prospectus, that they should fail in their duty to the public were they not to endeavor to extend the benefits of the science with which they are entrusted, beyond the circle of their auditory, to the world at large. This work is strictly intended as a repository of facts in the sciences of Natural History, Anatomy, and Chemistry; and the editors possess a rich stock of materials for many volumes, in the observations made by travellers appointed by the museum, and by the medical men attached to the government voyages of discovery undertaken within the last 20 years. The *Nouvelles Annales* will appear quarterly.

The third volume of Dr. Marheinecke's *History of the Reformation in Germany*, which has recently appeared, carries on the narrative for the ten years from 1530 to 1540. Although in the history of this period, after the delivery of the Augsburg confession, the Reformation assumes a more general character, and the history of Luther himself falls more into the back ground, yet the author, by ample extracts from the great reformer's works and letters, has taken care that we shall not lose sight of his most interesting personal character, and it is always a source of gratification when he appears in all his originality and roughness, according to the spirit of those times; for it is the declared object of the work to give a complete and lively representation of them.

The grim tyrant death has been very busy among the literati of Germany during the past year. Besides those whose deaths have been already recorded in this journal, we have how to add Westermeyer, Bishop of Magdeburgh, and a celebrated preacher; Koch, another clergyman of the same city, and author of several esteemed botanical works; Professor Fischer of Berlin, well known by his excellent treatise on physics; Von Weber, Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Augsburgh, distinguished by his researches in physical science; Hegel, the celebrated professor of philosophy at Berlin; Count Julius Von Soden, economist, and author of some literary works; Counsellor Schmalz, author of some works on political economy; Wilmen, the friend of children, and the author of the most popular work in Germany for their use; Korner, father of the poet; Von Schmidt, professor at Berlin, deeply versed in the literature of the middle ages; Andre, editor of the *Hesperus*, at Stuttgart. Among the poets, romance writers, and artists, we may enumerate Von Arnim, Zanini, and Lessman; the latter of whom is author of some interesting tales, and of letters on Italy and Spain (which were noticed in a former number of this journal), also a collection of elegies and love-songs, remarkable for their sensibility, naïveté, and harmony of versification; he perished by his own hand. The Baroness de la Motte Fouque, one of the most successful imitators of Sir W. Scott; Ruprecht, painter, engraver, and architect; Klingemann, dramatic author and director of the Brunswick theatre; Wollanck, a distinguished composer; the poetess Amalie von Helwig, not less distinguished for her accomplishments in language and painting, than for her poetical powers. She was the authoress of *Die Schwes-*

tern von Leebos, of a translation from Tegner's *Fritids*, &c.

A supplementary volume, adapted to all former editions of the *Conversations-Lexikon*, is announced for publication. It is intended to embrace every subject of interest that has occurred in History, Science, and Art, from 1822 to the present time. The articles will also be drawn up so as to render the work complete in itself, and particular care will be bestowed on those parts which treat on the recent development of the spirit of constitutional liberty in Germany.

We are glad to notice the commencement of a series of translations of the best German Theologians, which has been undertaken at Edinburgh, under the editorship of the Rev. C. H. Terrot, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It appears under the title of "The Biblical Cabinet; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical and Philological Library; the first volume contains a portion of J. A. Eusebius's *Principles of Biblical Interpretation*. The translation appears to be well executed; the size commodious, and the printing and paper very good. The translator's preface gives an account of the design of the collection, and especially of the work with which it begins, with some sensible remarks on the advantages of the study of Hermeneutics, and explains the liberties which he has taken with the notes of Ammon, the last German Editor of Ernesti, owing to their being strongly tainted with the doctrines of the Rational School, and therefore obnoxious to the orthodox divines of this country. We understand that the plan has been warmly patronized by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Salisbury, &c.

The continuation of Guicciardini's *History of Italy*, (from 1534 to 1789,) by Signor Botta, is at last completed, and will appear at Paris, in 10 vols. 8vo., in the course of the present year. An edition of Guicciardini's *History*, in 6 volumes, and one of Signor Botta's *History of Italy*, from 1789 to 1814, in 5 volumes, uniform with the other 10, will appear in monthly volumes at the same time.

Count Giacomo Leopardi, one of the few living poets of Italy who rise above the crowd of versifiers, has published a volume of Canti, or lyric and elegiac compositions, which well deserve to be noticed for their lofty sentiments as well as for the beauties of their style.

Micali, the author of the valuable and learned work, entitled, *Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani*, is preparing a new work for publication, under the title of *Storia degli antichi popoli Italiani*, in 3 vols. 8vo., with a folio atlas of plates. The great importance conferred on the early history of Italy, since the commencement of the present century, by the appearance of many valuable works, the numerous fragments of classical authors now first brought to light, and the unexpected and wonderful discoveries in Etruscan antiquities—all combine to show the necessity and importance of a work like the present, which must not be supposed to be a mere repetition or amplification of the author's former work.

A splendid Polyglott edition of Homer is announced for publication at Florence, in the Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and French languages.

The King of Sardinia has instituted a new order of knighthood, to be conferred on individuals distinguished in literature, or eminent for their merits in civil affairs. In the list of those already admitted into this order, we observe the names of Botta, the historian; Nota, the author of the well-known comedies; Della Cella, the traveller; Peyron, the learned antiquarian; Piana, the astronomer; Salerna, the poet; Rossi, the novelist, &c. &c. We are happy to see this homage paid to talent and genius in a state where records have been too frequently disgraced by acts of bigotry and intolerance.

Switzerland has lost some of her most distinguished men during the last year—Huber, of Geneva, celebrated for his works on Bees and Ants; Paul Usteri, of Zurich, whose memory will be ever venerated as that of a great citizen; Simond, the traveller, author of travels in England, Switzerland, and Italy; and Bonstetten, the friend of Mathison, and author of numerous works on subjects of metaphysics and morals.

The Sheikh Refah, of Cairo, formerly a student of the Egyptian Mission in France, has been entrusted by Ibrahim Pacha, with the compilation of an Arabic French Dictionary, on the plan of that of the Academy.